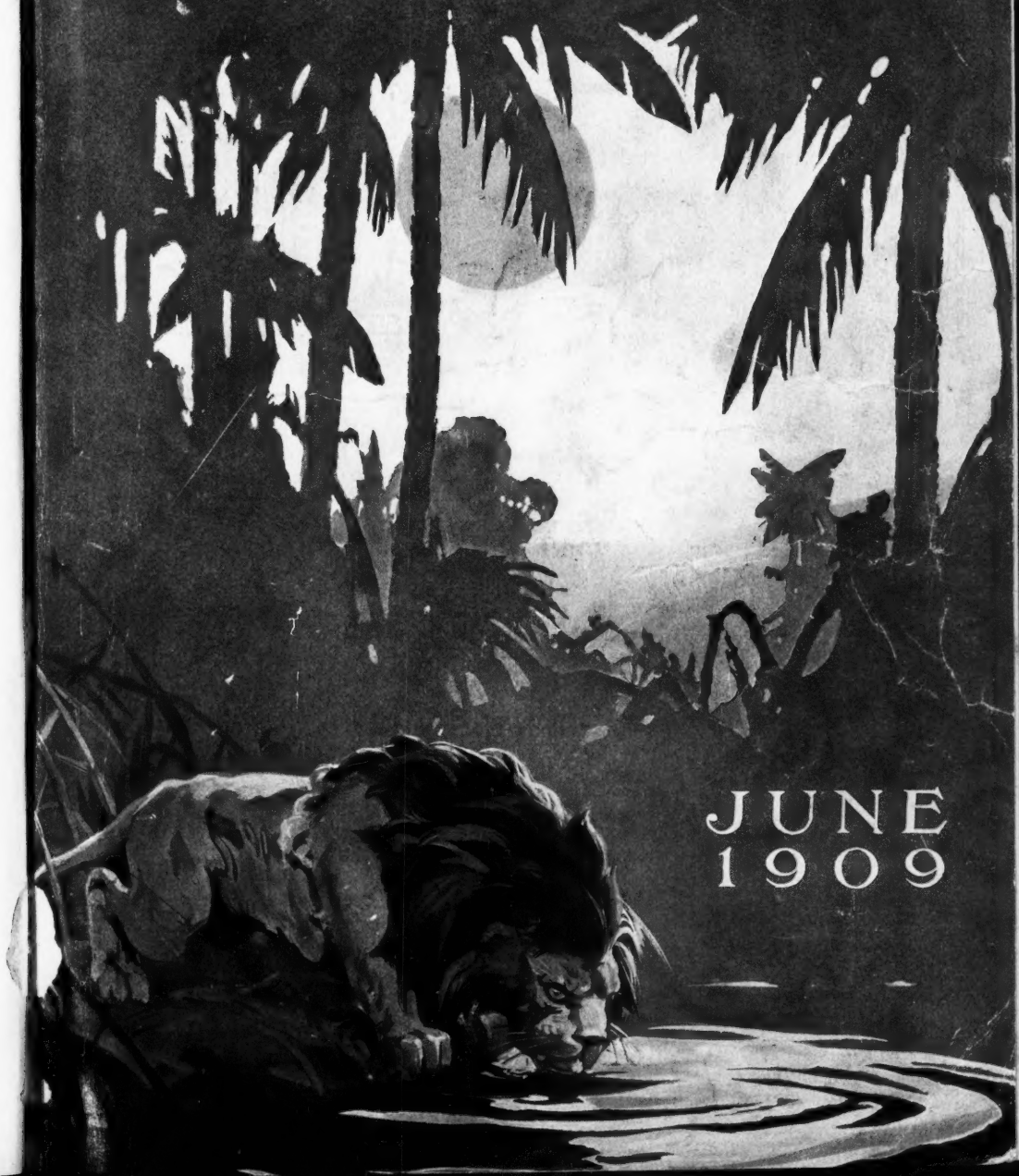


THE MUNSEY

JUNE
1909





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WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND, THE ONLY REIGNING QUEEN IN EUROPE, AND THE LAST
SOVEREIGN OF THE HOUSE OF ORANGE

From a photograph by Zimmermans, The Hague

[See page 363]

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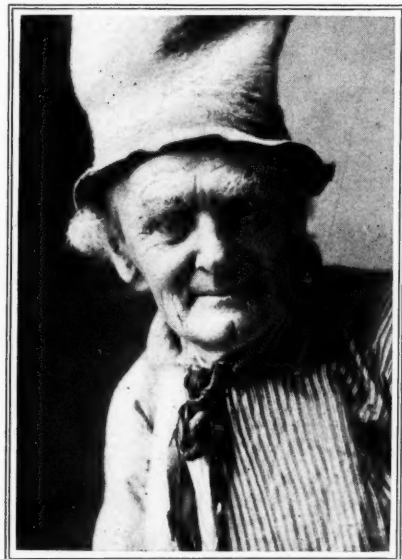
THE PASSING OF THE GREAT FIGURES OF THE STAGE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A CRITIC is not necessarily in his anecdotage, with his head twisted backward on his shoulders, if he remarks on the present dearth of great actors. A very young, even a very hopeful critic, by the exercise of a little intelligence, cannot fail to realize that at the close of the first decade of the twentieth century there is a break in the "royal line" of great players on the English-speaking stage; and, so far as

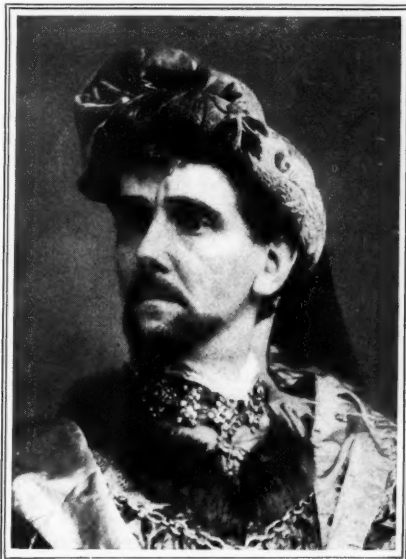
he can observe, the prospect of a break on other stages as well.

Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Macready, Irving, dominated the English stage for two centuries. Irving died in October, 1905, and there is no one in sight in England to take his place. In America, the elder Booth, Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, William Warren, McCullough, Barrett, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mans-



JOSEPH JEFFERSON (1829-1905) AS CALEB PLUMMER IN "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

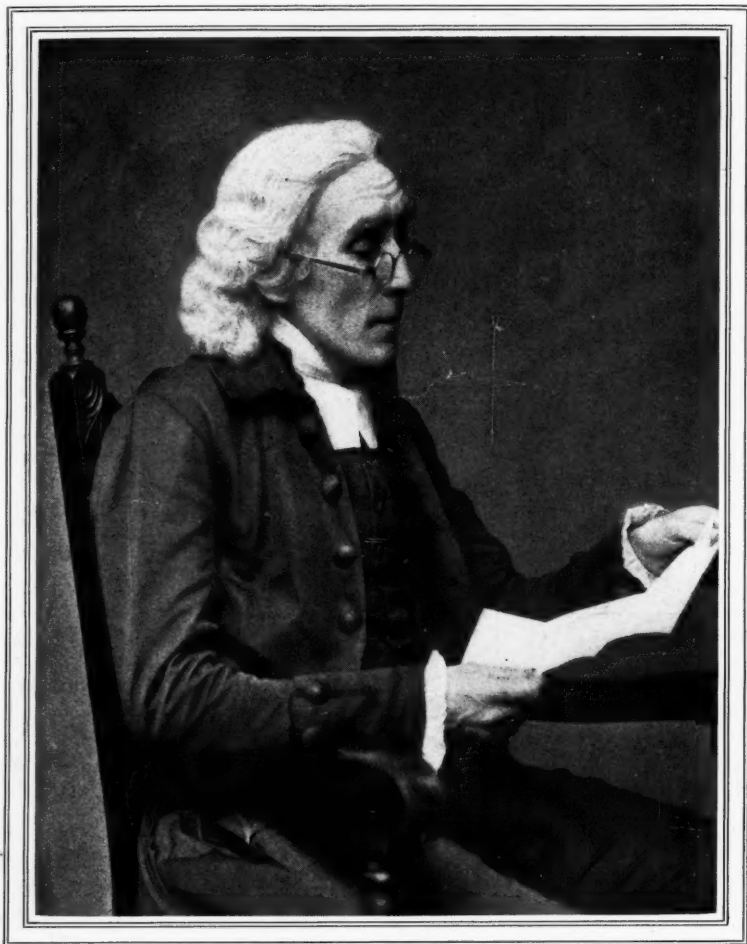


LAWRENCE BARRETT (1838-1891) AS BERTUCCIO IN "THE FOOL'S REVENGE"

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

field, dominated the native stage for almost a century. Jefferson died in 1905, Mansfield two years ago. We still have actors, of course — fine actors; but we have none who rise to the stature of these men and women, none whose art

Coquelin died in France the first month of this year, as he was preparing to appear in Rostand's new play. Paris mourned a great artist and a noble man. There is no one to raise his mantle. Sarah Bernhardt, who has burned like



SIR HENRY IRVING (1838-1905) AS THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD IN "OLIVIA"

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London

and influence dominate over their fellow players and over the public. When Miss Julia Marlowe in "The Goddess of Reason" lets loose a flood of passion, it is as if an extinct torch were suddenly relighted for an instant. We see, in a flash, what once burned so steadily and so brightly on the stage. We realize the break in the royal line.

a comet over Europe and the Americas for three generations, is still alive; but she is now an old woman. And she has seen no successor come up.

In Italy, Tommaso Salvini and Duse are still alive, also; but the one has retired, and the other, the arch naturalist of the modern stage, now long past her prime, is an isolated genius. She has



MARY ANDERSON (MRS. ANTONIO DE NAVARRO),
WHO RETIRED FROM THE STAGE IN 1889

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

inspired disciples in plenty, but most of them are little beings, like the little plays in which they appear.

Mrs. Fiske, in America, is perhaps most effectively carrying on Duse's work; and Mrs. Fiske is almost an isolated genius, too. She comes to us from a training under players of the "old school"—McCullough and Barry Sullivan. She bridges the way into the "new school"—if there be such a thing. But her own hold over the public is not wide, though it is intense so far as it reaches. And she has no adequate disciples. The new school she heralded a decade or more ago has not arrived.

In management, also, at least so far as America is concerned, there is a break in the line. Great actors of the past, as Garrick, Kemble, Macready, Irving, Jefferson, Mansfield, most often guided their own destinies. Sothorn still does so. But there have been great managers who were not actors, yet who possessed the requisite love for artistic expression, skill in training players, and taste in picking plays, to impress themselves on the theater of their day. Such a man,

above others in America, was Augustin Daly. At the present time, our theaters are controlled so largely by a small group of men who have no qualifications for leadership in a fine art that their pretenses at "production" are pitiful. Their only skill is in commerce. "The commerce of the stage" has become a bitter term.

We have at present four first-class stage-managers in America, using that term broadly to include the selection of plays, the training of players, and the general advancement of the stage. Of these four, three are actors—Henry



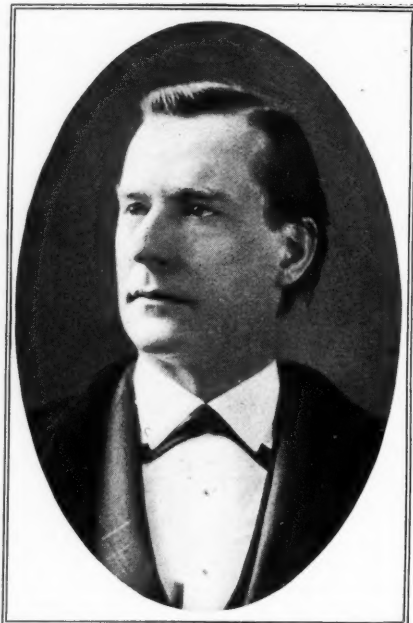
ADA REHAN AS DONNA HYPOLITA IN "SHE
WOULD AND SHE WOULDN'T"

From a photograph by Sarony, New York



WILLIAM WARREN (1812-1888), THE VETERAN COMEDIAN OF THE OLD BOSTON MUSEUM

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

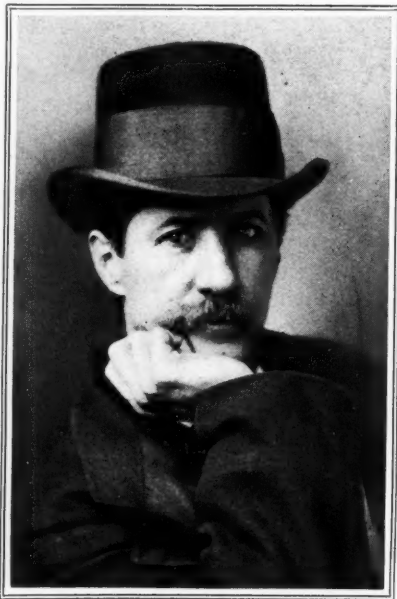


JOHN McCULLOUGH (1837-1885), THE CELEBRATED IRISH-AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

Miller, Mrs. Fiske, and E. H. Sothorn. The fourth is David Belasco. Even Mr. Belasco, however, was trained in the theater under the old régime. You cannot make an actor without parts for him to play. You cannot make a manager without a better education than the box-office, without a grounding in the fine arts.

Let us consider more closely a few of the players of the royal line; and, in considering them, let us consider what it is that marks an actor out as great, that gives him the



AUGUSTIN DALY (1838-1899), THE FOREMOST AMERICAN MANAGER OF HIS TIME

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

power over the men and women of his generation, to mold taste and shape ideals.

TWO FAMOUS AMERICAN COMEDIANS

When we look at the illusive art of Joseph Jefferson, we are no less impressed with its narrow range than its great beauty. Jefferson lives as *Rip Van Winkle*, and as *Rip* only. His *Rip* touched and held perfection. It was the supreme achievement in comedy, on any stage, of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Even Coquelin

never equaled it. It was perfection because it raised the comic into the realm of poetry, because it touched life at every side; and because it was wrought out with a histrionic technique so fluent and flawless that it seemed utterly artless.

But when we turn from Jefferson to his great American comic contemporary—or almost his contemporary, though Jefferson was considerably younger—we find quite a different case. William Warren never reached such a supreme creation as *Rip*; but, at his seventieth birthday, he had given more than thirteen thousand performances, and had appeared in five hundred and seventy-seven characters! These figures are prodigious, staggering. They affect you, if you realize that Warren played every part correctly, and many parts greatly, as would an exhibition of the complete works of Rubens, or of the modern Spaniard, Sorolla y Bastida. They mean, if nothing else, a man of enormous energy, active and wide intelligence, and great and varied powers of interpretation.

Warren's life was largely spent in Boston, in the Museum stock company, which was a kind of Comédie Française for Massachusetts. He himself was for the other players a school of acting, for

the audiences a school of taste. He was praised by native critics and even by such carping Frenchmen as the sprightly author of "Rachel and the New World"—one of the most entertaining books, by the way, in theatrical literature. He retired from active play-

ing in 1882, but my childhood holds recollection of his courtly old figure walking down Tremont Street, revered and loved. He was a man of the size and capacity to inspire hero-worship. He was an actor of the quality to influence the stage greatly for good things,

and to influence every department of the drama, for he played in all.

The prodigious number of Warren's parts has hardly been equaled by any other actor; but the merest glance at the records of the great players of the past will show that Jefferson was an exception to a rule—and even he played many parts as a young man. These actors did not confine themselves to one character, or to a "line" of characters; they let their talents shine in many directions, and constantly presented a repertoire in which they could rise to large things, in which they could give that

sense of scope and power without which no man wins homage from his fellows. They bred confidence, they inspired homage. That is their secret. That is why they influenced the stage and public of their day.

A small man can never lead. An actor of one part, unless he plays that

BÉNOÎT CONSTANT
COQUELIN
(1841-1909), AS
FLAMBEAU IN
"L'AIGLON"

From a photograph
by Chusseau-Flaviens





ELEONÓRA DUSE (BORN 1859), THE FOREMOST ACTRESS OF ITALY

From a photograph by Scitton, Genoa



SARAH BERNHARDT (BORN 1844), THE FOREMOST ACTRESS OF FRANCE

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

part supremely, can never give the sense of amplitude and dignity and strength that we require from our leaders.

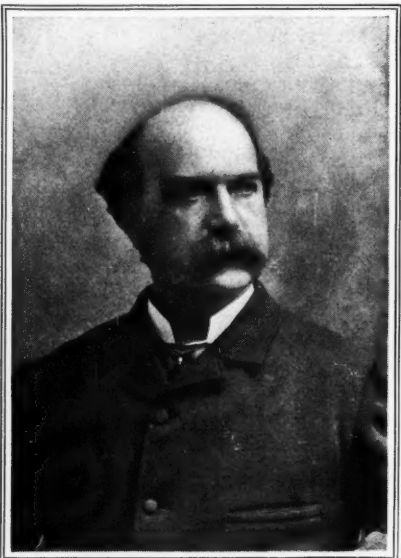
The long runs and restricted reper-

toires of to-day not alone preclude adequate training, but they destroy even the trained actor's chance of winning the public to confidence in his powers. David



ELLEN TERRY (BORN 1848), FOR MANY YEARS THE LEADING ACTRESS OF ENGLAND

From a photograph by Sarony, New York



TOMMASO SALVINI (BORN 1829), THE GREAT ITALIAN TRAGEDIAN, WHO RETIRED IN 1890

From a photograph by Anderson, New York

Warfield, with a repertoire of ten great parts, might be a mighty force on our stage to-day. As it is, he is known by one character, which releases only a tithe of the possibilities of acting; and

lowe's outburst of passion in "The Goddess of Reason," and how that outburst brings almost a sense of astonishment to the present generation. Describing Tommaso Salvini's first performance in Bos-



EDWIN BOOTH (1833-1893) AS CARDINAL RICHELIEU IN BULWER LYTTON'S "RICHELIEU"

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

he moves in a narrow circle of influence in consequence.

GREAT MOMENTS OF GREAT PLAYERS

But it was not alone the number and range of their parts that made these players great; it was the effect over an audience that they achieved in each one. I spoke at the beginning of Miss Mar-

ton, in 1873, of "La Morte Civile," Henry Austin Clapp wrote, years later:

At the very last, the yearning in his hollow eyes as they glazed in death was almost insupportable, and was, indeed, so pitiful that the dread realism of the final moment, when the strong soul parted from the weary body, was felt as a relief. At the first performance of this play in Boston I had the



HELENA MODJESKA (1844-1909), THE FAMOUS
POLISH-AMERICAN ACTRESS

From a photograph by Savory, New York

never-paralleled experience of being one of a company of spectators whose emotion was manifested by audible gasping for breath, by convulsive choking and sobbing, strong men being specially affected.

William Winter records that once, at a performance of *Queen Katherine* by Charlotte Cushman, "so tremendous was the majesty of her presence, and so awful the mingled anguish, dignity, and passion in her countenance, that, with involuntary motion, I fairly shrank away to the rear of the box, overwhelmed, astounded, and quite oblivious that this was a dra-

matic performance and not a reality. It was a great moment."

It must have been a great moment, so to affect a critic—hardened monsters that we are! But much younger men than Mr. Winter, even of the present generation, can recall almost as great moments of the great players. Booth's sad *Hamlet* was one long succession of great moments; the creation step by step of a somber, pathetic, high-souled, will-tortured prince, trembling on the brink of lunacy. Again, who of us who saw it shall forget the moment when, as *Rich-*



RICHARD MANSFIELD (1857-1907) AS BEAU
BRUMMEL

From a photograph by Savory, New York

elieu, he launched the curse of Rome? Nor will Booth's *Iago* ever pass from the memories of those who saw it. Here the lightning rapidity of his movements was especially noticeable and effective. His costume was of gray and cherry—a strangely beautiful costume, and in some odd way a strangely sinister one, as Professor Charles T. Copeland has remarked. He let you see no more of *Iago's* evil purposes than *Othello* saw, revealing himself in soliloquy; but that only increased the real satanic quality of his impersonation, of that beautiful figure in gray and cherry, darting like light amid the crowds, and flashing up at the Moor's elbow.

And who of us, in still more recent times, shall forget the sense of a soul guilt-haunted, imparted by Henry Irving in "The Bells"; or the startling moment in "Macbeth" when he threw out his scarf at the imaginary dagger; or the incessant snaps and snarls, with brief seconds of slimy sweetness, of his voice in "Louis XI"—"the false, sneering, lustful lips," the instants of royal dignity flashing through a sustained simulation of decrepit ugliness?

THE POWER OF RICHARD MANSFIELD

In the career, all too suddenly cut short, of Richard Mansfield, there was the same sense, whatever may be urged for or against his acting, of plenteous power, of wells of strength in reserve; there were the same moments of astonishing emotional poignancy. When I first heard his *Brutus* at the Herald Square Theater in New York, I thought it sickly, neurotic, till his cry, "Away, slight man!" And then such a torrent of outraged nobility was loosed, in such a mighty flood of rich tone, that I felt infinitesimal myself, and could gladly have crawled under the seat.

Another such moment was when, as *Richard III*, he touched the soldier after the dream, slowly, tremblingly, and then uttered a great cry of agonized relief at the reality his touch disclosed. Still another was the death-scene in "Cyrano"—wherein he excelled Coquelin—infinately touching, noble, tragic. He could bring tears for a sentimental boyish parting in "Old Heidelberg"; he could bring shivers of horror at the lust

and evil of *Baron Chevrial* or *Mr. Hyde*; he could inspire chuckles of purest joy at the sardonic humor of Shaw's *Devil's Disciple* or Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. He was restless in ambition and achievement. His repertoire ranged the stages of all lands and ages. He was big. He was a leader. And his light went out so recently that it makes our present gloom the darker.

THE ART OF COQUELIN

In spite of the great traditions of the French stage, the skilled appreciation of Parisian audiences, and the high quality of French dramatic technique, there has often seemed to many of us a note of artificiality, of spiritual hollowness, in French acting. Was there sometimes a touch of this in Coquelin himself? Was that why his death-scene in "Cyrano" was less poignant than Mansfield's?

However, there was never a doubt of Coquelin's greatness, and particularly in the plays of Molière he disclosed himself as one of the profoundest comedians of all times. His face could express slyness, impertinence, suspicion, broad content, before his lips had spoken a word. His *Mascarille* was Molière; no closet imagining of the part could rival that impersonation. The play of "Les Précieuses Ridicules" was not revealed to you till you saw Coquelin play it. And as the years went on, his old parts never grew stale; he constantly embroidered them, till they were marvels of exquisite detail, like a Gothic façade, and yet clear and noble in general form and outline. He was the supreme architect among actors.

GREAT ACTRESSES OF YESTERDAY

I have spoken of Duse and Bernhardt as players of the past, though both are living. Miss Ellen Terry is living, also, and so is Miss Ada Rehan. Yet Miss Terry, living, is quite as much without a successor in England as Irving; and Miss Rehan has not appeared on the stage in America for several years; probably she will never appear again.

Miss Rehan was a woman of genius. She was the bright, particular star of Mr. Daly's company; and she failed exactly where Daly himself failed, in the later years of her career. She let

herself revolve in an orbit of parts that the public no longer cared for. Great as her regal *Katherine* was, the public grew hungry in the nineties for more modern heroines; and neither she nor Mr. Daly could meet this hunger. If she had met it—if she had turned her splendid talents into the channels of modern drama, who can say what she might not have accomplished for good along the lines that our stage has taken in the past two decades?

When Maxine Elliott opened her charming theater in New York, on December 30, 1908, with a pretty but utterly trivial little play called "The Chaperon," a beautiful middle-aged woman sat in one of the boxes; and few in the audience knew at first who she was. So soon are we forgot! One could not help speculating on her emotions as she watched the petty little play unfold; for she was Mary Anderson de Navarro.

Mary Anderson retired from the stage in 1889, at the height of her powers, "the most essentially womanlike and splendidly tragical *Juliet* that the American theater had produced, or has since produced." Miss Marlowe has played *Juliet* since then, and played the part with passionate sweetness; but she is the only one whose performance can be critically considered. Miss Adams's bleating little *Juliet* was too absurd for comment.

Juliet, Hermione, Perdita, Bianca, were a few of Miss Anderson's parts. Her voice was clear, sweet, silvery, and ranged through many moods. Her style was large and free, though some complained that it was at times hard and oratorical. At any rate, she carried to all beholders the sense of lowliness, majesty, and strength. There was never the feeling of smallness when listening to her. And as she sat watching Miss Elliott, a beautiful, ample woman, a Cleopatra in aspect, walking through the tiny trivialities of "The Chaperon," I wondered if the great actress of the past did not feel a little as Michelangelo might have felt watching a younger builder erect a chicken-coop. "The hand that rounded Peter's dome" would have itched, perhaps, to model a triumphant chancicleer above the tiny roof-tree. And did not the woman who once

played *Juliet* see now and then, even in that trivial play, moments that she could have filled with flashes of authentic power?

AN OLD-TIME STAR CAST

In 1876, Edwin Booth played an engagement at the California Theater, and the cast of "Julius Cæsar" included himself as *Brutus*, Lawrence Barrett as *Cassius*, and John McCullough as *Marc Antony*. Here are names to juggle with, and in one cast! It is not quite the same, is it, as a cast where William Collier is the one faint luminary; or Miss Billie Burke twinkle-twinkle-little-stars; or John Drew affords the sole and sartorial solace; or Miss Barrymore, or William Faversham? Young players in this cast had a nightly lesson in the art of acting. Young stars in modern casts have to get what lessons they condescend to learn from aged minor players in their company. It can hardly be questioned that times have changed.

Lawrence Barrett—who died in 1891, in the prime of life, worn out with ambitious effort—himself got a start from the kind hand of William Warren. His repertoire included such great parts as *Hamlet*, *Cassius*, *Shylock*, *Othello*, *Wolsey*, *Richard III*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*, as well as a host of lesser ones. He was a friend of great men—among them Browning, whose "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon" he played. "Situations depending on rapid movement and sonorous eloquence were congenial with his distinctive attributes and faculties." But he was an actor of great intellectual distinction, like Irving, and he could suggest intellectual isolation, the fighting will, refinement, dignity, poetic charm, as well as tumultuous emotion. In this respect he probably excelled McCullough, as he certainly excelled Edwin Forrest.

Nor were the tumultuous passions of these dead giants "rant," even though their imitators, smaller men and women, ranted when they tried to do the same things. Their expressions were great in volume because they represented something great within. Nothing is so natural to man, so instinctive, as the large expression of large passions. Who is there who does not raise his voice even in mo-

ments of small excitement? And nothing is so natural, so instinctive, as the satisfaction, in art, of a full discharge of the emotions.

"Naturalism," in a true and sane sense, is not so new nor so novel a thing as we youngsters are prone to suppose. Charles Lamb was something of a critic, and certainly not a man to be impressed with the bombastic. Hear what he had to say of the actor Bensley:

Of all the actors who flourished in my time—a melancholy phrase if taken aright, reader—Bensley had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of a great idea to the fancy. He had the true poetical enthusiasm—the rarest faculty among players. None that I remember possessed even a portion of that fine madness which he threw out in *Hotspur's* famous rant about glory. . . . His voice had the dissonance, and at times the inspiring effect, of the trumpet. . . . He seized the moment of passion with greatest truth; like a faithful clock, never striking before the time; never anticipating or leading you to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed come upon the stage to do the poet's message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in Homer deliver the errands of the gods. He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work without prop or bolstering.

"He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work without prop or bolstering"—the words are significant, floating up to us over the space of a century. They represent a definite ideal for the actor, small or great, of every age and every nation. They might be a motto for modern "naturalism." And they imply one *sine qua non* of great acting, namely, that the passion or sentiment acted must be great.

AN AGE OF LESSER THINGS

Perhaps right here is the crux of the matter, the ultimate explanation of the present dearth of great actors. This is not the age of great passions, great sentiments, in the drama. It is not the age of poetry, which is the language—whether it is poetry in verse or not—of great passions, great sentiments. Now, more than ever, the ideal of naturalism on the stage precludes our acceptance in

the actor's performance of props and bolsterings. More than ever must the passions and the sentiments themselves be large and noble if they are to bring out qualities of largeness and nobility in the player.

Booth was great as *Hamlet*. Should we have discovered Booth's greatness if he had appeared before us, year after year, in trivial concoctions by Clyde Fitch or Somerset Maugham? Probably not. Would he, in such plays, have fired our fancies, touched the deep places of our hearts, put brooding images of poetic grace and sweet nobility within our memories? It is inconceivable.

Perhaps we have a mute, inglorious Booth among our players now; but, under present conditions, we shall never know. Perhaps Walter Hampden can play *Hamlet*. But who will give him the chance? Here is a suggestion to the New Theater.

In 1841, Macready recorded in his diary that *Hamlet* was the most profitable of all his parts in America. It was not till E. H. Sothern played the character that he emerged from the cloying atmosphere of *matinée-girl* romance and took his place as a leader of our stage—a place he now holds almost alone, by virtue of the scope of his repertoire, the intrinsic size of the passions and sentiments his parts disclose.

Would Warfield hold his place in popular affection if the passions and sentiments of the old *Music Master* were not deep and sound and true? He does not prop them—he merely plays them.

Shakespeare, it may very justly be contended, and still more the rest of the older repertoire of so-called "heroic drama," cannot now be presented so frequently as of old, nor even so frequently as in the last generation. The realistic drama of contemporary life has supplanted "heroic drama" in popular interest. This is not an unmixed evil. At any rate, it is a fact that cannot be ignored or altered.

But the realistic drama of contemporary modern life is not truly realistic if it is all trivial, if the passions and sentiments it depicts never rise to heroic dignity. That would be to confess that great passions and great sentiments have perished from the earth. They have not.

They have merely perished from the drama. And because they have perished from the drama, great actors have perished too, because great actors are made by the convincing expression of great passions and sentiments, and by that alone.

In the plays that Mrs. Fiske selects, she usually touches, though in the most realistic scenes, on greatness of passion or sentiment. Her *Tess* will live forever in the memories of all who saw it. That Mrs. Fiske shall not be an isolated exception, that great actors shall be

reared again to the purple, it is essential not alone, or even chiefly, that the present "star system," with its long runs and insufficient training, should be broken down, but that our dramatists should find the depth, the nobility, the large and ample things in the contemporary modern life they now represent; and, in order to breed great acting, should give the actors great passions and great sentiments to depict.

You cannot make bricks out of straw alone. You cannot make an Edwin Booth out of "Jack Straws."

WHAT INCOME IS NECESSARY FOR MARRIAGE?

BY THOMAS N. CARVER

PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE relation between the number of marriages and the price of labor is certainly less remote and vastly more important than the now famous one between the number of cats and the price of clover-seed. How marriages may affect the contracting parties themselves is their concern alone; how it may affect general social conditions through the rate of wages is of the most vital concern to everybody. It is with this phase of the question alone that the present paper will deal.

It is the author's contention, first, that if no one would marry until he had a steady job which brought him in at least two dollars a day, or six hundred dollars a year, immigration being meanwhile restricted, the wages of the lowest-paid labor in the United States would eventually rise to that amount; second, it is highly desirable, at least in our large cities, that no one should have to work for less than that amount or its equivalent; third, therefore, no one ought to marry on less than six hundred dollars a year in our large cities, or a correspondingly smaller amount in smaller

places where the necessities of life are cheaper.

There are some things in political economy which are so very obvious as to be overlooked altogether, or so plainly and palpably true as to be suspected of being deceptive. In order to avoid the charge of being shallow, therefore, we frequently ignore these facts and look for something "deeper" and harder to understand. This is probably the reason why so much of the contemporaneous discussion of the labor problem fails to emphasize the essential point, and why it is that, though everybody seems anxious to do something for the laboring man, so few seem willing to do the obvious thing—the only thing which will do him any good.

The only thing which will do the laboring man any good is to raise his wages—that is, his real wages, which consist of the things that he can get with his money wages. In order to raise his real wages, one of two things must be done. The demand for his labor must be increased, or the supply of his labor must be decreased, and we may as well

make up our minds first as last to discredit any scheme for the improvement of the conditions of labor which does not do one of these things.

A MATTER OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND

It is an old observation that where two men are looking for every job, wages are low; but where two jobs are looking for every man, wages are high. No plan yet invented will defeat the working of this old law. It is one of those obvious things which certain ingenious and more or less ingenuous thinkers continually overlook. So long as it is possible to hang out a sign, "Man Wanted," and have a hundred men apply for the job, so long will there be low wages and wide-spread poverty, with all the evils which follow in its train. When the time comes that the employer must hunt for a man for every job, there will be high wages and no poverty at all, except as the result of weakness, accident, or incapacity.

Is that a condition worth striving for? There ought to be but one answer to the question.

The advantage of expanding our industries in order to increase the number of jobs for the laboring men is too obvious to need discussion. Moreover, it is generally admitted, and therefore there would be no object in discussing it even if it were less obvious. This is, however, sometimes confused with its opposite by men who ought to know better. That is to say, it is sometimes confused with the proposal to increase the number of laboring men in order that industries may expand. An increase in the number of laboring men—making labor more abundant—increasing the number of men looking for every job—does, of course, tend to produce an expansion of industry; but when the expansion is brought about as a result of this kind of pressure, the conditions of labor are obviously not improved. On the other hand, the opening of new land to agriculture, of new opportunities for industry, an increase in the number of capitalist employers, and in the supply of capital—all these tend to create more jobs for every laborer, provided the number of laborers does not increase correspondingly.

But it is just as obviously to the advantage of the laboring man to have the number of men looking for his job diminished as it is to have the number of jobs increased, and this is not so generally admitted. Therefore, this is the phase of the question which now needs discussion.

There are several ways by which the laboring man can reduce the number of men looking for his job. One is to break the heads of those who do, or to call them scabs and subject them to other forms of unpleasant treatment. This is not the best way. In the first place, it is brutal. Moreover, it has the bad effect of increasing the number of men looking for jobs in other trades where they are not subjected to such treatment. When a man is prevented from getting a job in one trade, he is of necessity compelled to look for one in some other trade; and when he does there is one more man in that other trade. Whether one approves of this method under existing circumstances or not, one ought to agree that it would be much better if circumstances were changed so as to make it unnecessary—if the number could be so reduced as to make it unnecessary to create an artificial scarcity by the method of terrorism.

Our chief concern is with those trades where wages are low—with the supply of those kinds of labor which are poorly paid. Highly skilled and well-paid labor, including the labor of the salaried classes, and the employing classes generally, need not concern us. Our concern is with the one really great economic problem, that of poverty; and that problem is associated with superabundant labor where wages are low.

Confining our attention to this kind of labor, it is found that in the poorly paid occupations a great deal of the work is now done, in the United States, by laborers of foreign birth. That points out for us another way of reducing the number of laborers in those occupations where wages are now low—namely, by restricting immigration.

THE QUESTION OF IMMIGRATION

Any immigrant who comes to us equipped for a managerial position, a salaried position, or a skilled mechanical

trade where labor is scarce enough to make wages satisfactorily high, ought of course to be welcomed. This would, to be sure, tend to reduce the incomes of those who now hold these positions; but they can stand it, and *ought* to be willing to stand it. But those who come equipped only for those kinds of work where labor is already superabundant, as indicated by low wages, ought to be debarred—at least, if we are to regard the interest of our own country.

It is useless to contend against poverty in this country until we do restrict immigration in this way. No one need take any interest whatever in any philanthropic scheme for the elimination of poverty which does not frankly condition its success upon some such policy of restriction. We can save individuals from that condition, and that is worth doing; but there will forever remain large masses of poverty until we begin to stop it at the source by cutting down the supply of labor in every place and every trade where wages are unsatisfactorily low.

If we should admit only such heads of families, with their families, as were equipped for an occupation which, at the port of entry, commanded a standard wage of a hundred dollars a month or more, rejecting all others, it would be the best thing which could happen to the American working men. It would not reduce in the slightest degree the number of our most desirable immigrants, nor reduce the supply of any kind of labor which is scarce. But it would reduce the number of workers in those occupations where men and women are always on the brink of poverty, and where any unfortunate circumstance, like accident or sickness, may push them over the brink.

One hundred dollars a month is none too high a standard, but it is not probable that the country is ready for that. Let us compromise on half as much, or, say, on two dollars a day. Such a policy would tend to reduce the number of laborers in all trades where wages are now less than two dollars a day.

But the restriction of immigration would not help toward the solution of the problem of poverty in the world at large outside of our own country. More-

over, immigration is only one of the sources from which the supply of labor is replenished even in the United States. By far the greater problem is that of the restriction of the natural increase of the supply of labor of the lower grades.

Here, again, we need not concern ourselves with the problem of restriction except at those points where the alternative is poverty. Where wages and salaries are high enough to enable the workers to live in comfort and decency, the question of marriage is their concern alone, subject, of course, to such sanitary and moral regulations as are necessary. But the question of poverty is as important as any of these others; it tends to produce many of the other evils against which we try to guard; therefore we ought to guard against it as carefully as we do against disease or immorality. To refuse marriage on sanitary or moral grounds, and ignore the larger economic questions involved, is illogical, to say the least.

MARRIAGE AND THE LABOR QUESTION

If no one were to marry until he had a steady job with an income of six hundred dollars a year or more, it would not affect the more capable men, and they would marry as early as they now do. The less capable men would marry somewhat later, and some of the least capable men would never be able to marry at all.

The children of the really capable men, especially if they were brought up in a family with an adequate income, would never trouble us by crowding the lower ranks of laborers. Their tendency is always upward. The progeny of the less capable men, whose marriages would be deferred by a rule of this kind, would be less numerous than now, because, first, the generations would be farther apart, and there would be fewer generations overlapping at one time, and fewer generations produced within a given period; second, because the number of children born to late marriages is smaller on the average than the number born to early marriages. Besides, since such children would be born in families with decent incomes, they would have advantages which many children do not now

have, and their tendency would be upward rather than downward in the economic scale—that is, away from those occupations where low wages and poverty prevail, toward those where high wages and comfort prevail.

Incapable men who can never earn two dollars a day would be prevented, by this rule, from multiplying their kind to glut the labor market in the lower grades of labor. Thus the general result would be to relieve the pressure of an oversupply of labor in those occupations which are now overcrowded, where wages are therefore low, and where poverty persists in spite of all remedial agencies.

Such a rule, however, would be attended by grave dangers. Doubtless it would tend to increase the amount of sexual immorality and illegitimacy; experience seems to show that tendency. This, however, could be controlled, if we are willing to pay the cost. In the economic world there is no good thing to be had without cost. The only question is, is it worth the cost? The prospect of eliminating poverty by this method of stoppage at the source is so alluring that we ought to be willing to take almost any risk or assume almost any cost in order to accomplish it. If we once clearly see that it can be accomplished, it is then merely a question of choice; do we *choose* to have low wages and poverty, or to assume the cost of high wages and comfort?

THE MINIMUM STANDARD OF COMFORT

That less than six hundred dollars a year is too little with which to begin the support of a family in any of our large cities, the author will submit without argument to any one who will look into the rent of what he would call a decent habitation, and the cost of what he would call an adequate diet. This is equivalent to saying that there ought to be no occupation in a large city where wages are less than six hundred dollars a year. There is no way of keeping wages up to that standard except by refusing entrance to the country of any immigrant head of a family who cannot earn that amount, and by refusing marriage to any man who cannot earn the same.

The conclusion ought, by this time, to

be apparent. No one ought to marry in any large city until he has a steady job with an income of at least six hundred dollars a year, nor in a smaller place until he has an income which would enable him to live as well as one can in a large city on six hundred dollars.

Since such a restriction as this applies only to people who are on the brink of poverty, it is not likely to be of direct concern to the readers of this magazine. But every reader of this magazine is presumably a good citizen, and therefore interested in all questions relating to social welfare. In the whole catalogue of social questions there is none of greater and more fundamental importance than that of reducing the oversupply of labor in the lower and more poorly paid occupations.

There are three classes who will oppose all suggestions of this kind. In the first place, there are those who care nothing for poverty or anything connected with it; who say frankly that what they want is cheap labor and plenty of it. They see clearly enough how to get what they want. They do not need instruction; they need to get religion.

In the second place, there are those who care very much for the sorrows of the world, but who vainly imagine that these sorrows can be alleviated by talking eloquently about the woes of the poor laboring man, or by denouncing Mr. Rockefeller; who never really look into the problems they are so desirous of solving with a view to finding where the real difficulties and the obvious remedies lie. They may not need any more religion, but they do need instruction.

In the third place, there are those who are really desirous of improving social conditions generally, especially in the direction of eliminating poverty, and who see clearly enough how the measures here suggested would accomplish that result; but who regard the new evils—and they are serious—which these remedies would call into existence as so awful, or the cost of controlling them as so great, as to make the remedy worse than the disease. Upon this point there is room for an honest difference of opinion, and it ought to be discussed more freely. It may well be asked whether

any probable evil is greater than the biting poverty in which so many people are forced to live, and whether any cost is too great for so desirable an end as the elimination of that poverty.

SOME OBJECTIONS ANSWERED

In the first class we must include those who insist that we need cheap labor to do a great deal of very important work, such as cleaning our streets, building our roads, cultivating our abandoned farms, draining our swamps, and irrigating our deserts. If these things are so very important, they are surely worth paying for. There is nothing whatever in the above suggestions which will prevent the doing of them whenever we want them done, and consider them important enough to pay a living wage in order to get them done. To insist on having them done under conditions which perpetuate poverty—that is, at wages which do not enable men to live according to a decent standard—is to care more for roads and land than we do for men.

In the same class we must also include many of those who make a living

by crying up the woes of the poor laborer and proposing revolutionary programs. They see clearly enough that a scheme which would make labor scarce and wages high would spoil their speeches and cut off their incomes.

In the second class we must include the great mass of sincere reformers who are eagerly casting about for some means of regenerating the world, and who espouse any cause which looks like a reform without a careful preliminary study of the fundamentals of economic science.

In the third class we must include many people who believe that marriage is a natural and indefeasible right of every human being, and who therefore regard every interference with it as an evil of such magnitude as to overbalance almost any evil which might result from unrestricted marriages.

The study of economics can do nothing for the first class; the preacher of righteousness is sent into the world for such as they. To the second and third classes is recommended a careful, analytical study of the relations of cause and effect among economic phenomena.

VESPER

FULL of comfort and delight,
In the silence of the night
Music I can hear afar,
As it were a singing star.
Cool and clear each liquid note
From a hidden silver throat,
Bubbling up and up and up
In the shadowed valley's cup,
Trembling on its leafy brim;
Forth then down the pathways dim—
Just an echo, on and on
Quavering awhile, then gone!

Over me the white moon smiles;
Round me, mountains, miles on miles;
Not a murmur anywhere
Save the valley-voice down there
Singing sweetly—all the themes
Taken from the Book of Dreams—
Music made of fairy mirth,
Not like anything on earth.
Oh, the magic of it all!
Lyric laugh and dulcet call!
Songs not found in any book.
Sing, my little summer brook!

Frank Dempster Sherman

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY



VI—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
AND LORD BOTHWELL



BY LYNDON ORR

MARY STUART and Cleopatra are the two women who have most attracted the fancy of poets, dramatists, novelists, and painters, from their own time down to the present day.

In some respects there is a certain likeness in their careers. Each was queen of a nation whose affairs were entangled with those of a much greater one. Each sought for her own ideal of love until she found it. Each won that love recklessly, almost madly. Each, in its attainment, fell from power and fortune. Each died before her natural life was ended. One caused the man she loved to cast away the sovereignty of a mighty state. The other lost her own crown in order that she might achieve the whole desire of her heart.

There is still another parallel which may be found. Each of these women was reputed to be exquisitely beautiful; yet each fell short of beauty's highest standards. They are alike remembered in song and story because of qualities that are far more powerful than any physical charm can be. They impressed the imagination of their own contemporaries just as they have impressed the imagination of all succeeding ages, by reason of a strange and irresistible fascination which no one could explain, but which very few could experience and resist.

Mary Stuart was born six days before her father's death, and when the king-

dom which was her heritage seemed to be almost in its death-throes. James V of Scotland, half Stuart and half Tudor, was no ordinary monarch. While yet a mere boy he had burst the bonds with which a regency had bound him, and he had ruled sternly the wild Scotland of the sixteenth century. He was brave and crafty, keen in statesmanship, and dissolute in pleasure.

His first wife had given him no heirs; so at her death he sought out a princess whom he pursued all the more ardently because she was also courted by the burly Henry VIII of England. This girl was Marie of Lorraine, daughter of the Duc de Guise. She was fit to be the mother of a lion's brood, for she was above six feet in height, and of proportions so ample as to excite the admiration of the royal voluptuary who sat upon the throne of England.

"I am big," said he, "and I want a wife who is as big as I am."

But James of Scotland wooed in person and not by embassies, and he triumphantly carried off his strapping princess. Henry of England gnawed his beard in vain; and though in time he found consolation in another woman's arms, he viewed James not only as a public but as a private enemy.

There was war between the two countries. First the Scots repelled an English army; but soon they were themselves disgracefully defeated at Solway Moss by a force much their inferior in num-

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); and "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May).

bers. The shame of it broke King James's heart. As he was galloping from the battlefield, the news was brought him that his wife had given birth to a daughter. He took little notice of the message; and in a few days he had died, moaning with his last breath the mysterious words:

"It came with a lass—with a lass it will go!"

The child who was born at this ill-omened crisis was Mary Stuart, who within a week became, in her own right, Queen of Scotland. Her mother acted as regent of the kingdom. Henry of England demanded that the infant girl should be betrothed to his young son, Prince Edward, who afterward reigned as Edward VI, though he died while still a boy. The proposal was rejected, and the war between England and Scotland went on its bloody course; but meanwhile the little queen was sent to France, her mother's home, so that she might be trained in accomplishments which were rare in Scotland.

AT THE COURT OF FRANCE

In France she grew up at the court of Catherine de' Medici, that imperious intriguer whose splendid surroundings were tainted with the corruption which she had brought from her native Italy. It was, indeed, a singular training-school for a girl of Mary Stuart's character. She saw about her a superficial chivalry and a most profound depravity. Poets like Ronsard graced the life of the court with exquisite verse. Troubadours and minstrels sang sweet music there. There were fêtes and tournaments and gallantry of bearing; yet, on the other hand, there was every possible refinement and variety of vice. Men were slain before the eyes of the queen herself. The talk of the court was of intrigue and lust and evil things which often verged on crime. Catherine de' Medici herself kept her nominal husband at arm's length; and in order to maintain her grasp on France, she connived at the corruption of her own children, three of whom were destined in their turn to sit upon the throne.

Mary Stuart grew up in these surroundings until she was sixteen, eating



the fruit which gave a knowledge of both good and evil. Her intelligence was very great. She quickly learned Italian, French, and Latin. She was a daring horsewoman. She was a poet and an artist even in her teens. She was also a keen judge of human motives, for those early years

of hers had forced her into a womanhood that was premature but wonderful. It had been proposed that she should marry the eldest son of Catherine, so that in time the kingdom of Scotland and that of France might be united, while if Elizabeth of England were to die unmarried, her realm also would fall to this pair of children.

And so Mary, at sixteen, wedded the Dauphin Francis, who was a year her junior. The prince was a wretched, whimpering little creature, with a cankered body and a blighted soul. Marriage with such a husband seemed absurd. It never was a marriage in reality. The sickly child would cry all night, for he suffered from abscesses in his ears, and his manhood had been prematurely taken from him. Nevertheless, within a twelvemonth the French king died and Mary Stuart was Queen of France as well as of Scotland, hampered only by her nominal obedience to the sick boy whom she openly despised. At seventeen she showed herself a master spirit. She held her own against the ambitious Catherine de' Medici, whom she contemptuously nicknamed "the apothecary's daughter." For the brief period of a year she was actually the ruler of France; but then her husband died and she was left a widow, restless, ambitious, and yet no longer having any of the power she loved.

Mary Stuart at this time had become a woman whose fascination was exerted over all who knew her. She was very tall and very slim, with chestnut hair, "like a flower of the heat, both lax and delicate." Her skin was fair and pale, so clear and so transparent as to make the story plausible that when she drank from a flask of wine, the red liquid could be seen passing down her slender throat.

Yet with all this she was not fine in

texture, but hardy as a man. She could endure immense fatigue without yielding to it. Her supple form had the strength of steel. There was a gleam in her hazel eyes that showed her to be brimful of an almost fierce vitality. Young as she was, she was the mistress of a thousand arts, and she exhaled a sort of atmosphere that turned the heads of men. The Stuart blood made her impatient of

was the love of love." The first was natural to a girl who was a sovereign in her own right. The second was inherited, and was then forced into a rank luxuriance by the sort of life that she had seen about her. At eighteen she was a strangely amorous creature, given to fondling and kissing every one about her, with slight discrimination. From her sense of touch she received emotions



MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND OF FRANCE, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN OR EIGHTEEN

From a portrait in the château of Versailles, by an unknown artist

control, careless of state, and easy-mannered. The French and the Tudor strain gave her vivacity. She could be submissive in appearance while still persisting in her aims. She could be languorous and seductive, while cold within. Again, she could assume the haughtiness which belonged to one who was twice a queen.

Two motives swayed her, and they fought together for supremacy. One was the love of power, and the other

that were almost necessary to her existence. With her slender, graceful hands she was always stroking the face of some favorite—it might be only the face of a child, or it might be the face of some courtier or poet, or one of the four Marys whose names are linked with hers—Mary Livingstone, Mary Fleming, Mary Beaton, and Mary Seton, the last of whom remained with her royal mistress until her death.

But one must not be too censorious

in thinking of Mary Stuart. She was surrounded everywhere by enemies. During her stay in France she was hated by the faction of Catherine de' Medici. When she returned to Scotland, she was hated because of her religion by the Protestant lords. Her every action was set forth in the worst possible light. The most sinister meaning was given to everything she said or did. In truth, we must reject almost all the stories which accuse her of anything more than a certain levity of conduct.

She was not a woman to yield herself in love's last surrender, unless her intellect and heart alike had been made captive. She would listen to the passionate outpourings of poets and courtiers, and she would plunge her eyes into theirs, and let her hair just touch their faces, and give them her white hands to kiss—but that was all. Even in this she was only following the fashion of the court where she was bred, and she was not unlike her royal relative, Elizabeth of England, who had the same external amorousness coupled with the same internal self-control.

MARY AND BOTHWELL

Mary Stuart's love-life makes a piteous story, for it is the life of one who was ever seeking—seeking for the man to whom she could look up, who could be strong and brave and ardent like herself, and at the same time be more powerful and more steadfast even than herself in mind and thought. Hence, whatever may be said of her, and howsoever the facts may be colored by partizans, this royal girl, stung though she was by passion and goaded by desire, cared nothing for any man who could not match her in body and mind and spirit all at once.

It was in her early widowhood that she first met the man, though it was long before the two were actually united; and when their union came it brought ruin on them both. In France there came to her, one day, one of her own subjects, the Earl of Bothwell. He was but a few years older than she, and in his presence for the first time she felt, in her own despite, that profoundly moving, indescribable, and never-to-be-forgotten thrill which shakes a woman to the very center of her being, since it is the recognition of a complete affinity.

Lord Bothwell, like Queen Mary, has been terribly maligned. Unlike her, he has found only a few defenders. Maurice Hewlett has drawn a picture of him more favorable than many, and yet it is a picture that repels. Bothwell, says he, was of a type esteemed by those who pronounced vice to be their virtue. He was "a galliard, flushed with rich blood, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, with a laugh so happy and so prompt that the

world, rejoicing to hear it, thought all must be well wherever he might be. He wore brave clothes, sat a brave horse, and kept brave company bravely. His high color, while it betokened high feeding, got him the credit of good health. His little eyes twinkled so merrily that you did not see they were like a pig's, sly and greedy at once, and bloodshot. His tawny beard concealed a jaw underneath, a chin jutting and dangerous. His mouth had a cruel twist; but his laughing hid that too. The bridge of his nose had been broken; few observed it, or guessed at the brawl which must have given it him. Frankness was his great charm, careless ease in high places."

And so, when Mary



JAMES HEPBURN, EARL OF BOTHWELL.
From a sketch by a Danish artist, Otto
Bache, made when the supposed coffin
of Bothwell was opened in 1858

Stuart first met him in her eighteenth year, Lord Bothwell made her think as she had never thought of any other man, and as she was not to think of any other man again. She grew to look eagerly for the frank mockery "in those twinkling eyes, in that quick mouth; and to wonder whether it was with him always—asleep, at prayers, fighting, furious, or in love.



Something more, however, must be said of Bothwell. He was undoubtedly a roisterer, but he was very much a man. He made easy love to women. His sword leaped quickly from its sheath. He could fight, and he could also think. He was no brawling ruffian, no ordinary rake. Remembering what Scotland was in those days, Bothwell might well seem in reality a princely figure. He knew Italian; he was at home in French; he could write fluent Latin. He was a collector of books and a reader of them also. He was perhaps the only Scottish noble of his time who had a book-plate of his own. Here is something more than a mere reveler. Here is a man of varied accomplishments and of a complex character.

Though he stayed but a short time near the queen in France, he kindled her imagination, so that when she seriously thought of men, she thought of Bothwell. And yet all the time she was fondling the young pages in her retinue and kissing her maids of honor with her scarlet lips, and lying on their knees, while poets like Ronsard and Chastelard wrote ardent love-sonnets to her, and sighed and pined for something more than the privilege of kissing her two dainty hands.

MARY'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND

In 1561, less than a year after her widowhood, Mary set sail for Scotland, never to return. The great high-decked ships which escorted her sailed into the harbor of Leith, and she pressed on to Edinburgh. A depressing change indeed from the sunny terraces and fields of France! In her own realm were fog and rain and only a hut to shelter her upon her landing. When she reached her capital, there were few welcoming

cheers; but as she rode over the cobblestones to Holyrood, the squalid wynds vomited forth great mobs of hard-featured, grim-visaged men and women who stared with curiosity and a half contempt at the girl-queen and her retinue of foreigners.

The Scots were Protestants of the most dour sort, and they distrusted their new ruler because of her religion, and because she loved to surround herself with dainty things and bright colors and exotic elegance. They feared lest she should try to repeal the law of Scotland's parliament which had made the country Protestant.

The very indifference of her subjects stirred up the nobler part of Mary's nature. For a time she was indeed a queen. She governed wisely. She respected the religious rights of her Protestant subjects. She strove to bring order out of the chaos into which her country had fallen. And she met with some success. The time came when her people cheered her as she rode among them. Her subtle fascination was her greatest source of strength. Even John Knox, that iron-visaged, stentorian preacher, fell for a time under the charm of her presence. She met him frankly and pleaded with him as a woman, instead of commanding him as a queen. The surly ranter became softened for a time, and though he spoke of her to others as "Honeypot," he ruled his tongue in public. She had offers of marriage from Austrian and Spanish princes. The new King of France, her brother-in-law, would perhaps have wedded her. It mattered little to Mary that Elizabeth of England was hostile. She felt that she was strong enough to hold her own and govern Scotland.

But who could govern a country such as Scotland was? It was a land of broils and feuds, of clan enmities and fierce vendettas. Its nobles were half barbarous, and they fought and slashed at one another with drawn dirks almost in the presence of the queen herself. No matter whom she favored, there rose up a swarm of enemies. Here was a Corsica of the north, more savage and untamed than even the other Corsica.

In her perplexity, Mary felt a woman's need of some man on whom she would have the right to lean, and whom she could make king consort. She thought that she had found him in the person of her cousin, Lord Darnley, a Catholic, and by his upbringing half an Englishman. Darnley came to Scotland, and for the moment Mary fancied that she had forgotten Bothwell. Here again she was in love with love, and she idealized the

man who came to give it to her. Darnley seemed, indeed, well worthy to be loved, for he was tall and handsome, appearing well on horseback, and having some of the accomplishments which Mary valued.

THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE TO DARNLEY

It was a hasty wooing, and the queen herself was first of all the wooer. Her quick imagination saw in Darnley traits and gifts of which he really had no share. Therefore, the marriage was soon concluded, and Scotland had two sovereigns, King Henry and Queen Mary. So sure was Mary of her indifference to Bothwell that she urged the earl to marry, and he did marry a girl of the great house of Gordon.

Mary's self-suggested love for Darnley was extinguished almost on her wedding-night. The man was a drunkard who came into her presence befuddled and almost bestial. He had no brains. His vanity was enormous. He loved no one but himself, and least of all this queen, whom he regarded as having thrown herself at his empty head.

The first-fruits of the marriage were uprisings among the Protestant lords. Mary then showed herself a heroic queen. At the head of a motley band of soldiery, who came at her call—half-clad, uncouth, and savage—she rode into the west, sleeping at night upon the bare ground, sharing the camp food, dressed in plain tartan, but swift and fierce as any eagle. Her spirit ran like fire through the veins of those who followed her. She crushed the insurrection, scattered its leaders, and returned in triumph to her capital.

Now she was really queen, but here came in the other motive which was interwoven in her character. She had shown herself a man in courage. Should she not have the pleasures of a woman? To her court in Holyrood came Bothwell once again, and this time Mary knew that he was all



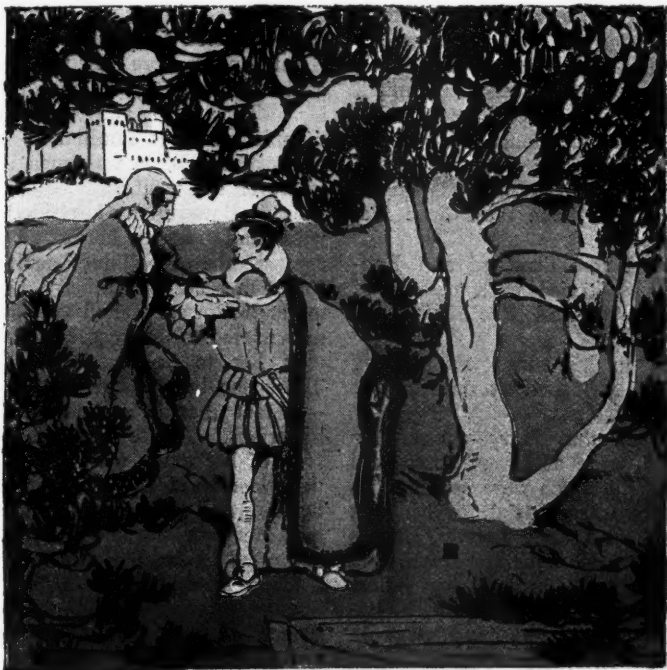
MARY, A PRISONER IN LOCHLEVEN CASTLE, SIGNING HER ABDICATION (JULY 24, 1567)

the world to her. Darnley had shrunk from the hardships of battle. He was steeped in low intrigues. He roused the constant irritation of the queen by his folly and utter lack of sense and decency. Mary felt she owed him noth-

ing, save at the last when he stood upon the scaffold and, gazing toward the palace, cried in French:

"Oh, cruel queen! I die for you!"

Another favorite, the Italian, David Rizzio, or Riccio, in like manner wrote



GEORGE DOUGLAS AIDS THE QUEEN TO ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE (MAY 2, 1568)

ing, but she forgot that she owed much to herself.

Her old amorous ways came back to her, and she relapsed into the joys of sense. The scandal-mongers of the capital saw a lover in every man with whom she talked. She did, in fact, set convention at defiance. She dressed in men's clothing. She showed what the unemotional Scots thought to be unseemly levity. The French poet, Chastelard, misled by her external signs of favor, believed himself to be her choice. At the end of one mad revel he was found secreted beneath her bed, and was driven out by force. A second time, he ventured to secrete himself within the covers of the bed. Then he was dragged forth, imprisoned, and condemned to death. He met his fate without a mur-

love-verses to the queen, and she replied to them in kind; but there is no evidence that she valued him save for his ability, which was very great. She made him her foreign secretary, and the man whom he supplanted worked on the jealousy of Darnley; so that one night, while Mary and Rizzio were at dinner in a small private chamber, Darnley and the others broke in upon her. Darnley held her by the waist while Rizzio was stabbed before her eyes with a cruelty the greater because the queen was soon to become a mother.

From that moment she hated Darnley as one would hate a snake. She tolerated him only that he might acknowledge her child as his son. This child was the future James VI of Scotland and James I of England. It is recorded

of him that never throughout his life could he bear to look upon drawn steel.

THE QUEEN GIVES ALL FOR LOVE

After this, Mary summoned Bothwell again and again. It was revealed to her as in a blaze of light that, after all, he was the one and only man who could be everything to her. His frankness, his cynicism, his mockery, his carelessness, his courage, and the power of his mind, matched her moods completely. She threw away all semblance of concealment. She ignored the fact that he had married at her wish. She was queen. She desired him. She must have him at any cost.

"Though I lose Scotland and England both," she cried in a passion of abandonment, "I shall have him for my own!"

Bothwell, in his turn, was nothing loath, and they leaped at one another like two flames.

It was then that Mary wrote those letters which were afterward discovered in a casket, and which were used against her when she was on trial for her life. These so-called Casket Letters, though we have not now the originals, are among the most extraordinary letters ever written. All shame, all hesitation, all innocence, are flung away in them. The writer is so fired with passion that each sentence is like a cry to a lover in the dark. As De Peyster says: "In them the animal instincts override and spur and lash the pen." Mary was committing to paper the frenzied madness of a woman consumed to her very marrow by the scorching blaze of unendurable desire.

Events moved quickly. Darnley, convalescent from an attack of smallpox, was mysteriously destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder. Bothwell was divorced from his young wife on curious grounds. A dispensation allowed Mary to wed a Protestant, and she married Bothwell three months after Darnley's death.

Here one sees the consummation of what had begun many years before in France. From the moment that she and Bothwell met, their union was inevitable. Seas could not sunder them. Other loves and other fancies were as nothing

to them. Even the bonds of marriage were burst asunder, so that these two fiery, panting souls could meet.

It was the irony of fate that when they had so met, it was only to be parted. Mary's subjects, outraged by her conduct, rose against her. As she passed through the streets of Edinburgh, the women hurled after her indecent names. Great banners were raised with execrable daubs representing the murdered Darnley. The short and dreadful monosyllable which is familiar to us in the pages of the Bible was hurled after her wherever she went.

With Bothwell by her side, she led a wild and ragged horde of followers against the rebellious nobles, whose forces met her at Carberry Hill. Her motley followers melted away, and Mary surrendered to the hostile chieftains, who took her to the castle at Lochleven. There she became the mother of twins—a fact that is seldom mentioned by historians. These children were the fruit of her union with Bothwell. From this time forth she cared but little for herself, and she signed, without great reluctance, a document by which she abdicated in favor of her infant son.

Even in this place of imprisonment, however, her fascination had power to charm. Among those who guarded her, two of the Douglas family—George Douglas and William Douglas—for love of her, effected her escape. The first attempt failed. Mary, disguised as a laundress, was betrayed by the delicacy of her hands. But a second attempt was successful. The queen passed through a postern gate and made her way to the lake, where George Douglas met her with a boat. Crossing the lake, fifty horsemen under Lord Claude Hamilton gave her their escort and bore her away in safety.

But Mary was sick of Scotland, for Bothwell could not be there. She had tasted all the bitterness of life, and for a few months all the sweetness; but she would have no more of this rough and barbarous country. Of her own free will she crossed the Solway into England, to find herself at once a prisoner.

Never again did she set eyes on Bothwell. After the battle of Carberry Hill, he escaped to the north, gathered some ships together, and preyed upon English

merchantmen, very much as a pirate might have done. Ere long, however, when he had learned of Mary's fate, he set sail for Norway. King Frederick of Denmark made him a prisoner of state. He was not confined within prison walls, however, but was allowed to hunt and ride in the vicinity of Malmo Castle and of Dragsholm. It is prob-

less ambitious when she first met Bothwell, or had he been a little bolder, they might have reigned together and lived out their lives in the plenitude of that great love which held them both in thrall. But a queen is not as other women; and she found too late that the teaching of her heart was, after all, the truest teaching. She went to her death as Bothwell



THE EXECUTION OF MARY STUART AT FOTHERINGHAY CASTLE (FEBRUARY 8, 1587)

ably in Malmo Castle that he died. In 1858 a coffin which was thought to be the coffin of the earl was opened, and a Danish artist sketched the head—which corresponds quite well with the other portraits of the ill-fated Scottish noble.

It is a sad story. Had Mary been

went to his, alone, in a strange, unfriendly land.

Yet, even this, perhaps, was better so. It has at least touched both their lives with pathos, and has made the name of Mary Stuart one to be remembered throughout all the ages.

THE WATER-LILY

A FRAGRANT sister of the stars it seems,
Or else of snow a mammoth flake.
Ah, no, my heart! Here in soft slumber dreams
The lovely Lady of the Lake!

Cyril Evers

THE PUP AND HICKEY

BY
WILL
ADAMS



THEY were both mongrels; there was no trace of breeding about either, and as far as looks and graces went the lower animal was infinitely the more attractive.

The Pup's lineage would have been difficult indeed to trace, so much indiscriminate cross-breeding had led to his production; but he was a pretty little black-and-tan dog with long hair, and in size just a trifle larger than a cocker spaniel. He had an alert face, with a short but pointed muzzle, expressive golden-brown eyes, and many ingratiating little tricks—so many, in fact, and displayed so lavishly to such a wide circle of admirers that Corporal Melody insisted that Pup was an Irishman and had "kissed the Blarney Stone, sure." And not only was he attractive and affectionate, but he was also blessed with the proverbial smartness and common sense that seem to be nature's legacy to the common-or-yaller dog.

Hickey was fat and clumsy, with ungainly joints. He had stiff brown hair that seemed to be all cow-licks, childish blue eyes—"blue No. 12," you would see them described in his enlistment-blank—and a certain air of lumbering innocence—the same sort of air that the *Elephant's Child* in the "Just-So Stories" must have worn when he set out to try and satisfy his "satiableness curiosity." Hickey's features were large and thick, and seemed to have been buttered over his face with a large knife and a lavish hand. His feet were also enormous, and he moved with about as

much grace as an old-fashioned side-wheel steamer.

Add to these qualifications the fact that he was slightly deaf, and you will readily see what a jewel J Troop possessed in Hickey. For Hickey was J's dining-room orderly, and Pup—rejoicing, when the troop remembered it, in the distinguished appellation of "General Chaffee"—was the troop mascot.

Neither was very often called by his right name. "General Chaffee" being much too long for every-day use, the little dog went simply as "Pup," Hickey, because of his dreamy, foolish ways, was known as "Dope," until one day, becoming angry at the use of the nickname, he cried out in mess-hall:

"Darn it all, I'd have you know there's a *han'le* to my name!"

"Oh, excuse me—of course, *Mr. Dope*," said Stevens, his tormentor for the time being.

Simple-minded Hickey was a never-failing source of amusement to the J troopers. He was extremely ticklish, and went into paroxysms if a finger were merely pointed at him. His program never varied. Whenever the marauding digit pointed at or touched him, he would drop with a crash whatever he happened to be carrying and grab at whoever happened to be in front of him, at the same time calling out agonizedly:

"Jumpin' Jews! Stop that!"

When the troop roared with appreciation, he would retort haughtily:

"That's right, laugh, an' show yer ig'rance."

The favorite hour for these exercises was meal-time, and such was the unholy joy of the J troopers at seeing trayfuls of crockery go crashing floorward that nearly every month poor Dope had to pay in, for breakage of china and glass, nearly all of the extra five dollars he earned.

The Pup had won his place in the troop by sheer force of lung-power. One bitter snowy night he yowled so persistently under Sergeant Stone's window that in self-defense that sleep-loving youth had been forced to arise and invite him in. Pup had come in as condescendingly as if he were conferring the favor, and had jumped up on Stone's bunk and snuggled down beside him with such a winning and satisfied air of possession that no one could have had the heart to turn him out on the floor, even dirty and dragged as he was.

The next morning Pup had skirmished in pursuit of breakfast, and had found Hickey. It was a case of love at first sight with the dining-room orderly, and so he fondly believed it to be with Pup. Many were the votive offerings laid at the little dog's shrine; but Pup was a free-lance, now yielding his favors to one, now to another; now sleeping with Whitney, now going to share big Knut Hansen's bunk.

At most hours of the day he could be found around J barracks, lying in lazy content on the cot of one or another of his friends; but at "first sergeant's call" he would always accompany Stone to headquarters. At the first notes he would rush madly to the orderly-room, and would paw frantically at Stone till he had him started. Then Pup was proud indeed, and would stalk stiffly beside the sergeant, lifting his paws high as if to say:

"This top of yours couldn't take up his morning report if I didn't go with him!"

And he would wait

patiently at the door of the Administration Building till his first friend reappeared.

Mrs. Burns, the lieutenant's wife, lost her heart to Pup at their first meeting, and bought him a collar—which some of the men promptly stole and sold for the price of a drink. The lady bought him another, which shared the same fate.

"I never knew a dog to lose his collars so!" sighed she. "Puppy, you are awfully careless; but you are a *dear*."

She kept on supplying him, so that in time Pup came to be much in demand when pay-day was far distant on the horizon.

Sad to say, it was only at meal-times that his heart was with Hickey. Not until the mess-call, or the jangle of the triangle, sent him flying to his "meal-ticket," as the troop laughingly dubbed Mr. Dope, did he allow his adorer a glimpse of him. It really would have been laughable, had it not been a little pathetic, to see the attempts that the clumsy orderly made to lure his canine idol. Sometimes he was momentarily successful, only to have Pup sport away from him to squander unasked favors on some trooper who never even lifted his finger to deserve the honor.

"It beats all how Dope keeps on making love to that Pup!" said Teddy Ryan one evening. "And Pup all the time so blame unconcerned about it!"

"Dope's a queer bird," said Brown. "I think he's sorter—sorter gallopin' dis-united in his nut. You heard him at school to-day?"

"Heard him?" laughed Whitney. "I reckon I'd have to be far out yonder not to hear him!"

"He made a D. F. of himself, of course, but what did he say?" inquired Stone, who had not been at school that morning.

"Why," said Whitney, "listen to this, *hombre*. Shorty was



THE PUP HAD WON HIS PLACE IN THE TROOP BY SHEER FORCE OF LUNG-POWER

off pirootin' around with you somewheres, you know best, so Spurs had the class in 'Secu'ity an' Info'mation.' The Lord knows but a month-old infant could have taught us better; and, to cap it all, the colonel, who thinks Shorty's runnin' the ranch, crosses our trail with some ol' long-horn of a general he wanted to show a class-room to. When he sees Spurs bossin' the outfit, it puts him out some, but he makes up his mind to bluff it out and stays in. Well, yo' can bet Spurs was flusterated all right—kotowed himself double, an' fussed around like a ol' hen with her haid off, or a girl trying to make up her mind will she get on the front or back end of a cyar. But when he had 'em settled, and it was up to him to go on with the lesson, he was up a stump, 'cause he didn't know anythin' about that chapter on 'Out-Post an' Picket Duty,' nor any other chapter either, an' he had just enough sense left to know it. So he sails in an' gives us a Fou'th of July oration on the duties of a soldier. Yo' should have heard him, Jerry, 'twould make yo' realize yo' high, exalted station. He don't let on there's any dog-robbin' or coffee-coolin' goin' on in the service, nothin' but sugar an' cream, an' he says:

"'Merit will always be recognized. Great things come from small beginnings. Who knows, perhaps there may be future generals right yere in this troop!'

"An' Dope, bein' some deaf, an' thinkin' he's whisperin', hollers out real loud:

"'Generals!* No more fer this troop! We had three this winter a'ready!'

Stone laughed.

"And Johnny Jones?" he said.

"Oh, Spurs made out he didn't year him, but the general near bust himself. Later he got to askin' the men questions, an' I must say, Bill Sullivan, yo' gave him another souvenir of J Troop to tote off with him."

"Aw, g'wan!" said Big Bill. "It mayn't be none er yer book-learnin', but it's the trut'. I seen it done, an' it works. If I'd corralled more prisoners 'n I could draw a bead on by my lone-

some, you bet yer life the only way to keep 'em from stampedin' off the range an' givin' me the shake is ter cut their suspenders or take away their belts."

"You told the general that?"

"Sure. A feller can't run none when he has ter hol' up his pants. You try! I seen it done many a time with horse-thieves, an' I tol' the general so."

"Bill, you're almost as bad as Hickey. Speakin' of angels—What is it, Mr. Dope?"

Hickey approached the door.

"I'm a lookin' fer Pup. Any of you seen him?"

"Yes," answered the lying Sullivan.

"I seen him, an' he tol' me he ain't no more use fer you, and was takin' his chow at K Troop fer the footure, likin' their cheef better."

"Aw, shut up. He ain't, neither, or if he is it's a premedicated job you fellers are puttin' up on me!"

"'Where is my wanderin' Pup ter-night?'" chanted Bill pensively.

"Darn it all, I believe you got him hid somewheres an' won't tell me!"

"Haven't."

"You have!"

"Dope, you're a liar."

"You're a gentleman, an' that's two liars an' a hoss-thief!" And Hickey picked up a book to throw at his tormenter.

"Drop it! Drop it, or I'll—" Sullivan significantly advanced a finger, as if to tickle.

"Jumpin' Jews! Stop that!" roared Hickey, dropping the book and lurching forward to clasp Stone with both hands.

"Say I'm no gentleman, then. Say it!" threatened Big Bill.

"You're no gentleman—there! For the Lord's sake, what are you-all laughin' at? *Laugh*, then, an' show yer ig'rance!"

"'Tisn't you, Dope," said Stone. "We're laughin' at Bill."

"That shows yer sense, then. I didn't come here ter be laughed at; I come fer Pup. Where is Chaffee?"

"Don't know. Haven't seen him all evening."

And indeed he had not been around the barracks since supper—which was unusual, for generally he lay, full-gorged and blinking, in the lap of which-

* General prisoners, as distinguished from garrison prisoners, are referred to simply as "generals."

ever man his fancy singled out for the honor.

It was getting toward spring now, and the *wanderlust* stirred in Pup—the *wanderlust*, and love, and the prehistoric cry of his ancestors coming down through the ages. Seldom did J see him after supper now, for all night he roamed free and bayed the moon, regardless if there were any moon to bay or not. Then, somewhere around breakfast-time, he would trot in; and all day, until the shadows lengthened and the evening gun boomed out, he would sleep soundly, often twitching and yelping in his sleep.

All this was a great trial to the faithful Hickey. Besides caring too much for the little dog to disturb him in the daytime, and thus missing what little companionship he might have had, Dope took these nocturnal prowlings of his loved one very much as a timid mother might take a first attempt at freedom on the part of a boy who has been always tied to her apron-strings.

"Blame it all, I don't like this a little bit!" he complained one day to Stevens. "If Chaffee stays out so much nights, he'll get in with bad company, an' it'll ruin of him. It's the same with creeturs as men: once get 'em goin' like that, an' it's all up with 'em."

"Ah, smoke up, Dope; it's only the spring that's got into Pup. He'll steady down soon again, never you wo'y." Stevens was from Maryland, and thought it beneath his dignity to notice double r's.

"No," said Hickey, "I reckon not. It's crowdin' hard on the hocks of two month now, an' he ain't let up a mite. I ain't lettin' on ter see him spend an evenin' at home again fer one while—if ever."

Hickey's remarks came perilously near to true prophecy. For it happened that one evening Pup, in his wanderings, fell in with Smoke Madigan and others of his ilk bound for McCorkle's Popular Palace Saloon. Being a sociable beast, and the time for spring roving being on the wane, he accepted their invitation to "come along an' have a drink, ol' sport"; and when Billy McCorkle shoved a pan of beer under his nose, "just to see what the beast does," he promptly and politely dipped in his little muzzle, and so, unexpectedly, received the great sensation of his life. There never was anything like to this delicious, pungent fluid, which made him feel so warm, so alive. Quickly he lapped up every drop.

"Be darned but he takes to it like a trooper!" cried Smoke in delight. "Set 'em up, Billy, all he'll drink. Might

know that Pup belongs ter J Troop! He wants somethin' stronger than pap, just like the rest of us!"

Billy, the barkeep, set 'em up again and yet again, and Pup drank as long as he could stand! When closing-time came he could hardly stagger to his feet, and when he had attained that precarious elevation he promptly flopped to earth again. So Madigan carried him home,



"I NEVER KNEW A DOG TO LOSE HIS COLLARS SO!"

and the next morning he appeared singularly disinclined for his breakfast—which fact greatly worried his faithful servant.

And now, alas for Pup! The fatal taste of beer had awakened an insatiable craving in him, and behold him on the path to drunkenness and debauchery.

alas—but such is human nature—most of them thought it a huge joke, and would often give the small dog a drink on the sly, “fer the fun of it.” The unsuspecting Hickey remained innocently unconscious of his idol’s sin—why is it that those who love us most are the last to see our true character?—until one



"JUMPIN' JEWS! STOP THAT!" ROARED HICKEY, DROPPING THE BOOK

His thirst was unquenchable. Regularly every evening, whether he had company or no, he would trot townward, and his appearance at McCorkle's would be the signal for Billy to set out the beer-pan. As regularly was he brought home, limp and sprawling, by some compassionate trooper, who often had great difficulty in winning to the barracks himself.

Gradually his excesses began to have a physical effect on Pup. He lost his dainty shape, and became fat and bloated; his clear brown eyes became bleary and bloodshot, and his breath was as bad as any old toper's. Often, now, when he would climb up to try his blandishments on a friend, he would be pushed away and told:

"G'way, Chaffee; you give me a second-hand drunk!"

Every man in the troop but Hickey was aware of Pup's fall from grace, and

Saturday night, when, happening to remark to Stone about Pup's queer gait, he received enlightenment.

At first he would not believe it. He passionately denied that such a thing could be. Stone was fooling him; Pup *wouldn't* do that thing.

"I'm sorry, Dope," said Stone kindly. "I wish it wasn't so myself, but it is. You'll find him down at McCorkle's now, if you want to go and see."

"I will go! I'll get him out er *that* blame quick!"

And Hickey excitedly rushed away to rescue Pup from the toils of the devil, little understanding that the devil was the consuming thirst that lay in Pup's own small throat, and leaving Stone to muse half wonderingly, half pityingly, over a "dummy" who could so love a drunken little beast which gave him no affection in return.

To the merry crowd at McCorkle's suddenly materialized a hatless apparition silhouetted in the doorway against the star-flecked night. It demanded Pup.

"Where's Chaffee? You give him to me."

"Take him, then," laughed Madigan. "He's yours fer the carryin'. There he is, under the table."

Stooping over, Hickey jealously gathered up the helpless little animal and hastened away.

"It ain't very far, Pup," he said, "but I guess we better take the trolley. You'll be more comfortable in my lap."

Now, it chanced that in the trolley from town was an artilleryman—a private of the Ninety-Ninth Field Battery—who had had a little more than he could carry. Perceiving Pup, whose fame as a toper had gone abroad through the post, he lurched over, inspected him critically, and stated thickly:

"That dog is drunk."

"You're a liar, he ain't!" retorted Hickey.

"You're a liar—he is, too!"

"Want ter fight, do yer?" and Hickey deposited Pup on the seat, stood up, and pulled back his sleeves. "Come on, then! I say he ain't drunk! He ain't! He ain't!"

The red pride of the artillery flamed up. To be called a liar, and by a dirty cavalryman! Artillery wasted no words, but fell to.

It was some minutes before the conductor and motorman could separate the combatants. Dope had achieved an unscientific but thoroughly effective "strangle hold," and was making the most of it.

"Say he ain't!" he persisted. "Aw, you go ter—" This aside, to the conductor.

Artillery, growing purple, made strange noises in his throat.

"If yer can't say it, shake yer head then!"

Artillery feebly shook, and not till then did Hickey let go his grip, turn quietly, pick up Pup, and step off the car, cutting across triumphantly to J barracks.

From that night dated the attempted regeneration of Pup. To the apparent-

ly hopeless task Hickey set himself with a will, having not only Pup against him, but half the troop.

"Dope thinks he's the W. C. T. U. Wants ter abolish the canteen," laughed the men.

Every night, when Pup was carefully locked up, some one saw to it that he was liberated by fair means or foul. Sergeant Stone often tried to bring the liberator to justice, but no man had done it—it was always the other fellow; and though the first sergeant would have liked to help in the reform of Pup, he gave up the task in disgust.

"Sure, 'tis onhuman to kape the baste from his liquor," said Pat Melody compassionately. "His systim nades it now, an' 'tis ill fer him to go widout it. Do I not know how it is wid meself? Lave him go, Dope, an' belike he'll live the longer."

But Hickey was not of Pat's opinion, and patiently went on trying to hide and imprison Pup. It was all to little purpose, however, for Pup became diabolically clever at eluding him, and would stay away for days at a time.

One memorable night, after a day of arduous planning, Dope had succeeded in corraling Pup and had locked him up in a new hiding-place—a small shed behind the stables. Hickey had finished his dishes and the cleaning of the mess-hall, and had come into the orderly-room to sit and watch Stone and the troop-clerk make out the pay-rolls, for he took great comfort in his first sergeant's society.

To-night he was hilarious, for had not the men on pass gone to town, and was not Pup safe in the shed? He started in with much gusto to relate an incident that had happened at retreat, anent a pompous sergeant and two prisoners who were on the way to the guard-house.

"They thought they had time ter get across the parade; but they hadn't, an' the 'Star-Spangled Banner' struck 'em in the middle, an' there was ol' Keefe presentin' arms ter the major's ash-can!"

He giggled loudly in appreciation.

"You're gay to-night."

Whitney's dark, serious face appeared in the doorway. Hickey laughed again.

"Yes, I got Pup safe in the shed, an' the key in me pocket." He slapped his

thigh as he spoke, and an expression of amazement spread over his face. "Why," he stammered, "why, it ain't here! My Lord, s'pose I lost it out, an' some er those fellers got it!"

Whitney came over and laid a kind hand on his shoulder.

"*Hombre*," he said, "they did get it, an' let Pup out; an'—an'—yo' mustn't feel too bad, son; but Pup won't ever take another drink. The trolley came along too quick for him; he was drunk, an' he wasn't able to get out of the way. They're bringin' him in now."

They brought him—an inert little mass, with his small red tongue hanging

out and his four poor little legs already pathetically stiffening. Till far into the night Hickey worked over him, in the vain hope of reviving him; but it was no use. Pup was dead.

They buried him next day in a corner of the corral, and Clancy, the farrier, made him a neat little head-board.

"Don't take it so hard, Hickey," said Stone. "You could never have stopped Pup's drinking; and if he had lived, he would soon have had himself in a fearful state. This is much better; he never knew what struck him."

But Hickey mourned, and would not be comforted.



THE GENTLEMEN OF SACKVILLE

As old-world courts in solemn order passed,
Dukes before earls, and barons before squires,
Beginning from the first unto the last;

So when the men of Sackville township meet,
Gathered from every side of Greylock Mountain,
Before the old town hall on Meeting Street,

Three ranking gentlemen there are, for whom
To enter first into the village congress,
Neighbors and kinsmen gladly all make room.

The first is he who climbed the blazing spire,
And rang a midnight warning to the town
When the loud wind broadcast the hail of fire.

The second, he who left his ruined home
On the black morning of the avalanche,
To flag the northbound engine from its doom.

The third, in pity and wrath, felled to the ground,
Amid a threatening mob of crossroads drunkards,
A stalwart bully beating his lean hound.

Tall and broad-shouldered both, as fitting such,
The heroes of the landslide and the fire;
The third? A little old man with a crutch.

Sarah N. Cleghorn

THE DOCTOR'S CLUE*

BY HAMLINE ZIMMERMAN

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

DR. OWEN CALDER devotes most of his time to research in hypnotism. With him lives his niece, Lucia Garman, whom he has persuaded to be a subject for some of his experiments. Francis Talbert, her betrothed, overhears the doctor bringing her under hypnotic control in his office. He hears the doctor command her to shoot a man she has at her mercy—and then a pistol-shot.

He runs into the office and finds Dr. Calder dead in a chair from a bullet-wound in the heart. Lucia wakes from a daze, and can give no clear account of what has happened. No revolver is found. Lucia faints, and her cousin, Arthur Vayle, an assistant district attorney, who has just come in, carries her to her room. Vayle, returning, says that as soon as Lucia revived she declared that she killed her uncle.

Two policemen, Grant and Smith, suddenly enter the house. Headquarters has been notified by telephone of the murder of Dr. Calder. Grant cross-examines Vayle, Chastain, the butler, Marie, the maid, and the cook and chambermaid. Talbert and Lucia flee from the house meanwhile. Grant, wishing to telephone, learns that the telephone has not been in working order all day. He sends Smith out to telephone for two plain-clothes men and the coroner's physician. Smith returns with information that a Frenchman named Bannet has surrendered to the police at the Central Park station as the murderer of Dr. Calder, and has given the police a thirty-eight-caliber revolver, one chamber of which is empty.

Flaherty and Jones, plain-clothes men, arrive with the coroner's physician, and are shortly followed by District Attorney Anthony, who brings the amazing information that a Frenchman named Hébert has just surrendered to the police at the East Sixty-Seventh Street station, saying that he murdered Dr. Calder. He also has given the police a thirty-eight-caliber revolver, one chamber of which is empty.

Vayle becomes Anthony's guest at his East Side apartment. They learn on the telephone that Talbert has surrendered himself as the murderer of Dr. Calder. Vayle reveals to Anthony the actual story of the murder as he got it from Talbert, and admits that Talbert hated the physician.

Drowne, a reporter from the *Forum*, interviewing Vayle, after he has interviewed Talbert, intimates that Talbert has given himself up to shield Lucia. He tries to make Vayle tell where she is. Dr. Henry Ryle, famous as an investigator and a bacteriologist, is called for by Vayle. Before setting out for Dr. Calder's house, Dr. Ryle assures Vayle that if Talbert has told the story of the murder truthfully it is impossible that Lucia could have killed her uncle. He urges Vayle to conceal her no longer now that Drowne is seeking her out.

X

"**A**N hour!" exclaimed Drowne. "You are sure, Grant?"

"As sure as I am of anything in this case," replied Grant gloomily.

Things had not gone well with the officer during the twelve hours since Vayle and Anthony had left the Calder house. He was staggering under a succession of heavy blows, chief among which was his own utter nullity in the investigation. His hopes had been high when he had appeared the evening before, the

first official on the scene. His clumsy fingers had closed on his prize, only to be rudely wrenched away one by one, as each new development appeared.

Not one single arrest out of a houseful of suspects! Not a fact discovered nor a cloud dispelled! And, to cap the climax, the coming of Flaherty had taken things out of his hands. Flaherty was now in charge, and Grant might as well be in the Bronx or Staten Island, as far as getting any personal credit out of the case was concerned.

So now he sat at a table with Drowne

* This story began in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for April

in the remotest private alcove of a corner saloon, seeking consolation from a tall black bottle. The reporter had asked how long a time had elapsed after Dr. Calder had last been seen alive, and before Grant had appeared at the house.

"As sure as you are of anything, eh?" repeated Drowne. "And how sure is that?"

"That's what the servants said. Eight-fifteen, he went into his office; nine-thirty, I arrived at the house."

"And the telephone-message reached the station when?"

"About nine-fifteen."

"Very well. When did you discover that Miss Garman had disappeared?"

"About nine-forty-five."

"Ah! That gives him an hour and a half," mused Drowne.

"What? Who's 'him'?"

"I said, that gives her an hour and a half."

"No, you didn't. You said *him*."

"Well, didn't Talbert disappear with her?"

"What are you drivin' at, young man?" asked Grant suspiciously.

"I've given myself away, haven't I?" said Drowne, with a comical, if deceptive, expression of chagrin. "Well, I'll be frank with you, Grant. I'm looking for Miss Garman!"

"Where are you going to look?" asked the officer, throwing out his hands. "Here's all New York. There's a haystack for you!"

"No," said Drowne. "She hasn't gone far, or the police would have heard something about her before now."

"My dear boy," said Grant, "with an hour's start she could be on a train bound for Albany or Philadelphia or New Haven."

"Yes, or at the bottom of the East River," retorted Drowne. "But she isn't in the river or out of town. She's right here in New York, and not more than half a mile from the Calder house."

"You talk as if you knew. What makes you so sure?"

"That," said Drowne, "is what I'm going to tell you later. But take it from me that I'm right. Now, will you help me find her?"

The sky was brightening once more for

Grant. Here was another chance to win promotion. He leaned across the table toward the reporter, a smile on his lips, but suspicion in his eyes. As he did so, his hand reached for the bottle, but Drowne whipped it away from him.

"No!" said the reporter firmly. "Not if you're to help me. You've had three now."

"Three!" cried Grant. "Go on; I've only had a nip."

"Well, you don't get any more nips until we settle this. Will you help me?"

"What do I get out of it?" asked the officer, the suspicion on his face heightened by annoyance at being deprived of the liquor.

"What you're looking for—credit in this case. You must admit you haven't got much out of it yet."

"What do you want me to do? If you're so sharp, I should think you could find her yourself."

"Don't you want her, man?" asked the reporter, amazed, in spite of his clear sight of the suspicion and jealousy which now filled the half-fuddled mind of the officer. "Think what it would mean! Flaherty steps out as detective; you step in; having made the first real discovery in the case."

"Flaherty won't step out, though."

"Yes, he will, in the eyes of the public. I'll take care of that."

"Yes, and you'll take darned good care to get the credit of the discovery. I know you newspaper fellows. Something like this: 'The *Forum* is right again. As this paper exclusively predicted in yesterday's issue, the police—'"

"No!" said Drowne. "'Bill Grant, the able officer, who, for some reason best known to the department, was shoved aside in favor of lucky Jim Flaherty of the detective bureau'—doesn't that sound better?"

"Yes," admitted Grant, "that would be fair. Only you mustn't mention Flaherty's name. That would hurt me with the chief."

"Very well! You shall have it your own way. I'll leave out all the names but yours. Let me finish the story this way: 'Found Miss Garman yesterday afternoon at the home of Arthur Vayle, assistant in the office of John Breed Anthony, our doughty district attorney. Mr.

Vayle was denied by Mr. Anthony to the *Forum* reporter on the night of the murder. He is stopping at Mr. Anthony's famous executive mansion on the lower East Side. Yesterday morning the interview was granted, and Mr. Vayle denied all knowledge of Miss Garman's whereabouts. How does that sound?"

Grant shook his head.

"I wouldn't touch it," he said, "if you was to tell it that way. Anthony would be in my wool. But why do you say 'at Vayle's house'?"

"Because that's where I believe she is."

"Why?"

"Do you know where Vayle lives?"

"No."

"On West Eighty-Fourth, across the back fence from the Calder house."

"But she went away with Talbert!"

"How do you know that? Talbert is her fiancé and Vayle is her cousin."

"Ah!" exclaimed Grant.

"Vayle's mother and Mrs. Garman, who is dead, were sisters of Dr. Calder."

"But don't you think she went away with Talbert?"

"No, I know she didn't."

"How do you know?"

"Because Talbert doesn't know where she is."

"Would you believe anything he said?"

"He didn't say anything; but I *know* he doesn't know anything about her."

Grant shook his head again.

"There's where you fly reporters lose me," he said. "You're just guessing."

"And wouldn't you take a guess, a fancy, anything to go on, in a blind case like this?"

"Yes, I would, if that was all there was to it. But I want to know why you come to me. If you're right—and I don't think you are for a minute—why don't you handle the thing yourself, and spread yourself as much as you please afterward? Why am I to work with you?"

"Don't you see? Vayle knows I am on to him. They wouldn't open the front door if I rang the bell, and I'm not going in for housebreaking."

"What do you want, then?"

"I want you to search the house, find her, and arrest her."

"I'd ought to have a warrant."

"Get one, then."

"And then, if I didn't find her, there'd be the devil to pay, with suits for damages and the like."

"So you won't help me?" said Drowne, with some heat. "You'll throw away your chance, when I put it right in your paws? Well, I'll go ahead myself, then!"

He started to rise from the table, making a bold front, but inwardly bitterly disappointed. He had no doubt he could put secret machinery to work which would find out if Miss Garman were at the Vayle house, but that might take days, or even weeks, and he could ill afford to wait. He was not even sure that she was there. His trump card with Vayle had been the statement that Talbert was ignorant of her whereabouts, and, as we have seen, that trump card had failed.

"Hold on!" said Grant. "I haven't refused to help you yet. I want to know more about this. What are you after?"

"After?" cried Drowne. "After the criminal, of course!"

"And you think Miss Garman is the criminal?"

"Grant, you make me tired! Is there any person under the canopy more desperately wanted than Miss Garman, criminal or not?"

"No, but you're after more than that. You're after old Anthony."

"Well, what if I am?"

"A good deal. I want to know why. How are you going to hit Anthony through her?"

"How do you know Anthony isn't in the scheme to keep her concealed? What does he take Vayle home for, and refuse to give me an interview? I tell you that made me mad! And as for the old man—"

"Your boss, you mean?"

"Yes. Well, wasn't he just raving crazy about it!"

"So the *Forum* is after their scalps, eh? I don't see much to get mad at, though."

Drowne slowly dropped the lid of his left eye over the iris. "You don't read the *Forum*, do you, Grant?"

"No."

"Well, if you did, you'd understand without being told. You'd have to, be-

cause I'm not going to tell you. But answer me this: What kind of a district attorney is it who protects a criminal from arrest and puts her where nobody can find her?"

"Go on! Anthony didn't do anything of the sort."

"No, but Vayle did, and Anthony takes him in afterward, and then refuses to let reporters talk to him."

"Vayle asked Anthony to let him stay with him. I heard him myself."

"Bah! What does that amount to? What was Anthony doing there, anyway? Did you ever in all your life hear of a district attorney leaving a dinner and coming to inspect the scene of a murder within two hours after it was committed?"

"No, but there's no reason why he shouldn't have come. And, besides, Vayle asked to stay with him because he was sure that suspicion wouldn't fall on him there. He was sort of under arrest, you see."

Again Drowne's eyelid drooped.

"Arrest me foot!" said he. "Don't you be taken in by any such fool idea."

"But why do you suppose they are keeping her concealed?" asked Grant.

"Why does a miller wear a white hat?" rejoined Drowne in a tone of utter disgust. "Ask me something hard. Suppose she's guilty—"

"Guilty!" cried Grant. "She was up-stairs when Calder was killed."

"How do you know?"

"That's what Vayle said."

"And then Vayle hides her away! Don't you see? It won't wash. Now, Grant, I can't spare any more time. I've given you your clue, and if you won't act on it, I must go it alone. Once more, and for the last time, will you go to the Vayle house and find and arrest Miss Garman?"

Grant hesitated.

"I will give you just three minutes to decide," remarked Drowne, holding a watch on him.

"Will you look after my interests in the paper?"

"Yes, I will!"

"But when old Anthony gets down on me, who's going to help me out?"

"I'll tell you this," said the reporter, wagging an impressive finger at him, "if

you find Miss Garman there, Anthony will be the deadest official in New York to-morrow morning!"

"And if I don't?"

"But you will!"

"But if I don't?" persisted Grant.

"Then you will be only acting in the line of duty."

"Will you take the blame?"

By this time Drowne was thoroughly disgusted with Grant and half tempted to seek some other tool. But there was no one else. Smith was under Grant's orders; Flaherty and Jones were probably too much occupied to serve any such purpose that day.

It was now Drowne's turn to hesitate. The issue was no small one. He had thought to use Grant's paw to pull his chestnuts out of the fire, while standing out of harm's way himself. He knew he had bungled the affair, but he had been totally unaware of the peculiar suspicion with which liquor clouded Grant's brain. That the officer would hesitate, even for a moment, had never occurred to him.

He upbraided himself for revealing the *Forum's* animus, and its theory that Mr. Anthony was somehow in the thing. But this course of action only made the hazard the greater and the gain the greater. There were other reporters on the case, from whom, contrary to the custom of reporters, he had for this once held aloof in the investigation. Therefore they would be against him, and would be glad to dig their knives into him if the facts once threw him down.

But the facts would not throw him down. He was absolutely certain that Lucia was concealed—perhaps imprisoned—in the Vayle house. His keen reportorial instinct—a sort of "sixth sense"—kept prodding him on. Grant wanted him to take the blame. If he refused, who could tell what Grant might do with some other reporter not representing a paper hostile to Anthony? He could assume the blame, if necessary, and, if worst came to worst, ruin his own career. No, that would never do. He must have Grant now.

"I will assume the blame," he said at last. "If we don't find her, you can say that it was my suggestion and entirely my mistake."

"It's a go!" said Grant, and they rose to leave.

Drowne's quick eye flashed round the saloon as they passed out, but failed to recognize in the tall man sitting at a nearby table, his eyes on the morning paper and his hand on a glass, the individual who was to upset all his plans—Dr. Ryle. It had been easy for Ryle, whose personality and connection with the case were alike unfamiliar to the reporter, to slip in after him and Grant and place himself where his keen ear could catch the occasional unguarded word which came from behind the partition.

In a few minutes after the two conspirators had gone, Ryle paid his check and left the saloon. Any one who had cared to watch his movements would have seen him make for the nearest telephone-booth.

XI

VAYLE, in his office, was called to the telephone at eleven-thirty that same morning.

"Hold the wire a moment," were his first words. Setting down the receiver, he turned to the stenographer who sat by his desk. "There is nothing more, Miss Jackson," he said, "except that I would like to have you mail those letters right away, as you go out, if you will be so kind."

When the girl was gone, Vayle closed the door behind her and returned to the telephone. A long conversation was followed by another long one with some one whom Vayle himself rang up; and, later, Mr. Anthony's telephone-bell rang. He also, in his politest tones, requested his interlocutor to wait, and summoned Vayle into his office, first taking the same precaution of clearing the room.

"This is very queer, Vayle," he said. "Your mother wants me to come to luncheon at twelve-thirty to-day."

"Yes," said Vayle, "I asked her to."

"Why didn't you ask me yourself? I thought you were going to stay with me for a few days."

"Will you come, sir, to oblige me, without any explanation at present?"

"I don't know your mother," said Mr. Anthony doubtfully. "I understood from you that she is an invalid."

"She has been pretty well of late. If

you would come, it would be the greatest possible favor to us both."

The district attorney looked keenly at him for some moments.

"I've a great mind not to," said he, "but I don't like to refuse a lady. So there is a further mystery which—"

"Which will be quite cleared up," broke in Vayle eagerly, "if you will join us."

"Formal or informal?"

"*En famille*," said Vayle. "You, with possibly one exception, will be the only guest." He emphasized the last word peculiarly.

"The only guest!" repeated Mr. Anthony, staring at him and bursting into a laugh. "What the dickens do you mean?"

"Others may appear who will not exactly be guests."

"Solemn as an owl!" cried the district attorney, with a touch, however, of kindness in his tone and his glance. "Arthur, my boy, will it clear away the cobwebs between us, if I go?"

"It will!" said Vayle fervently, rejoicing that the point he most dreaded had been thus lightly touched upon.

"Is that all it's for?"

"No," said Vayle. "I could do that here—though, perhaps, not so well, but you can do us a great service besides."

"Then it isn't merely a touch of the dramatic on your part?"

"No, indeed! If you want a complete understanding between us, and are willing to bring peace of mind to one who is sorely stricken, you can do it in this way. No other person can do it—no other person in the world."

"Except Talbert, who can't get away, eh? I think I understand. Well, I'll come; but, mind, no more conspiracies!"

"Thank you, sir," and Vayle retired, covered with confusion, but very grateful.

An hour later they ascended the steps of the Vayle house together. As the door opened, the sound of an angry masculine voice was heard through the closed doors of the parlor, and the maid who admitted them was white-faced and tearful.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur, sir, you're just in time! And, Mr. Anthony, please make them go away! Mrs. Vayle can't stand it much longer."

"What's the matter, Ellen?" asked Vayle, but the girl was too agitated to speak, and the two men entered the parlor.

The angry voice was instantly hushed as the door opened. Three people were standing in the room—a slender, delicate-looking old lady in black dress and widow's cap, and two men, Grant and Drowne. The officer's hand, raised in some wild gesture, froze immovable; the loud voice was suddenly stilled. Vayle, with a face full of concern, stepped to his mother's side and put a protecting arm round her. She looked up at him, quite self-possessed and fearless.

"These people are insane, I think, Arthur!" Then, seeing her son's fists clench themselves and his face flush with anger, she sank her voice to a whisper and added: "Be careful, Arthur, for your mother's sake! Remember, my son, remember!"

Vayle did not need the caution. Already the lesson of those anxious hours since the murder asserted itself in his mind. Even as his mother spoke, he had mastered himself. Here was the crisis that he had anticipated appearing, as a crisis so often appears, earlier than he had expected it. Here were the stage prepared, the actors ready, the chorus, in the person of Drowne, sinister and heartless, meditating its future strophes. For the reporter, though surprised and obviously embarrassed, still kept his keen, unfathomable eye fixed on the scene, and Vayle knew how terribly he could avenge, through his newspaper, any personal ill-treatment.

"Go, mother," said Vayle. "Leave us to settle this affair. You will exhaust yourself."

"No, my son," was the quiet answer. "I shall stay until I can manage to understand what these people mean. No, it's no use! No power on earth could get me away from here now!"

Vayle urged her, until he caught in her eye the light of battle. Then, knowing that his words were useless, he helped her to a chair. The three other men were still standing, Mr. Anthony gazing coolly at Grant and Drowne.

"Not guests, I take it," said the district attorney, as Vayle turned toward him again. "Why, it's Grant, isn't it?"

And—let's see—Drowne? Yes, Drowne is its name."

"Grant," said Vayle, "you've been roaring again, I see. What is the matter? Have you been trying to arrest my mother?" Grant could not yet find his tongue to reply. "I can assure you that she is not guilty of any crime that I know of. Mother"—and there was tenderness as well as raillery in his tone—"what have you been doing?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Anthony, "Mr. Drowne can answer your question. He seems to be the moving spirit here. By the way, Mr. Drowne, just what is your standing in this affair?"

Now it was Drowne's turn to be silent and confused.

"Grant," said Vayle, "is here in the line of duty, and he is going to tell us just what that duty is. But Drowne—"

"Drowne, of course, is just paying a social call," said the district attorney. "How very odd that it should coincide with Grant's visit in the line of duty!"

"I don't think it can be a social call," observed Vayle. "Have you ever met Mr. Drowne before, mother?"

"No!" she remarked in scorn, "I have never known any detectives!" She had caught her son's cue and touched Drowne's weak spot.

"Detectives!" cried Vayle. "Mr. Drowne isn't a detective, mother. He's a reporter for the *Forum*."

"Impersonating an officer," remarked Mr. Anthony blandly, as if to himself. "But it's only a misdemeanor, Vayle, at that."

"I never said I was an officer!" protested Drowne.

"Then, what are you doing here with Grant?" thundered Mr. Anthony. "Did you tell Mrs. Vayle what your pleasant, genial profession was?"

"Didn't he tell you his errand, mother?" asked Vayle.

"No, he hasn't said anything yet. I assumed that he was an officer of some kind—a plain-clothes man, do you call it?"

"Plain clothes!" snorted Mr. Anthony. "Just look at them!"

And, indeed, Drowne's delicate pearl-gray suit, green tie with jade pin, trousers turned up absurdly high, revealing green socks above low tan shoes, and gray

Alpine hat, were anything but plain. Mr. Anthony was having his revenge, but Vayle felt that this last sally was a mistake. Unpleasant personalities would hardly help in their desperate situation.

"No," said he, "Mr. Drowne is certainly a reporter, and, while his duty may lie along with Grant's, his legal standing here is questionable."

"It is impersonating an officer, most certainly," insisted Mr. Anthony.

"Still," rejoined Vayle, determined to be as conciliatory as possible now, though his fingers ached for that future day when they would seek Drowne's throat, "he does not seem to have intended it. Let us waive that question and ask these gentlemen what their errand is."

"I can tell you what I told you before!" cried Drowne, quite beside himself with anger. "Where is—"

"Shut up!" shouted Grant at him. "You've made mess enough already! Let me talk. We have reason to believe, Mr. Vayle, that somewhere in this house is a person very much wanted in connection with the murder of last night."

"Yes?" said Vayle. "And who is that?"

"Miss Garman!" said Grant.

"You have reason to believe?" queried Vayle. "What reason?"

Grant hesitated.

"I know what reason," said Vayle. "You got that idea from Drowne here. Isn't that so?"

Grant said nothing.

"I thought so," said Vayle. "Well! You have asked my mother, of course. What did she say?"

"She says Miss Garman isn't here."

"Then," said Vayle, "isn't a lady's word enough for you? Why were you roaring, Grant? I take it very ill of you to bully an old lady!"

"Poor business!" commented Mr. Anthony.

"Did he frighten you, mother?" asked Vayle.

"Frighten me!" cried Mrs. Vayle, in the utmost scorn. "Have you ever seen me frightened, Arthur?"

"Wasn't he roaring at you when I came in?"

"He raised his voice a little," and the glare in the old lady's eye seemed fairly to shrivel Grant up, "perhaps more than

I should have expected. But then, you know, I have never talked with policemen before."

"And never shall again, if I can help it!" exclaimed her son. "Now, Grant, you have our answer. Isn't it enough? Or do you propose to go further?"

"I have a warrant for Miss Garman's arrest;" but Grant's tone was doubtful, and his manner undecided.

"On what charge?" inquired Mr. Anthony.

"On the charge of murdering Dr. Calder," said the officer, still more doubtfully.

"Sworn out by whom?" pursued the district attorney.

This time Grant had no answer ready.

"Sworn out by whom?" asked Vayle, but still Grant did not reply.

"By Drowne, of course!" said Mr. Anthony contemptuously, and silence confirmed his guess.

"I should like to see that document," continued the district attorney. "So you and the *Forum* have a magistrate in your pocket, Drowne! Let's see—that must be McGann. McGann, that's the man! Am I right?"

"Yes!" cried Drowne angrily. "It was McGann, if you want to know; and the information was furnished by myself. Now are you satisfied, Mr. District Attorney? Or will you obstruct an officer of the law in the discharge of his duty?"

Vayle and Anthony had kept up their fight well, but their success was only temporary. They could not prevent a search of the house, provided only Grant was willing to insist on it. And Grant was plainly embarrassed. So far his opponents' tactics had had their effect. But would these tactics succeed completely? Vayle wondered that Drowne had had the assurance to come with the officer, wondered at himself for not kicking the reporter out of the house; wondered, most of all, to see Mr. Anthony so boldly flouting the man who represented that powerful force, the *Forum*. He was overwhelmed with gratitude toward his chief, in whom, it must be remembered, he had not fully confided.

And all this while they were gaining time for the *coup* which Vayle hoped to make later, but which was not yet ready.

His hopes had fallen, but now they rose a little. He would stall the enemy off as long as possible.

"Of course we will not obstruct," said he mildly, "if you are going to serve your warrant. But how can you serve it when the person you want is not in the house?"

"When we have searched the house," said Drowne, "and failed to find her, there will be time enough to talk."

"Yes," said Mr. Anthony, "and then a legal inquiry will be in order about this precious warrant of yours. Let me call your attention to a few aspects of the situation, Mr. Drowne, which may possibly have escaped your notice. To begin with, you have no business here. There is strong presumption that you have been impersonating an officer, counting, no doubt, on Mrs. Vayle's ignorance of legal processes. Secondly, the information upon which your warrant was sworn out will come under inquiry."

"He has no information!" exclaimed Vayle.

"Don't interrupt me, Arthur," said Mr. Anthony. "Thirdly, you have forgotten the peculiar circumstances of this case. The law now has in custody three men who have each, separately and independently, confessed to this crime. It is not as if no criminal had been found. I, in my capacity as district attorney of the City of New York, and not an irresponsible reporter through an ignorant police-officer, have the direction of this case. It is for me to say whether any other persons shall be taken into custody. Bannet or Hébert or Talbert may be guilty."

"Talbert is not guilty!" shouted Drowne. "He only gave himself up to shield Miss Garman. He believes that she killed Dr. Calder."

Swiftly and suddenly the door leading to the back parlor was thrown open, and in swept a tall, queenly woman, in whose white face, crowned with a glorious mass of dusky hair, blazed two great black eyes. At the sudden apparition Mrs. Vayle rose to her feet, and all the others turned, spellbound.

"Has Frank given himself up?" Lucia Garman demanded, in a deep contralto, vibrating with overpowering emotion. Her hand was pressed to her bosom, which rose and fell tumultuously.

Vayle, to whom her question was ad-

dressed, bowed, unable to speak, heart-sick at the overthrow of his hopes.

"Lucia!" cried Mrs. Vayle in despair. "Why did you come?"

"Is it true, Aunt Eleanor?" repeated Lucia. "Has Frank confessed to the murder?"

"It is true, Lucia," was all the poor lady could say.

"Then," said Miss Garman, drawing herself up proudly as she turned to Grant, "release him! Do you hear? Release him at once! I"—she covered her face with her hands—"I am the person you want." Her head drooped, her voice fell to a whisper; but in the stillness which had fallen upon the room, the whisper was perfectly audible: "I killed Uncle Owen!"

She swayed, and Vayle instantly threw his arm round her; but she did not faint. Gradually she mastered herself, and slowly raised her face from her hands, disclosing a countenance like marble for whiteness.

No one had moved or spoken. Grant, sympathetic in spite of himself, and not a little uncomfortable, looked steadily at the floor. Mr. Anthony was gazing out of the window, unable to contemplate such beauty in such distress. Mrs. Vayle and her son looked at each other, with grief, agony, despair in their eyes. The hope to which they had clung had failed them. Nothing could save Lucia now. She had broken from her upper chamber, had listened, first at the head of the stairs, and then, creeping down stealthily, at the door.

Bitter were Vayle's thoughts. The interposition he had relied on had not come, and Lucia, hearing for the first time that Talbert was in voluntary custody, had burst in and thrown herself and the happiness of her loved ones away.

But Drowne! Ah, here was his hour of triumph! No delicacy, none of the finer feelings of a gentleman, interrupted the gaze of those sharp eyes. No longer inscrutable, but gloating, they dwelt on the poor girl. Here was his guess—nay, his infallible insight—confirmed. Here was the whole case in his hands, here was Mr. Anthony at his mercy. His headlines for the afternoon edition had changed!

Lucia spoke first.

"Serve your warrant," she said to Grant. "I will go with you."

"No, no, Lucia, you sha'n't!" cried Mrs. Vayle, giving way at last to the tears she had so long kept back. "You didn't kill him! How could you have killed him? How do you know?"

"I must have killed him," said Lucia; but her head, no longer drooping, rose proudly as she faced the officer. "Understand me," she went on, "I am no criminal. I did not seek his life, I loved him!" Her voice was low but clear, and ruled the mood of all as her will ruled the grief and despair in her heart. "He was my uncle," she continued, talking more to herself than to her auditors. "I lived with him. He had protected me, loved me, been kind to me all my life. I would have died for him—but I killed him! I am innocent. I give myself up to the law. They wanted me to keep still, and, because they loved me so, I did it for a while; but no innocent person shall suffer. The law demands a life for a life, and my life is at its service."

She stopped, the door-bell rang, but Mr. Anthony was the only one who heard its distant tinkle. In the parlor silence reigned.

"Why does he not serve the warrant?" she asked, turning to Vayle. "But, I forgot. No warrant is necessary. I will go. You will go with me, Arthur, will you not? To prison! I knew I was right last night. I must go to prison. It—it will not be so very hard."

"It will not be necessary," said a new voice.

All looked up. Framed in the doorway, his huge form almost completely filling it, stood Dr. Ryle.

XII

"Ah, doctor!"

Vayle's voice was a sheer gasp, so great had been the tension and so tremendous was his relief. His *coup* had come off, in the very nick of time and against all the probabilities. The sky had turned black before his eyes, but now again the sun was shining—faintly, it might be—but still shining.

Lucia's great black eyes were fixed on Ryle.

"What do you say?" she asked.

Again she swayed, and again she mastered herself.

"It will not be necessary for you to go to prison," said Ryle quietly.

She passed her hand across her brow with the same gesture which Talbert had seen the night before when he burst into that fatal room.

"I don't understand," she said wearily. "Who are you?"

"Now, Lucia and mother, sit down," commanded Vayle. "This is Dr. Ryle, who has been at work on this case since morning. 'Sit down, gentlemen;' and those wolves, the primal human passions, which had shown their teeth and snarled but a moment before, retreated to their lairs at his urbane tone.

All sat down, Mrs. Vayle and Lucia on the sofa. The elder woman, quite speechless, but thankful for this reprieve, put her arm protectingly about the girl.

"You see, gentlemen," began Vayle, "I have a little confession to make to you all. Mr. Drowne was right in his guesses, though I hardly expected to admit it so soon. I assume responsibility for the false statements which my mother and I have made. I had all I could do to make her promise to say that Miss Garman was not in the house—"

"I shall never tell such a lie again!" exclaimed Mrs. Vayle fervently.

"You will never have to, mother."

"But why was it necessary?" asked Mr. Anthony. "Surely there was little danger to her from the law if the whole story were told."

"Because she believed she had killed her uncle, and she was determined to give herself up. At that time no one had confessed."

"She was guilty, wasn't she?" demanded Drowne acridly.

"No!" rang out Vayle's voice. "She was innocent!"

"Why does she say she shot Dr. Calder, then?"

"Even if she shot him, she was innocent."

"Humph!" said Drowne.

"It is a strange story, gentlemen. She was in the hypnotic state. Listen!" And Vayle told the story of the night's events once more, this time omitting nothing. "I carried her away," he concluded, "through the back gate into this

house. Her swoon lasted, fortunately, until I could hand her over to my mother. I waited until she revived, when her first words were that she had shot her uncle. I swore my mother in and returned to the doctor's office, where Talbert was waiting. Then Grant and Smith came in suddenly, and I sent Talbert to Miss Garman's parlor, forgetting, in my excitement, to tell him where she really was. Finding her gone, he jumped instantly to the conclusion that she had gone to confess the murder. Thereupon, he hastened to do so himself, doubtless hoping to anticipate her; or, at least, to share the burden with her."

"Why did he not come back and surrender to Grant?" demanded Drowne again.

"I don't know," said Vayle imperturbably. "You are the only person here who has seen him since. Very likely he has told you all about it."

"No!" snapped Drowne. "He hasn't."

"If he came back here," pursued Vayle, "he would find me here. He did not know how I might contradict his story, or how much I might fall under suspicion."

"Does he think that Miss Garman fired the shot?" asked Dr. Ryle.

Vayle bowed his assent, looking apprehensively toward Lucia, who covered her face with her hands.

"Then," said Ryle, "I can reassure him, and her, and you all. Miss Garman did not shoot Dr. Calder."

The effect of this statement on his auditors was quite up to Vayle's expectations.

"Who are you?" sneered Drowne.

"My name is Ryle. Surely you have not forgotten the Andrews case, Mr. Drowne?"

Like a flash the memory of Ryle came back to the reporter, whose last professional black eye had been received in the Andrews case from Ryle's hand. Like a flash, too, came tardy recognition of the figure seated in the saloon that morning, and he knew at once that Ryle was responsible for this new rebuff.

But Lucia's clear voice, colorless from repressed anguish, now broke on their ears.

"You say I did not shoot my uncle!

What can you know about it? Don't torture me; don't try to save me now with subterfuges. You were not there. How can you know?"

"This is no subterfuge," said Ryle. "My statement is true, conditioned on but one fact. Were you, or were you not, in the hypnotic state at the moment when the shot was fired?"

"I was," she answered simply, and every person in that room, even the baffled, evil-disposed Drowne, knew beyond all possibility of doubt that she spoke the truth.

"Then," said Ryle, "it is impossible that you should have fired the shot."

"Why?" asked Vayle and Anthony and Drowne in unison.

"I knew Dr. Calder," said Ryle. "Our common interest in hypnotism drew us together. There is much that students do not know about hypnotism, but a few things are firmly established. Of these the most certain is this—the hypnotic subject is such by virtue of a complete surrender of his will to the operator. This surrender is not the ordinary assent through the reason and judgment, as when one is persuaded to a certain course of action, or through fear, which, again, is but a spiritual force swaying the reason and judgment. The whole personality is surrendered. All the mental faculties are completely in abeyance for the time being, even the memory, which is least consciously under the sway of the will. But the brain-machine is there, unimpaired, capable of all its functions. Now, what results? The actions of a hypnotic subject are not his actions, but those of the operator who controls him. Every force of the subject's own which can animate a brain-cell is withdrawn, and another force substituted—namely, the corresponding will force, mental force, spiritual force, of the operator. Do you follow me?"

"No," said Drowne, "I don't see—"

"Yes!" snapped Ryle. "You follow me, but you can't anticipate me. Kindly oblige me by not trying!"

Drowne subsided. Ryle was once more master of the situation.

"Now," said Ryle, "Miss Garman, in the hypnotic state, could do only what Dr. Calder willed her to do. Therefore, I say that she did not kill him."

"There is one possibility," said Anthony, at length, breaking the silence which had ensued. "Did Dr. Calder kill himself, using Miss Garman's brain and hand, impelled by his will, to commit the deed? What a frightful thing to do!"

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Mrs. Vayle indignantly. "My brother was not such a monster as that. He loved Lucia, I know! There can be no mistake about his fondness for her."

"You cannot be right, Mr. Anthony," said Ryle. "I said not merely that she was not a murderess, but that she did not fire the shot. The thing is quite unthinkable. For it to be possible, he must have willed her to do it—not partially willed it—with a mental reservation in favor of his own life. Such a sincere, whole-hearted purpose of self-destruction would have accomplished itself without any such medium. Why he should have been conducting such an experiment is the strange thing to me."

"I can help you out on that," said Vayle. "The experiment was one which Uncle Owen had tried again and again. His purpose was to have my cousin fire a revolver at some imaginary person under his direct influence; and his ultimate intention was that she should repeat the act some hours later without his presence, but equally under his hypnotic spell."

"Ah!" cried Ryle. "I understand! Then"—turning to Lucia—"you had fired a revolver in some of the earlier experiments?"

"Yes," said she, with a shudder and without uncovering her face.

"And had you ever repeated it without his presence, as he wished?"

"No. The experiment had always failed. My uncle said—"

She looked up at them with a sudden change of expression. Her overmastering conviction of her own guilt, her intense grief over Talbert, had at last given way in some degree. Perhaps there was a way out, after all!

"My uncle said," she resumed, "that the failure was my fault. It never seemed quite right to me to become a subject. He said I did not yield myself entirely, and he was very anxious to have me do so. That night I had determined to do so, if possible."

She stopped, as if the thought were too much for her to bear.

"Mr. Vayle has told me," said Ryle, "something of this. May I ask one more question?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "Don't hesitate for fear of hurting me. If what you say is true, it ought to come out now."

"You are not on the witness-stand, you know, Miss Garman," put in Mr. Anthony.

"I will take the stand now, or later, as often as may be necessary!" she cried resolutely. "I have only one desire—to know the truth."

"But are you strong enough, Lucia?" queried Mrs. Vayle anxiously.

"Yes, Aunt Eleanor," and she smiled wanly. "The suspense is the worst. I can stand this far better. Ask your question, Dr. Ryle!"

"Do you, in your normal state, remember anything at all of what happens in the hypnotic state?"

"No."

"Then, how do you know you have ever actually fired a revolver?"

"Uncle Owen told me so. And, besides," she cried, a sudden new thought flashing into her mind, "I have seen the revolver! Wait a moment!" She paused, gathering her recollections together. "I have *always* seen the revolver," she said at length, "and once it was in my hand when I came to myself!"

"Always? Did you see it last night?" Dr. Ryle asked.

"N-o!" she answered slowly, in the greatest amazement.

"You would have had it in your hand if you had fired the shot. The instant Dr. Calder was dead, the spell of his will was removed from you and you came to yourself. He could not have taken it from you, for he was dead. Did you"—turning to Vayle—"see any revolver?"

"No. Talbert and I searched for one, but could find nothing of the sort."

"You could not," repeated Ryle impressively, "for the very excellent reason that it was locked up in the drawer of Dr. Calder's desk, together with a box of cartridges, where Flaherty found it last night. I saw the weapon and the cartridges this morning, and the cartridges were all of them blank!"

"Yes!" cried Lucia. "Of course

they were! We always used blank cartridges."

"You will all of you remember," said Ryle, "that both Bannet and Hébert, in giving themselves up, handed over thirty-eight caliber River-Thompson revolvers. Grant, what was the caliber of the bullet which Flaherty found in the back of the doctor's chair last night?"

"Thirty-eight," said Grant.

"Is that correct, Mr. Vayle?"

"Yes," said Vayle.

"Certainly!" cried Mr. Anthony. "I came in just afterward, and saw it."

"Very well," said Ryle. "But the revolver which was found in the desk was a thirty-two Smith & Wesson!"

"Lucia," cried Mrs. Vayle, catching the girl in her arms, "you didn't shoot him!"

A wave of color surged over Lucia's face and neck. She looked at them steadily for a moment, then quietly turned around, buried her face in her aunt's shoulder, and, for the first time since the murder, burst into tears, which were soon commingled with the tears of the elder woman.

"I don't believe," said Mr. Anthony quietly, "that Grant, or even Drowne, will have any further thought of taking Miss Garman into custody."

"No!" cried Grant, rising to his feet simultaneously with Drowne, "I'm sorry. I hope you'll believe that. I didn't—"

"Cut it out, Grant!" cried Vayle roughly. "You didn't know any better. Only go, and leave us in peace."

But when Drowne, too, started to leave the room, Vayle laid a quiet hand and a compelling eye on him and said:

"You don't go yet, my young friend! We're not through with you!"

And in the faces of the other two men Drowne read as stern a message. He sat down, afraid to the marrow of his bones.

"Mother," said Vayle, "don't you think you and Lucia have had enough? Why not leave us? We have a few words to say to Mr. Drowne. They will be brief, for he has not yet written his story for the afternoon edition of the *Forum*, but I don't think you would be greatly interested in them."

"Come, Lucia," said Mrs. Vayle.

The girl, still sobbing, suffered herself

to be led away; but at the door she stopped and held out her hand to Dr. Ryle.

"Thank you, sir!" she said, in a broken voice. "Please don't go. I want to ask you some questions."

"Dr. Ryle and Mr. Anthony are going to stay to luncheon, dear," said Mrs. Vayle.

Thus reassured, the two women left the room.

"Now, Drowne!" said Mr. Anthony, when the door was closed. "Look here—"

"Leave him to me, Mr. Anthony!" interrupted Vayle so sternly that the elder man yielded.

"Your brain is clever, Drowne," said Vayle slowly, "and your energy is admirable. You have a fine newspaper style. It is not strange that you are considered the smartest reporter in New York. But, just so surely as there is a devil, a malicious, sneering hater of human happiness, you are his servant. Your mind is godlike; your soul is the soul of a dog! You make war on defenseless people, on women and children. You stab in the back. The words you write are slimed all over with nasty innuendo. Your hands are reeking with the muck of human lives. No reticence, no scruple—not even a grain of honest sporting spirit, holds you back from your nasty profession."

He paused, holding the young man with a look of hatred and contempt. Drowne's face was a mask in which his eyes had burnt two holes.

"Nothing to say, eh?" queried Vayle. "Well, I have! Such men as you bring the noble mission of the daily newspaper into shame among all honest, kindly people. You had no business here, but you came and wrung the hearts of the two best women I know. Take refuge in what you call your work, if you like; the fact remains that in doing your work you also pursue your private revenges. I saw you gloat over your successful attack on Mr. Anthony when my poor young cousin burst out in her agony with a confession!"

He took a step toward Drowne, his hands clenched, his eyes blazing. The reporter shrank back from him.

"No, you coward!" cried Vayle. "I

wouldn't touch your dirty body here. I know just how you planned your attack on Mr. Anthony, and how you did not care a penny about the case, nor about the sufferings of an innocent, heart-sick girl. No use to pretend you thought she was guilty. I am not going to insult your intelligence; I am merely insulting you! Now, I have only a word more to say to you—watch what you write! Be careful what you put in that filthy sheet you work for! I am going to let you go from this house untouched; but if you color your accounts of this case, if you squirt the slime of your mind upon my cousin, I am going to deal with you with my own hands. Now go, and try, at least, to imitate a gentleman, if you can't be one."

He stepped to the door and held it open. Drowne's mouth was set, but the corners of it twitched nervously as he walked out past them all. Not a word did he speak, but descended the steps and slunk away.

XIII

"I AM a little surprised, I must admit," remarked Vayle, "that Grant yielded so easily."

"Why?" asked Dr. Ryle.

They were seated at luncheon with Mr. Anthony, Mrs. Vayle, and Lucia Garman. In comparison with their late mood, they were almost a merry party. The girl who had gone through so much horror had dried her tears, and was once more the gracious, dignified Lucia that Vayle knew and loved so well. All the others were watching her, unobtrusively, as is the manner of gentlefolk, not asking questions, but inwardly curious, and, in Mrs. Vayle's case, not a little apprehensive.

"Because," said Vayle, "when we come to think it over, we proved little or nothing."

"Are you not convinced?" asked Ryle. "I can show you records, testimony in plenty, as to the laws under which the hypnotic subject acts."

"I have no doubt whatever of your conclusions," replied Vayle. "I speak merely as a lawyer, used to weighing evidence. Mr. Anthony will bear me out, I'm sure, when I say that the proof is not complete."

"No," assented the district attorney, "it is not satisfying."

"I wish you would explain," said Lucia. "For if I am not to believe absolutely in what Dr. Ryle has said, I shall be wretched again."

"You may be absolutely sure, Miss Garman," replied Mr. Anthony. "We were so beforehand. The great difficulty before us was to convince you. What Vayle means—"

"What I mean," broke in Vayle, "is merely this—that everything depended on the statements of yourself, Talbert, and Dr. Ryle. If they are true, you did not fire the shot. But you see there is no other direct evidence. Dr. Calder could tell nothing. I did not come in until the thing was over. Besides, all my statements are utterly vitiated by the admitted fact that I carried you away. In other words, if you were guilty, I was an accessory after the fact. So, as I say, I am a little surprised that Grant gave in so easily."

"I doubt if Grant would have gone through with it, anyway," said Mr. Anthony. "I was all ready to forbid him officially to do so, and I think that would have been enough. But the thing that hampered us all so terribly, and made this trying scene necessary, was your own declared determination to surrender yourself. We were sure you were innocent, and we wanted to convince you."

"I suppose I am convinced," she answered; but her tone was sad and her smile forced.

The others knew that she was thinking of her lover. If she had not fired the shot, it must have been Talbert, she thought; and that would be more terrible to her than her own guilt. Vayle read her thoughts.

"Don't worry about Frank, Lucia," he said. "I will stake my last cent, and my reputation after that, on his innocence. He was simply shielding you."

"To be sure," cried Mr. Anthony. "I agree with Vayle, and I think Dr. Ryle does, too, though, as a detective, he won't admit it."

All looked at the doctor as these words were spoken.

"On the contrary," said he, "I think you may be right. You know I have been in that room this morning."

"And what have you learned?" was Mrs. Vayle's anxious question, echoed in the minds of all.

But the doctor shook his head.

"I have learned certain things," he said, "which may mean much or little. I can tell you nothing now, but you may be sure I shall not keep any facts from you a moment longer than is necessary. Let me remind you of something."

"Yes?" queried Vayle breathlessly.

"Don't be so mysterious, Ryle!" cried Mr. Anthony. "I declare I think I shall be the only person to suffer, after all. I positively cannot stand this strain much longer."

"The inquest is to be this afternoon," said Ryle, smiling a little at this sally, "and I shall want evidence from you all—that is, if Miss Garman can stand it."

"Certainly!" she cried, with that old proud toss of her head.

"Ah, that is good!" said Ryle. "I have had some trouble with the coroner, who seems to resent my suggestions."

"I can fix that," said Mr. Anthony.

"Yes," said Ryle, "that is what I wanted to ask you to do. Can you have him call Miss Garman and myself among his witnesses?"

"Won't he do so in any case?"

"He does not know Miss Garman has been found, remember, and he looks on me as an interloper. What I particularly want is the impression it will make on the public if things go as I hope they will."

"What do I care about the public?" asked Lucia disdainfully.

"Well, we care!" cried Vayle. "That is exactly why I have run so much risk by carrying you off, and taken so much trouble over that miserable rat, Drowne. That was the point, my dear."

"Arthur, forgive me!" said Lucia, turning on him eloquent, penitent eyes. "You are all so good to me! I don't mean to be ungrateful."

"I will suggest to you a line of questioning for the coroner to adopt, Mr. Anthony," pursued Ryle. "I hope we can end forever all idea that Miss Garman had any connection with the killing of Dr. Calder."

"Good!" cried the district attorney, taking out his watch. "And now, Mrs. Vayle, will you excuse me? It is after

one o'clock, and I must talk with Ryle and McGinnis."

"You see, Miss Garman," said Ryle, "I haven't time to explain now, but I can promise you that before evening your burdens will be still further lightened. One more word, Mr. Anthony. Do you suppose Talbert can be made to testify?"

"That is the odd thing, you know," replied Mr. Anthony. "If he had been arrested, and had denied his guilt, he could be put on the stand; but, as it is, he cannot be made to speak."

"Suppose," said Ryle, "he should declare himself innocent before the coroner—what effect would that have?"

"Hum!" mused the district attorney, stroking his chin meditatively. "That's not a bad idea. Of course, his self-contradiction would weaken his testimony."

"I'm not so sure of that!" cried Vayle. "Suppose he stated that his declaration of last night was merely to shield Miss Garman. I fancy that might not go badly with the coroner's jury."

"But can you get him to do it?" asked Lucia anxiously, blushing as she said it. "Frank is a very stubborn man."

"You could persuade him, Lucia!" cried Vayle. "That is, provided—" He stopped, fearing to hurt her with the rest of his thought.

"Provided he is not guilty, you mean," she rejoined. "Oh, Mr. Anthony, can I see him?" she cried eagerly.

"You certainly can, if you are willing to do so."

"Alone, I mean?"

"No," said Mr. Anthony. "Some officer would have to be present."

"I would rather see him alone," she said, "but I will see him, anyway."

"You must recognize, Miss Garman," said Ryle, "that for you to see him alone would be very bad. It could not be kept from the jury, and might lead to a suspicion of conspiracy between you two."

"Then I will see him with an official present. Can't you come, Mr. Anthony? Aunt Eleanor, you will come, of course;" and she blushed painfully again.

"I don't think I had better come, Miss Garman," said Mr. Anthony. "I'm in this, too, you know, according to Drowne."

"That's so," said Vayle. "We must look out for Drowne."

"Why not write Frank a note?" suggested Mrs. Vayle.

"No, I want to see him," she said. "Then I can tell about him with my own eyes. He can't deceive me."

It was settled at last that she should go with her aunt and some officer of the prison, and the party broke up.

XIV

"LADIES to see you," said the warden.

Talbert looked up from his cot in surprise.

"Ladies?" he cried. "Who are they?"

"They do not want me to give their names."

"Curiosity-seekers. Loaded with flowers, I presume. Tell them I would rather be let alone." His tones were bitter.

The warden looked at him not unkindly.

"Take my advice, young man," he said. "See them, and do not ask me their names. They are not curiosity-seekers, and they do not bring flowers."

"Who are they?" asked the young man, turning a wretched face on the warden.

"Don't be a fool!" urged the official impatiently. He came close to the prisoner, and spoke in a lowered voice. "I am to tell you who they are, if you insist. Is that enough for you, or will you insist?"

Talbert's heart bounded for joy at the sudden thought which seized his mind. He got up from his cot.

"That's better," said the warden, unlocking his chains. "You're in luck, young fellow," he continued. "Old Anthony himself is back of this, or they couldn't have got in."

Wondering what Mr. Anthony could have to do with it, if they were the ladies he hoped to see, Talbert submitted without a word and was led to the reception-room. The two women were in black, and heavily veiled; but as a familiar figure rose to greet him, the prisoner cried out:

"Lucia!" The one word was all the poor fellow could utter.

"Yes, Frank!"

She stood still for a moment; then, at sight of the haggard misery on his face, she raised her veil, threw herself into his arms, and kissed him, in spite of the warden, who was clearly embarrassed.

Talbert strained her to him, his eyes wet, a lump in his throat. For a moment they clung; then she threw her head back and gazed long and searchingly into his eyes, her own beaming with love and joy, which bewildered her lover completely.

"Frank, how could you do it? I knew you would do it!" At which bit of feminine contradiction Talbert, not unnaturally, was still more bewildered. "Did you think I would let you take my place? You're a foolish old dear, that's what you are!"

Talbert was still more amazed at her joyous tones. What could it mean? Was this the broken woman he had pictured to himself, crazed with grief over her unintentional, innocent wrong-doing? No! Here was a girl blooming with health, beaming with love, overjoyed at the sight of him. He could not understand it.

"'Fess up, now!" she commanded. "You didn't kill Uncle Owen, and you know it. You were only shielding me. 'Fess up, Frank!"

But Talbert was too much horrified to speak. Here, in the presence of the warden, Lucia Garman was confessing the very thing he had made his great sacrifice to prevent, and doing it recklessly! What could save her now? How could she do it so joyously? The misery deepened on his face.

"Confess what?" he managed to get out, in a voice hoarse, almost harsh, with feeling.

Poor Lucia's heart sank within her. Could she have been mistaken? Had Ryle and Vayle and Anthony misled her with false hopes? Was Frank, after all, guilty? Part of the radiance faded from her face; but resolve came to her aid, and she went on bravely.

"You know you didn't kill him," she insisted.

"Hush, Lucia, hush!" cried the poor fellow in agony. "Don't you see the warden is here?"

(To be continued)

PRESIDENT TAFT AND HIS THREE BROTHERS

A NEW SERIES OF PORTRAITS

THE portraits of the four Taft brothers are given on the following pages, not only because they are a new and excellent series of photographs, but also because this is probably the first time that the four have been grouped together in any publication.

Of President Taft himself there is little that is new to be said at the present time. His photograph gives evidence that the toils of last year's campaign, and his bold incursion into the most lavish offerings of Southern hospitality, have not impaired his splendid health, any more than his battles with the office-seekers, since his inauguration, have diminished his genial cheerfulness.

All four men of this striking family group are sons of the late Alphonso Taft, who was successively Secretary of War and Attorney-General of the United States during the second administration of President Grant, and afterward minister to Austria and to Russia. Alphonso Taft married twice. His first wife, whose maiden name was Fanny Phelps, had three children, of whom only one—Charles P. Taft, born in 1843—survives. She died in 1851, and in 1853 Secretary Taft married Louise M. Torrey, mother of the President and of Henry W. and Horace D. Taft.

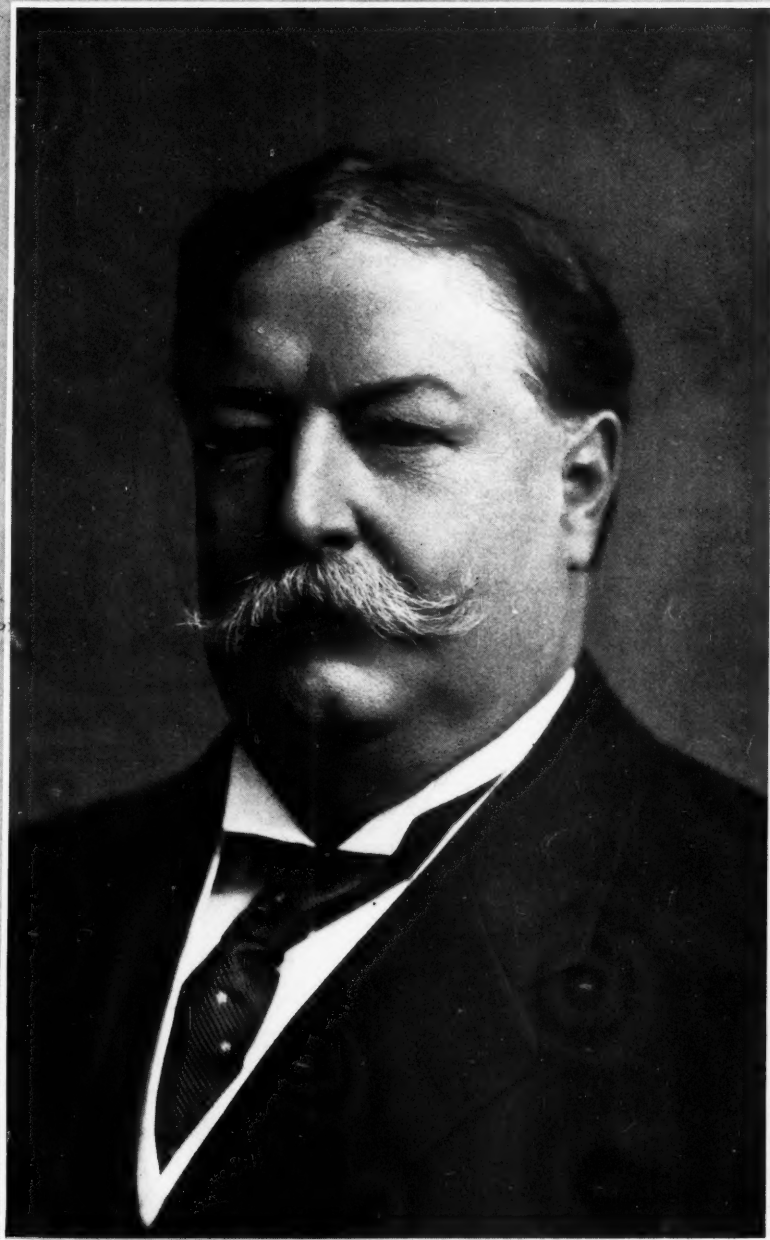
Charles P. Taft, the half-brother, has been a full brother in everything but name. His affection for the others has shown itself in many ways, and it is not too much to say that his personal efforts in Ohio, at the critical moment, were almost as important as the favor of President Roosevelt in securing the Republican nomination* for the brother who is now President.

Mr. Henry W. Taft is perhaps less known to the world at large, but he stands high in the estimation of his

associates at the New York bar; for, after passing his early years in Cincinnati, he removed his place of residence to New York. He is a member of many social and athletic clubs; is fond of outdoor life and sports; and although he may seem a bit reserved, his manner is always cordial and sympathetic. His law practise has led him into some important cases. For instance, in the early stages of the government proceedings against the so-called Tobacco Trust, he acted for a time as special assistant to the Attorney-General. For several years he was a member of the Board of Education—a body which, though unpaid, does very necessary work for the public-school system of the metropolis.

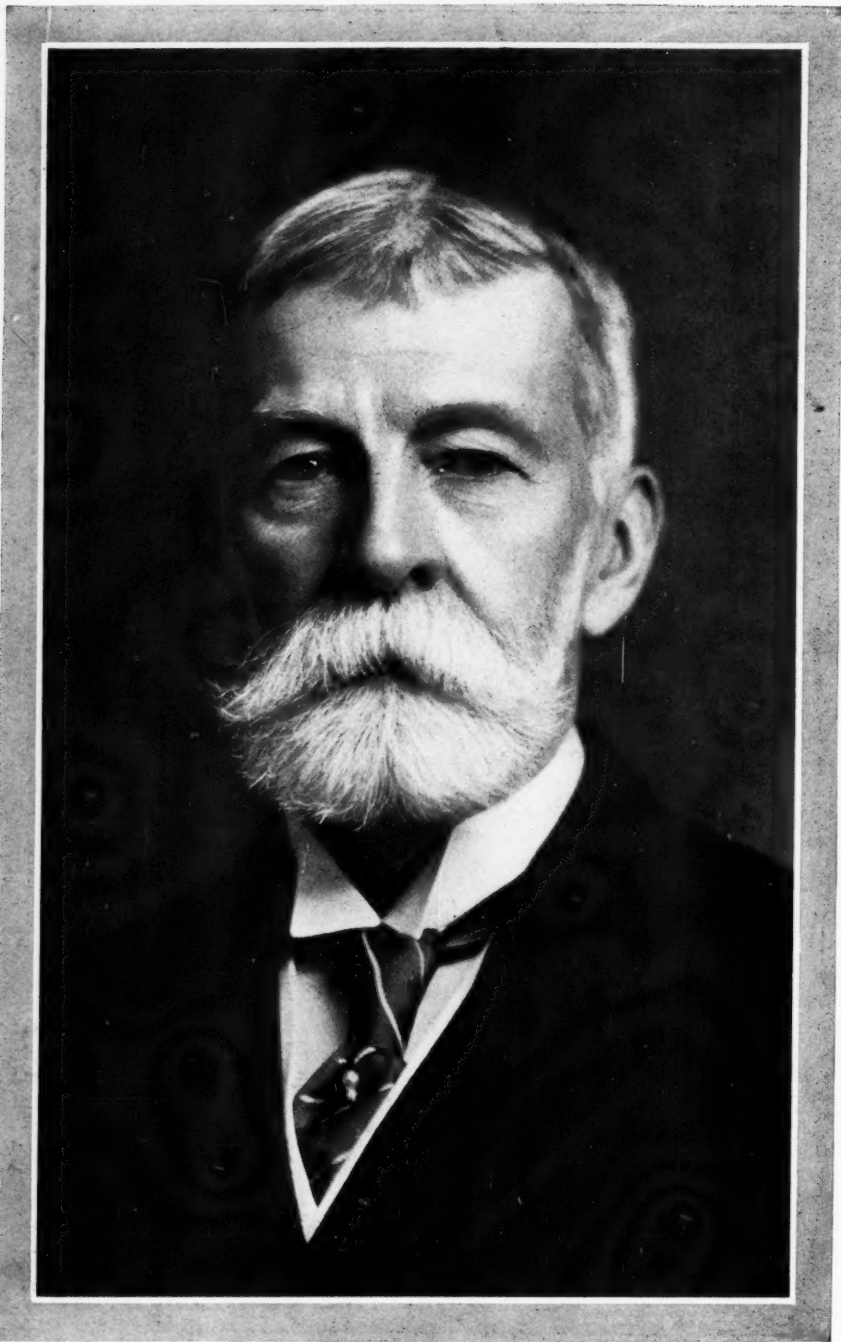
All the Taft brothers are Yale men, as their father was before them; but Mr. Horace D. Taft was the only one of the three to attach himself, almost permanently, to his *alma mater*. Although he, too, studied law, he practised it for only a short time, and then went back to New Haven, where for two years he acted as instructor in Latin. Presently, however, in 1890, he founded the now well-known Taft School at Watertown, Connecticut, for the sake of carrying out some novel theories of his own with reference to education. He has remained the principal of this school, fitting boys chiefly for Yale, and in accordance with his own theories of teaching. Those who know most about it say that in every way he has been successful.

Horace Taft's natural force of character comes out more sharply in his countenance than is the case with any of his brothers; yet, underneath, he has the same mellowness and sympathetic attitude toward life which mark all four of these distinguished men.



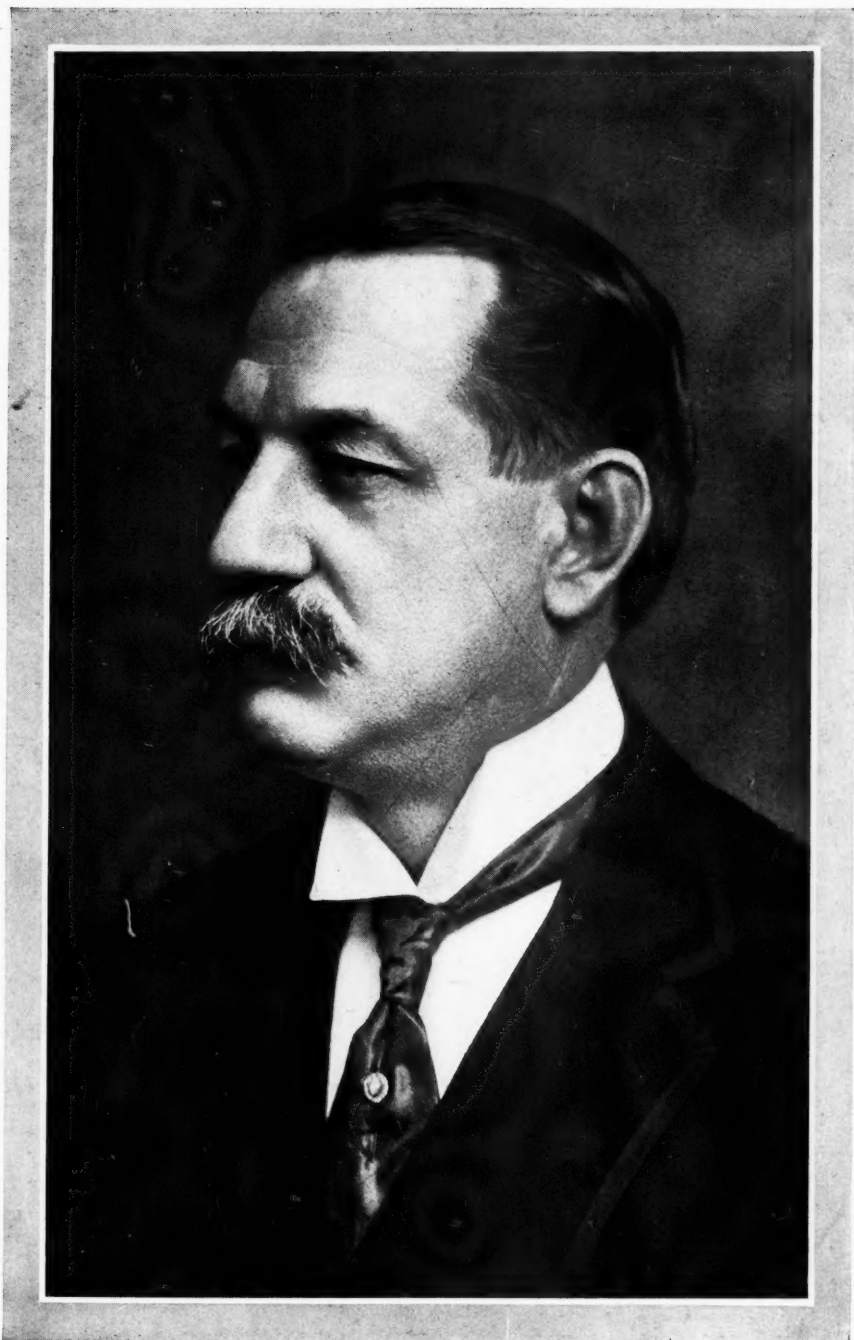
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, TWENTY-SEVENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, BORN
SEPTEMBER 15, 1857, SON OF ALPHONSO AND LOUISE M. TAFT, OF CINCINNATI

From a photograph—copyright, 1909, by Puck, New York



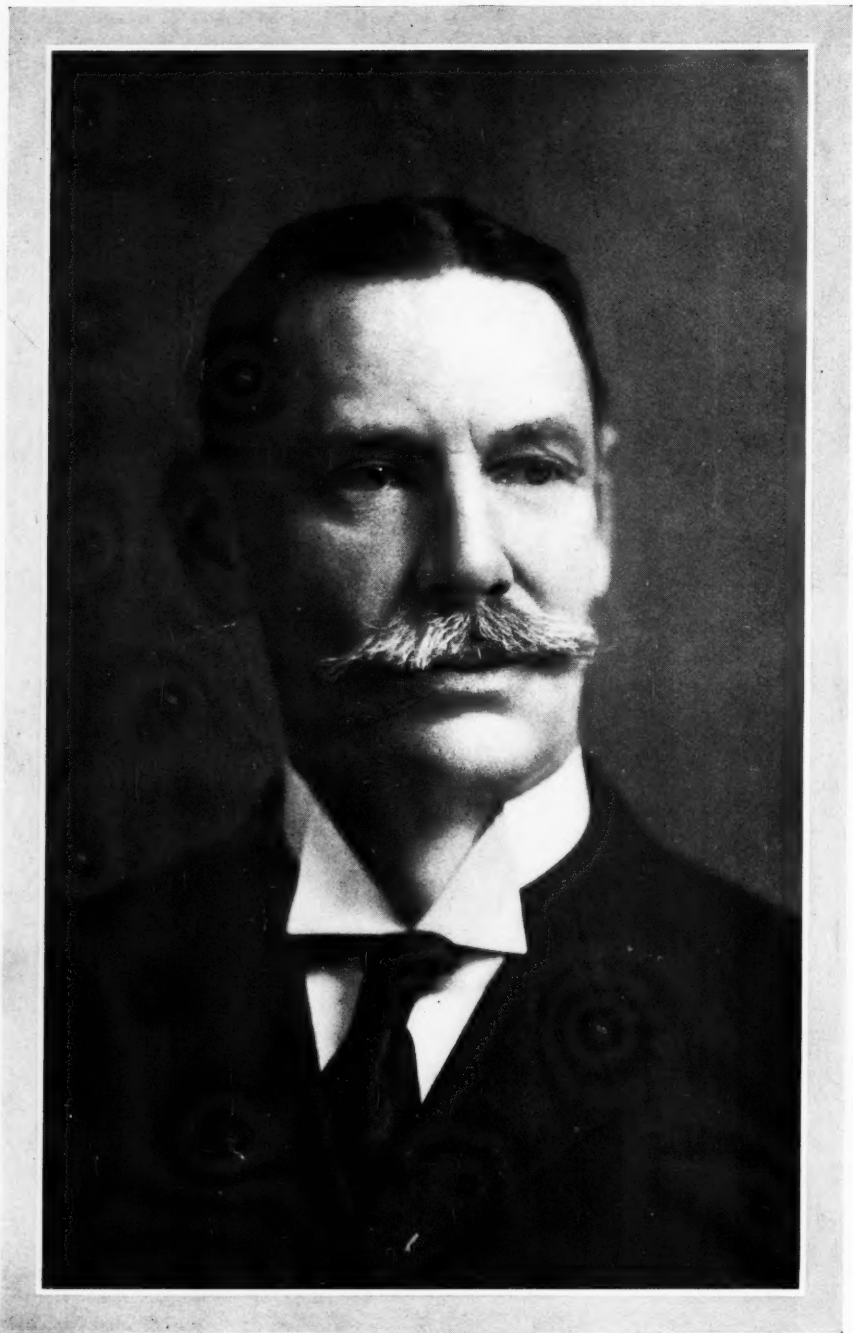
CHARLES PHELPS TAFT, EDITOR OF THE CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR, BORN DECEMBER 21, 1843,
HALF-BROTHER OF PRESIDENT TAFT

From his latest photograph—copyright, 1909, by Pach, New York



HENRY WATERS TAFT, OF THE NEW YORK LAW FIRM OF STRONG & CADWALADER. BORN MAY 27,
1859, BROTHER OF PRESIDENT TAFT

From his latest photograph—copyright, 1909, by Pach, New York



HORACE DUTTON TAFT, HEADMASTER OF THE TAFT SCHOOL, WATERTOWN, CONNECTICUT,
BORN DECEMBER 28, 1861, BROTHER OF PRESIDENT TAFT

From his latest photograph—copyright, 1909, by Fack, New York

WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND, THE ONLY REIGNING QUEEN IN EUROPE

BY THEODORE SCHWARZ

WITH PORTRAIT (FRONTISPIECE)

QUEEN WILHELMINA of Holland has the unique distinction of being the only queen regnant in Europe, if not in the world. Queens ruling in their own right have been more rare in European history than many would suppose. Within the remembrance of the present generation, there have been only two besides Wilhelmina—one of them being Queen Victoria, and the other Queen Isabella of Spain, who was driven from her throne by revolution in 1868. Queen Maria Cristina, the mother of the present King Alfonso, was never a queen regnant, but only a queen regent, governing always in the name of her son throughout the period of his minority.

Especial interest also attaches to Queen Wilhelmina because she is the last sovereign of the historic house of Orange, whose splendid traditions permeate the Netherlands, and have done so ever since the time of William the Silent. As the last of her line, she has been regarded as a symbol of the cherished independence of her country. Her life has seemed to stand as a barrier against what the Hollanders dread—some form of incorporation into the German Empire. The Dutch are intensely patriotic, intensely fond of their own nationality, and they have longed for their young queen to give to Holland an heir apparent.

The queen, whose full name is Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Maria, is twenty-nine years of age. She is the only daughter of King William III—all the Dutch kings have been named William—and she was not always the sole hope of her royal house. By his first marriage to a German princess,

Sophia of Württemberg, her father had a son, Alexander, who bore the hereditary title of Prince of Orange. It was hoped that this young man would marry and have children; but unfortunately he was a most disreputable prince, following too well the example set him by his father.

THE QUEEN'S FATHER AND BROTHER

King William III was a pleasure-loving man, and had no disposition to be tied down by the advice of his ministers of state. When he came to the throne, in 1849, at the age of thirty-two, the Dutch parliament voted him an annual income of a million guilders. The king, however, who had a large additional revenue from the hereditary domains of the crown, announced that he would be content with a civil list of only six hundred thousand guilders; and at the same time he wrote with his own hand across the constitution of the Dutch kingdom these words:

The king will arrange his domestic affairs as may suit his pleasure.

Still, though he availed himself of this license, William nevertheless had some regard for appearances, and at public functions he bore himself with the dignity of a true monarch. But his son, the Prince of Orange, cast aside all decorum. He spent most of his time in Paris, haunting the greenrooms of the theaters and the most notorious homes of vicious pleasure, until he became enervated in body and fatuous in mind. Alphonse Daudet has drawn his picture in that powerful novel, "Kings in Exile," where the heir to the Dutch throne appears as

the *Prince of Axel*. But to the mocking Parisians the Prince of Orange was generally known by the nickname of Citron, or "Lemon."

When this dilapidated youth had succumbed to the effects of his evil life, and when his mother, Queen Sophia, was also dead, old King William was urged by his ministers to marry once again. He was over sixty years of age, and by no means an agreeable-looking object, suffering from gout and a complication of other diseases. Nevertheless, in some fashion or other, the gentle-mannered, youthful Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont was induced to accept him as her husband.

A DAUGHTER OF THE DUTCH NATION

From this marriage Queen Wilhelmina was born in 1880. The baby girl was a fragile morsel of humanity, and few expected that she would live to reign. That she did so was due to the devotion and watchfulness of her mother, who, after the old king's death, acted as queen regent until Wilhelmina's coronation in 1898. She had then grown up into a plump and rosy-cheeked Dutch maiden; and her people felt for her a passionate devotion, for she seemed to them the daughter of the whole nation. There was given to her the same peculiarly affectionate loyalty that Queen Victoria received when she came to the throne of Great Britain as a young girl in 1837.

This feeling among the Dutch has shown itself in many interesting ways. While they greatly reverence her as a queen, they have some of that intimacy of love which makes them feel entitled to grumble now and then; so that in Holland it has been made a question of

national importance as to how the queen should dress, and as to how she should do her hair. When she was married, eight years ago, to a young German prince, Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the match was not very popular. Probably no marriage would have been popular, because the Dutch would not think any one good enough for their little queen.

Nevertheless, in spite of sensational rumors to the contrary, the married life of Queen Wilhelmina has been a very happy one; and Prince Henry has gradually won for himself a certain liking, for he is a manly, courageous fellow, and at times has shown himself deserving of respect. Some years ago, when a large vessel full of passengers ran ashore on the coast of Holland, Prince Henry risked his life more than once in taking an active part in the work of rescue. Meanwhile, his position somewhat resembles that occupied by Prince Albert in England. He does much good in a quiet way, but the Dutch parliament stubbornly refuses to allow him the rank and title of king consort.

Lately, when the *accouchement* of the queen was every day expected, the Dutch people manifested a most extraordinary interest and fondness. Even from the remotest districts, and from the lowliest homes, came gifts of rudely fashioned toys or baby-clothing, or even dainties which an infant could scarcely be expected to consume. But all Holland, from the noblest and richest to the humblest and poorest, waited with the most intense expectation for the news that an heir had been born to the house of Orange, and that the Netherlands would still remain an independent nation under its own dynasty.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE

You caught my heart and soul—they're in your keeping;
You do the laughing, Love, and I the weeping.
You go your way with ne'er a look behind,
And I am left with tears that burn and blind.
You do the laughing, Love, and I the weeping.

Some time, perhaps, the wheel of life may turn,
And you'll be left with tears that blind and burn;
Some one will smiling go upon his way,
And you, meanwhile, will kneel to weep and pray.
One does the laughing, Love, and one the weeping!

Mary McBurney

THE HYPOCRITES

BY ELIZABETH TYREE METCALFE

WE had been married three weeks. Although I expected to be happy, I never dreamed that there could be such a stretch of uninterrupted bliss. I told Richard so that morning, while we were dressing, and I added that it could not last; something was bound to happen.

He replied that possibly a storm would blow up, for he had planned to have our breakfast served on the lawn, under the large maple. This was only one of the many pleasant surprises he was always arranging. I stepped to the window, and, sure enough, there was the table spread and the white linen gleaming through the green trees.

Nine men out of ten would have replied that one finds trouble when one is looking for it; but Richard is different.

But here we are under the trees. Richard is puzzling over the very wobbly handwriting on a pink envelope.

"Ah, I know!" he exclaims. "It's from Nora. Yes; she's writing to find out when we expect to return."

Nora was the one being who was to make ours the life simple that we both yearned for. Richard had trained her for eight years. She had kept house for him, cooked and served the meals, washed and ironed, and kept his apartment of eight rooms immaculately cleaned. Though our income was a limited affair, we could have afforded another girl; but that was exactly what I didn't want. Two in the kitchen, jabbering instead of doing their work, would annoy me; two to find fault with me, instead of my finding fault with them, would be the real state of affairs.

Furthermore, I wanted to do lots of things myself; I wanted to show Richard that I was not an ornamental, Dresden-china wife, but one of the old-fashioned, practical kind, contented and happy to look after our home; provided,

of course, I had such a valuable assistant as I knew Nora must be.

Richard opened the pink envelope. I saw his happy expression become grave.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed.

"Is it the dachshund?"

"Worse than that!" he groaned.

"Not robbed, or a fire?"

"No—listen:

"DEAR MR. ARMSTRONG:

"I write to tell you that the place is all in order, and unless I hear different I shall expect you home on the first of the month. I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Armstrong, that since you went away I have become engaged, and I expect to give up work and get married. I won't do it right away. I will stay on until I am sure Mrs. Armstrong is broke in to all your wants.

"Your respectful servant,

"NORA MULQUEEN."

"Oh, Richard, how dreadful!" I cried.

"Broke in to all my wants," he repeated. "Don't be hurt, darling; she only means until you get the hang of things."

"Oh, bother that! I mean that she is going away."

"Yes," he answers, "that was the impending cloud before we came down."

"She mustn't do it. She mustn't be allowed to do it!"

"That's the idea," says Richard.

"We'll discourage her."

"Yes, but how? She'll see how perfectly happy we are and she'll rush off to be just as happy."

"True," mutters Richard.

"Dick, I have it. Let's pretend not to be."

"Not to be what?"

"Happy."

"Nonsense! We couldn't."

"Oh, yes, we can; leave it to me."

"What will you do?"

"I will act—act as if marriage was a

failure; not all the time, of course, but only when Nora is around."

"How can you?"

"Just you wait and see. Oh, I could have had a career, had I chosen!"

"I've no doubt; but Nora is too wise to be fooled."

"Ah, but you must do your part, too. Dick! You must squabble with me while she is serving the meals; you must disagree with everything I say, and I will get angry and pretend to be very unhappy. Then I'll call her some morning, and in a tearful voice caution her about the step she is taking."

"And," said Richard, catching the spirit, "I'll have a little talk with her and shake my head and sigh—so: 'Ah, Nora, matrimony isn't everything in life!'"

"Splendid, Dick! You'll do your part well. I'm sure we'll succeed. It does seem selfish for us to consider only our own comfort, but it may be that we are saving her from a worse fate."

"Yes," says Richard, "she'd only have to work and wear herself out for some selfish man who wouldn't appreciate her as we do."

So it was all settled.

II

We had been home three days. I was so perfectly happy that I hadn't the heart to put our scheme into operation. Nora seemed happy, too. When I attempted to question her about her engagement, she laughed outright, and turned crimson, but not a word would she say on the subject. We respected her shyness, and I proceeded to get acquainted with her methods of housekeeping.

One morning, as we were about to sit down to breakfast, I said:

"Well, here goes—you are going to catch it, Mr. Caudle; and"—nodding toward the pantry-door—"setback number one for Nora!"

"Ahem!" says Richard, ducking behind his newspaper, as Nora enters with the fruit.

"Dear me," I say vexatiously, "are you always going to gobble your newspaper at breakfast?"

"Why, no, de—ah, Madge," as he grasps the situation.

"Richard, I believe you were going to say 'damn'!"

"No, I assure you, Madge; you know very well what I—"

"No, I don't," I say sharply.

"Yes, you do!" he thunders.

Nora gives a quick look at each of us and leaves the room.

"Splendid, little woman, keep it up!" Richard whispers.

"No, now we must be grouchy, and not say a word."

So we whisper to each other lovingly, until I ring. Then a ponderous silence while Nora places the bacon and eggs. Fortunately, our breakfast is a brief affair, and we go to Richard's study for a little while before he leaves for his office. To-morrow is Nora's day out, and Richard proposes that we vary the monotony of home life by dining out once a week.

"Good," say I, "and at dinner we will squabble over the place to go."

So it happened in this fashion:

"Where would you like to dine this evening, Madge?"

"At Sherry's, of course."

"And why 'of course,' may I ask?"

"Because—"

"Because what?" he demands.

"Because I like to go there."

"Surely not for the bad *cuisine*?"

"No—not exactly."

"Very well, then; you expect to meet some one there!" This very fiercely.

"And what if I do?" I retort in a tantalizing tone.

"That settles it!" thunders Richard.

"We'll dine somewhere else."

"Nonsense. I won't go anywhere else."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Armstrong."

Nora breaks in, "but I can come home and get the dinner. I don't mind at all."

"No, Nora," I say, "I don't wish you to spoil your day out."

"No, of course not," growls Richard.

Nora goes quickly to the kitchen, and it was well she did, for we were both bursting our sides with inward laughter. We finished our breakfast in whispers, making it appear that we were not on speaking terms.

When Richard had left the house, Nora came to me and in a most touching manner asked me if I didn't think I ought to go out in the park for a while, the air was so fine.

"No, Nora, but you must hurry and

get out into the open air yourself; you need it more than I."

"Thank you, ma'am. You are certainly very kind, Mrs. Armstrong."

As she was leaving the room, I ventured to ask the name of her beau. She beamed all over, and then very shyly said:

"His name is Patrick, ma'am."

"Well, Nora, I hope he has a nice disposition."

"He seems to, ma'am, but you never can tell about the men."

Then she flew out of the room, as if she had said too much. Our medicine was taking effect already!

The next morning started off pleasantly enough. We had only a mild argument. Nora positively bubbled over, she seemed so relieved. This would never do; so we went to the study after breakfast and decided to have a vigorous onslaught at dinner. Richard suggested that he had thought of giving up cocktails before dinner, and that I might lecture him about it and ask him to abandon the habit.

"I can do that quite easily, for I had had it in my mind to do so, anyway," I replied.

"Oh, you had, had you? Very well, go ahead," he answered.

We sat down to dinner. As Nora served the *hors d'œuvres*, Richard remarked:

"This looks tempting, and I have a savage appetite."

"Yes, but it is an artificial one."

"How so?"

"The cocktail."

"Oh, you don't approve of an appetizer?"

"Not regularly; especially cocktails."

"What's the harm?"

"Better ask your doctor."

"Piffle!"

"It won't be piffle when you are informed some bright June day that you have cirrhosis of the liver and your days are numbered."

"Confound it, Madge, you are a cheerful dinner companion!" said Richard, not too good-naturedly.

"Do you think I'll make a nice-looking widow?"

"Take care you don't carry this thing too far!"

I could see that Richard was quite

serious, and somehow it made me all the more flippant.

"It was your own suggestion," I retorted.

"You know you can be exasperating, Madge."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do," he snapped.

"I think you are horrid, Dick," and two tears popped instantly into view.

Nora discreetly left the room. Richard was at my side at once.

"Forgive me, dear! You did it so well I forgot you were acting."

"Hush!" I whispered. "Nora is coming back."

Richard went back to his place; and, as Nora removed the plates, I made my point.

"And you will give up cocktails for three months?"

He looked at me steadily for a second, and then said:

"Yes, I promise."

III

RICHARD suggested that we shouldn't pretend any more quarrels for a day or so; and, after the serious turn the thing had just taken, I agreed that perhaps we were overdoing it. The next morning we breakfasted in non-talkative fashion. Nora, fearing another outburst, went busying herself in the pantry, and singing quietly at first, then louder, so that we could catch the words:

Kind words can never die, never die!

I thought we should, though; and if she could have seen our hypocritical faces while she was singing, she would have left us on the spot. When she burst into "Comrades," and dwelt on the words "bearing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys," we had to fly from the dining-room to Richard's study, where we laughed until we fairly cried.

Richard hurried to his office. I left the laugh-tears standing in my eyes and went to the kitchen to give my orders for the day. Nora looked at me so pityingly that I felt sure, no matter what she thought of our quarrels, I had her sympathy. Finding her in this soft mood, I said:

"Nora, I suppose Patrick won't be

willing to wait much longer, and you'll be leaving us pretty soon."

"Well, ma'am, that all depends; at any rate, he can wait, all right!"

"Nora," I said very solemnly, "be sure he is the right man."

"Well, ma'am, I'm not doing anything sudden. And I'll tell you this, Mrs. Armstrong, I'm not going to leave you until I see that you are happy entirely, for a sweeter and kinder and more considerin' little lady I never lay eyes upon. If Mr. Armstrong don't hold that opinion now—well, the day will come when he will!" I was embarrassed by such frankness; and she must have seen it, for she added apologetically: "Though I haven't a word to say against him."

"No—no—of course not, Nora."

Fearing I might say the wrong thing, I left the kitchen. Her words came back to me—"He can wait," and "I won't do anything sudden." Evidently we were making an impression on her. One more vigorous outbreak might shatter her faith in connubial happiness; I could see that she was already shaken.

I must say I felt rather mean, and I told Richard so when he came home.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Are you going to weaken and not play the game out?"

"But, my dear Dick, just think how happy we are; and we may be cheating her out of the same thing."

"Impossible, darling. There never has been and there never will be such a happy couple as we, for there never was such a wonderful little woman in the world."

"Very well, then," I said, "you'll find me no longer infirm of purpose; and to-night I'll bring things to a climax."

But at dinner we were busy arranging the menu for our first dinner-party, which was to take place the next evening. It was a serious event to me; and Richard, divining my state of mind, assured me that Nora would pull it off all right. We neglected our wrangling; so I proposed that to-morrow I would behave as if I were bowed down with a secret grief.

When Richard had gone, I pulled a long, pathetic face and went to the kitchen.

"Nora," I began, "I'm sure you are going to have a busy day. What can I do to help you?"

She evidently caught the discouraged tone in my voice, for she looked straight at me for some seconds and then burst out:

"Bless your dear, kind little heart, don't you bother about the dinner! Just you go out and cheer yourself up a bit, so you'll look your prettiest when your friends come to-night; and that's the best help in the world to Nora."

I felt so ashamed of myself that I did as she told me. The dinner was everything I could have hoped for. It was wonderful to see Nora, clad in her black sateen dress, with her neat white collar and apron, serving each course as if she was quite divorced from the kitchen. What should I do without her? I simply couldn't, and I wouldn't. I told Richard so.

"Very well," he said. "In the morning, at breakfast, without fail."

Now there was something on my mind that I had intended to speak to him about, but I reserved it for the breakfast squabble; and this is how it happened: Richard was not in the best of spirits that morning, and had no appetite to speak of. I inquired the cause in the tenderest voice, but he rather snappishly answered that it was the long course-dinner of the previous evening.

"Richard, I am disappointed in you; you broke your promise."

"What promise?"

"You not only took a cocktail last night, you took two. I'm sorry I can't rely upon you to keep your word!"

"Well," he replied quite peevishly, "what's a fellow to do in his own house?"

"You have no moral courage."

"That's the only kind a man can get along without."

"Oh, Richard!" I cried in disgust; and Nora, scenting trouble, left the room.

"Now see here, Madge!"

"Be savage and loud," I directed in a whisper.

"I won't be bullied about what I drink," shouted Richard. "No more temperance-lectures at breakfast!"

He banged his fist on the table and swung out of the room; and I heard him

slam the study-door. As Nora was just outside the pantry-door, I gave a heart-broken sob. For fear she should come suddenly upon me, I put my handkerchief to my eyes and sneaked out to Richard.

"Slip out of the house quietly, darling. I think we have done the trick!"

"I hope so," he mutters, as he kisses me tenderly.

An hour later Nora appears at my door.

"Mrs. Armstrong," she inquired, "do you think your husband is in good health?"

"Oh, yes, Nora."

"Well, it's none of my business; but I can't help seeing that something is wrong, for he's not the same man." Then she paused. "Do you think it could be that sourosis of the liver commencing on him?"

"I hardly think so, Nora."

"Excuse my askin', ma'am; but was he at all like this when you were away on your honeymoon?"

"Not all the time;" and then a brilliant idea came to me. "At least, not until he got your letter saying you were going to leave us and get married, Nora!" I cried. "I believe he's worrying about your future."

"Now, do you think so, ma'am?" and she fairly beamed.

"Yes; when I come to think of it, he's been a changed man since that letter."

She stood wreathed in smiles.

"Ah, that's her weak point!" I thought. "She's vain!"

"Well, ma'am, he's no call to worry about me;" and she whirled out of the room.

We were gloomy enough at dinner; and it was not acting. I felt certain we were playing a losing game. Sure enough, as we left the dining-room, Nora stopped us, saying that as soon as she had washed up she had something to say to us.

"It's the last blow," I whispered to Richard. "She's coming to give notice!"

We sat in the study and talked of her good points, as one does of a dearly loved one who has passed away. Richard decided to give her a substantial check for a wedding-present. Finally she appeared in a fresh cap and apron, and an expression that plainly told us what to expect.

"Mr. Armstrong," she began, "I ain't goin' to leave you." She paused. "I ain't goin' to get married."

We both jumped as if we had been sitting in electric chairs and the fatal current had struck us.

"Why, Nora!" we exclaim.

"No, sir; and I have never been engaged."

"Nora, you told us a deliberate falsehood," said Richard reproachfully.

"Oh, no, sir—it was just a loophole in case I shouldn't like Mrs. Armstrong."

A SONG OF FAR AND NEAR

WHEN in hours relentless
Far from thee I fare,
All the fields are scentless,
All the boughs are bare;
Skies are lone, forsaken,
Sailless is the sea,
Pain and grief awaken—
Faring far from thee.

When in hours enravished
Close by thee I bide,
Joy seems to have lavished
All her charms world-wide;
Perfume, song, and sweetness,
Color and embrace
Blend in one completeness—
Gazing on thy face!

Clarence Urmy

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN

WHEN the composition of President Taft's Cabinet was first announced, a good many people criticized it because, as they said, it was so largely made up of "unknown men." When the careers of these "unknown men" were carefully studied, however, it became evident that if they were unknown to the whole nation, they at least deserved to be well known. There was not one of them who had not made himself felt, at least in some section of the country, by strong natural ability and by actual achievement.

For instance, Secretary Dickinson was called "unknown," but a little investigation showed that he was one of the very ablest lawyers in the land. It had fallen to him to argue, on behalf of the United States, the American case before the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal; and Mr. Dickinson's argument made so profound an impression upon the members of that international court as to win for him praise even from his opponents.

President Taft's new Attorney-General, George W. Wickersham, is another example of the same thing. The people at large have known little of him until now, yet his associates of the American bar recognized his appointment as one of the most fitting that could possibly be made. As an authority on legal matters, and as a forcible personality, Mr. Wickersham easily takes rank beside such predecessors of his as William M. Evarts, Philander C. Knox, and Richard Olney. It is worth noting, in fact, that when Mr. Olney was appointed he was also, to the nation at large, unknown; and he therefore gave the whole country a surprise by his effective handling of the legal side of the Chicago strikes, the Venezuelan question, and those problems which even before McKinley's time arose between the United States and Spain.

Mr. Wickersham is of good old Quaker

stock, and was born in Pittsburgh in 1858. His father commanded a Pennsylvania regiment during the Civil War, and the boy was therefore brought up at his grandfather's home in Philadelphia. It was a home of comfortable wealth, where men and women of refinement met, where art was understood, and where a fine library gave young Wickersham access to the recorded thought of the world's greatest men. The atmosphere of this house was especially favorable to cultivation; and so the future Attorney-General read omnivorously.

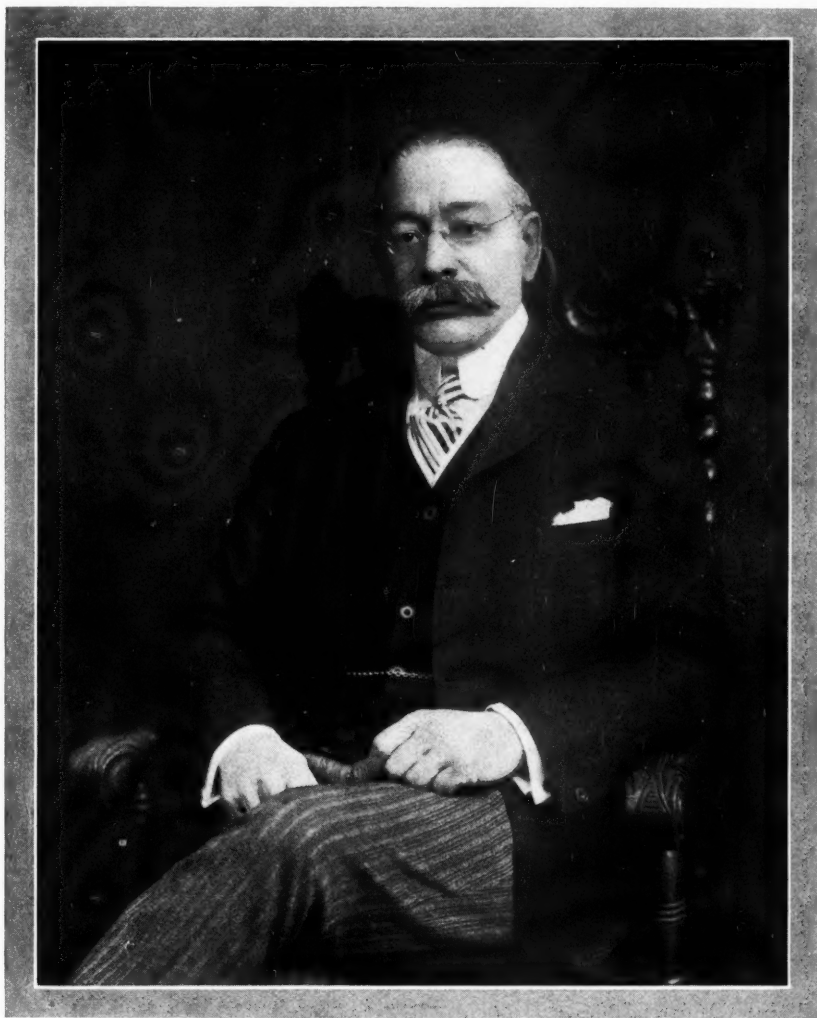
The lad possessed a versatile and inquisitive mind. It would have been difficult at that time to decide just what his profession was to be; for, while he read with equal avidity philosophy and history and poetry, he also took an interest in mechanical pursuits. He learned telegraphy, and became a skilful operator. He experimented with various mechanical devices. Finally, he decided to become an engineer, and for two years he studied civil engineering in Lehigh University. However, this was only a phase of his intellectual development; for presently he took to the study of languages and literatures.

Then came still another change of purpose—which was not an example of intellectual fickleness, for he was still under twenty years of age, and was really engaged in finding himself. At twenty he marked out his profession once for all. Entering the University of Pennsylvania, he was graduated with honors in law, as a member of the class of 1880. He had already satisfied the requirements for admission to the Pennsylvania bar.

After a short period of practise in Philadelphia he removed to New York. His progress in his profession was sure and steady. He appeared in extremely important cases before the United States courts, as well as before the State tribu-

nals. For some years he has been recognized as one of the very first authorities on laws relating to railway and transportation questions. His reputation has extended even to Mexico, where he

master of himself. He is not a recluse, but loves horses, and has been a governor of the Rockaway Hunt Club. He plays golf well, tells a good story, likes a good joke, and, when off duty, is a most enter-



GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, OF NEW YORK. ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

From his latest photograph—copyrighted, 1909, by Puch, New York

brought about, at the wish of the Mexican government, a merger between the Mexican Central and the Mexican National Railways.

Such is Mr. Wickersham professionally. As a man, he is short, compact, full of energy, alert, and thoroughly

taining companion. Indications of his early tastes are found in his love for rare prints and in his fondness for Dante.

Mr. Wickersham was married in 1883 to Miss Mildred Wendell. He has a married daughter and a son who is pursuing a legal course at Harvard.

HOW IT ENDED

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSION OF A SUBURBANITE," ETC.

I WAS very low in my mind, anyhow, even before Greggs asked me to visit him in Suburbia.

When you have met a young woman, and have decided that you will always remain a bachelor unless she will consent to make the rest of your life an earthly paradise;

When you have met her at the seashore in the summer, and all through the fall you have thought only of her, and have counted the days that lay between you and the time when you could get away from Chicago, where you live, and pay her your respects at the home of a friend with whom she is staying in New York—when all these things have happened, and at last you have reached the metropolis, and are confronted with the awful fact that that very afternoon she left New York to visit friends elsewhere, not knowing that you were coming—you have intended to surprise her—would you not feel low in your mind?

So when I met my friend Greggs that afternoon, and he said: "Come out and see how comfortable a man can be in the suburbs," I consented, although I have never been friendly to the suburban idea myself. Country is country, and city is city, but the suburbs are the limit!

As I was low in my mind, I thought it would not matter much if I got still lower, so I told Greggs I'd certainly be glad to meet his wife again; in fact, I'd be willing to brave the dangers of a trip out into New Jersey for the sake of seeing her. So we started.

"Railroad, old man?" said I, as we left his office.

"No; oh, no! You see, I live just back of the Palisades—on the Hudson, you know—"

"Oh, you live on the Hudson. Must be fine!"

"No, no; not *on* the Hudson. Better than that. Just back beyond the Palisades. Lovely country—early spring birds—"

"Yes, but spring's three months off."

"I know that; but I love to anticipate. As I say, we don't bother the railroad at all. Just a few minutes in the Subway, a few steps to the ferry, a lovely sail across the glorious Hudson, and then a mite of a ride in the quick trolley, and there I am. Comforts of a country home, and only a few minutes from the heart of things."

"You talk like a real-estate agent."

"Well, I'd like to induce my friends to settle around me," said he.

"Misery loves company," said I.

"The city is good enough for me; but to-day I don't mind telling you that the city has lost its charm, for the loveliest spring bird that ever sang has left it. My realest reason for coming on at this time was to see once more the only woman who can ever make me happy, Greggs; and she has taken this occasion to visit some other friends, and won't be back in New York until after I'm back in Chicago. And, Greggs, I had hoped to say something to her that would have made us both happy."

"It's as bad as that, is it?" said he as we joined a very dense crowd on Fourteenth Street and walked over toward the Subway.

"Yes, it is. I feel as if I had been hit in the face. I am afraid I'm in no mood to enjoy your hospitality tonight, because life has lost its glitter, and the bright star of hope—"

"By George, Carlin, you rattle on just the same as you used to. But I like it. Your grumbling is better than some men's rejoicing."

After that I didn't say much. I

couldn't. We had now come to the Subway, and I found myself in a crowd that reminded me of election night in Chicago. I was forced forward to where an overcrowded car was standing, and then Greggs and I, and about five hundred others, I should judge, were prodded through a door.

How every one kept his or her feet, I don't see. How every one kept her or his temper, I don't know; but it is a fact that the tighter they were squeezed, the more they smiled. They really seemed to like it.

Greggs was jammed in ahead of me; a rather pretty young woman and I were sort of tamped in, and then the door was shut on my coat-tail and her skirt.

I apologized to her, and she laughed gaily. Remarkable good humor, I thought. I felt like swearing; but I couldn't swear with every one cracking jokes—although there was scarcely enough room to crack even a smile.

"Pleasant!" said I to Greggs, above the roar of the train, and he said something about our being on a Lenox Avenue train, which was always more crowded than a Broadway express. Besides, it was after five o'clock, or there wouldn't be so many people out—or in.

"It won't be long, that's one comfort!" roared he. "We'd better change to a Broadway express at the Grand Central!"

"I'd like to change to a bird," said I, "so that I could fly away;" but he didn't hear my joke—so, according to Shakespeare, it wasn't a joke.

We had only a few blocks to go before the door would be opened, and the young woman and I released from our undignified restraint—but we didn't go them for some time. We kept stopping and going forward by hitches. Greggs told me that it was very unusual; and I told him that the unusual was my usual form of travel. The crack limited had been four hours late coming from Chicago. The usual never comes my way.

In course of time we reached the Grand Central Station. The door shot open, and I, unprepared for it, fell forward. Luckily I recovered myself and was able to save the young woman from falling. Then I remained packed in the crowd about me until our train came in. This

time I was hurled aboard by a guard—who was false to his trust—and was jammed into a very soft man, and then held firmly in place by the insertion of two husky chaps who seemed good-naturedly bent on grinding me to pulp.

I could not see Greggs; but I called his name, and a muffled voice answered to it. I pictured him the lower layer of a three-deep mass of mankind; but I may have been mistaken.

The fate that had pursued us—slowly—in the Lenox Avenue express did not relent on the Broadway train, and we crawled to our station up-town, which, strangely enough, although in a subway, was some seventy-five feet above the street. Here I was pushed out of the car by two men in a hurry, and found myself at the head of a flight of steps, down which I was tumbled as if I had been a bag of rags. I alighted on a stout lady, and was not hurt in the least.

Next, after sprinting through a heavy door, we reached an escalator, or moving stairway. Instead of resting on it peacefully, and allowing it to take us down to the street, the crowd—men, women, and children—raced down its broad steps for dear life, showing a goat-like agility evidently born of strong practise.

When the street was reached, I slowed up and said, panting heavily:

"The rest will be pleasanter—"

"Yes," said Greggs firmly; "but we mustn't miss this boat. They only run every twenty minutes, you know."

"Well, what's twenty minutes?" I snapped.

"Why, we're late already, man, and dinner will be waiting. Now, it's only three or four blocks. so if you can sprint—"

I'm not too old to sprint, thank fortune; and as there were old ladies engaged in the same pleasing and invigorating pastime—besides, if I mistake not, a nurse-girl trundling a baby-carriage at top speed, the baby crying "*faster, faster!*"—I adopted the custom of the country, and ran as if I were engaged in a Marathon.

And, do you know, we almost caught that boat. We should have caught it if a freight-train had not suddenly appeared across our right of way; and when it had gone on—so had the boat.

"Never mind, old man!" said Greggs cheerily. "There'll be another boat in twenty minutes."

"It's you that were in the hurry," said I, with just a suspicion of acidity in my tone.

"Come, be good-natured. It's the suburbanite's proud boast that he's good-natured."

I said nothing. I'm considered good-natured myself in Chicago; but I don't live in the suburbs.

I was reminded of Washington crossing the Delaware, when finally, half an hour later, we boarded the boat. I was also reminded of *Eva* escaping from the bloodhounds, and Queen Maud crossing the Thames at Wallingford in 1362, or 1632, or whatever the date was. As far as we could see there was ice, which had doubtless escaped from the ice-houses up the Hudson and had come down to market on its own hook.

"Lucky our boat is built just for coping with ice," said Greggs, after the tide had borne us down stream a mile or so.

"Is it?" said I. "Pretty poor coping, according to my ideas!"

But after a while we managed to get across, although it was not until I had begun to wonder whether we should have to live on horse-meat—and nothing but automobiles aboard, by the way.

We had now been less than two hours on the way, and dinner seemed to me the pleasantest word in the English language.

"Never happened to me before," said Greggs, with a wan attempt at a smile.

"Just a little run up the face of the Palisades in the trolley, and then in twenty minutes we'll be in as cozy a little home as a suburbanite ever lived in!"

This sounded like a big qualification to me, but I said nothing.

The old ladies began to sprint as soon as the gates were opened, and very few fell down. I hurdled two who did, or I might have injured them. They picked

themselves up, laughing, and continued the chase for a car. I must say that the vitality of the New Jersey suburbanite is astonishing.

Our ascent of the Palisades would have made the trip worth while, if it had been a summer's afternoon; but we got stuck half-way up, and the lights went out. Even then the view of the ice-bound Hudson and the city lights would have been worth while, if I had not been starving.

All things have an end, and we reached the top in course of time. Greggs told me that this particular delay had never happened to him before, but I think he lied.

Once we were on level ground we found ourselves in a rolling country, and we took curves and undulations at a rate of speed which made me wish I was back in Chicago, and walking to my comfortable city home. We had lost an hour and a half, so Greggs said, and we couldn't make it up in twenty minutes; but if we didn't go eighty or ninety miles an hour I miss my guess.

At last we stopped, and, half sick, I stepped out of the car and took a long breath for more sprinting, but Greggs pointed to a house on a little hill—a house well lighted and warm-looking, and said:

"There's home."

And what do you suppose happened when he opened the front door? Down the stairs came his wife, saying:

"What on earth kept you, Gerard?"

And right behind her was the divinity I had come all the way from Chicago to see. She was Greggs's cousin, and I never knew it.

The queer thing is that the whole trip now seemed to have been a constant train of delights; and when I held Marcella's soft hand in mine, and told her how disappointed I had been, the look of her eyes, and her smile—

The dear old suburbs!

SOCIABLE SOLITUDE

I'm fond of solitude, and yet
I would not selfish be;
Hence wide I fling my door to let
My friends share mine with me.

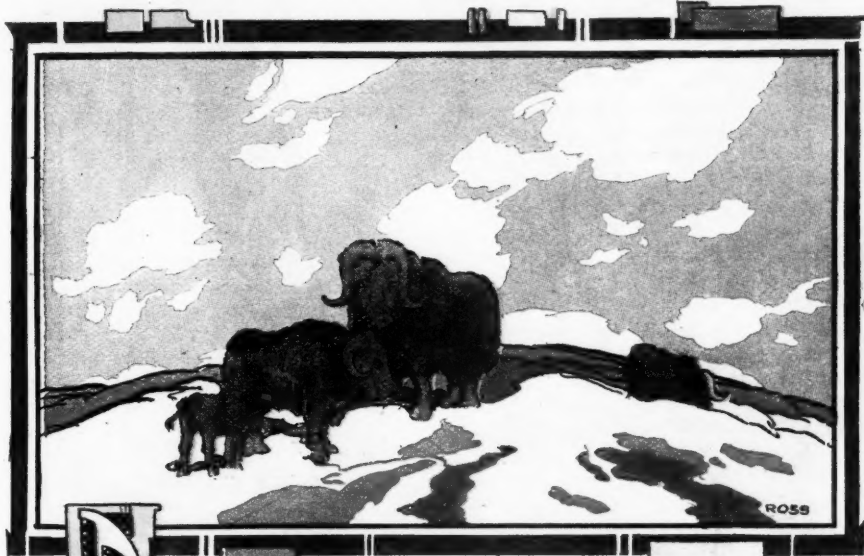
Blakeney Gray

THE HAND IN THE DARK

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT," "THE HUNGER TEST," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON ROSS



DAVID KEMP and a score more of big men went out like snuffed candles on the day that Bertram W. Strang did his great trick. "Trick" is the only name for it. Even in the Great Market it was a three days' wonder—for there nine days' wonders are unknown. Strang had worked underground, and had struck the final blow in the dark; and daylight had found him a great man, with his original five millions multiplied by ten. David Kemp, who had once loomed so large, vanished from the Great Market and from the mind and sight of its slaves.

As Bertram W. Strang wore on past middle life, day by day his interest in money-making declined. He knew the game so thoroughly that at last every trick of it grew stale to him. By degrees he became a sportsman—a pursuer and slayer of the beasts of the field—"a

mighty hunter before the Lord." He did not sit on air-cushions and take pot-shots at animals that were driven up to him. No, he was not that kind. He went after things hard, and got them fair. His methods in the wildernesses of the world were not the methods he had practised so assiduously in the Great Market. There he had been something between a conjurer and a pirate; but now he was a sportsman.

In Africa, in Asia, in Europe, and in South America his rifle had found its prey; and at the age of sixty, hardy as a pioneer, lean as an Indian, and sound as an athlete of twenty, he realized that for new experiences in woodcraft the wilds of his own continent alone remained to him. He had roughed it in every sort of jungle and forest in the world except in the black swamps and black forests of the American North. He had pitched his tent and followed the lure in every desert in the world save the boulder-strewn, moss-carpeted



ON LITTLE MOOSE LAKE THREE MEN
OF THE ARROWHEADS, TWO CANOES,
AND HIS OUTFIT AWAITED HIM

GORDON ROSS

barrens of that vast, unpeopled land that lies to the west and north of Hudson's Bay and to the east and north of the wheat-lands. So he decided to go thither and pit his skill and endurance against the sagacity and wariness of the musk-ox.

The railways carried him as far as they went in the desired direction. Then rough-coated ponies took him and his rifles over another stage of the journey. On Little Moose Lake three men of the Arrowheads, two canoes, and his outfit awaited him; and, with three months'

provisions, he embarked on the long trail which, by way of six rivers and innumerable portages, was to bring him to the final dash. The final dash was to be made by sledge and dogs into the desolate, untimbered lands of the musk-ox.

Strang's hopes were high. Every rod of the country through which he was to pass was new to him, and the greater part of it was unmapped and unexplored. The game was also new to him, and was worthy of his skill and of his steel-jacketed bullets. He would go up beyond the arctic circle by a way that no white man and few red men had ever traveled before him. He would run the gantlet of many dangers—and risk of death by forest and flood had become as the spice of life to him. He would

accomplish what more than one mighty hunter had told him he could not do.

Strang had spent both time and money liberally and with judgment in acquiring information and perfecting arrangements before even so much as the first railway-ticket was purchased. For months before the commencement of the expedition he had corresponded with men in the outposts of civilization and in the lodges beyond—with trappers, factors of the H. B. C., missionaries, and the like. Through such agencies had his party of three been engaged, along with his supplies and outfit, the canoes at Little Moose Lake, and the dogs and sledge and driver awaiting him at the frozen edge of the musk-ox pastures.

The evening was coming on—the evening of the third day of the stage by water. Strang sat in the leading canoe, with a wolf-skin robe across his knees. The air was chilly, and the pungent scent of frost on wilted fern hung between the rocky, spruce-clad banks of the river. The brief summer was gone; a few days of that mystic, elusive season known as Indian summer were still to come; and then the sudden winter would strike the wilderness with scarring, rending cold and enshrouding immensities of snow and ice.

But the anticipation of these things did not daunt the spirit of Bertram Strang. He was toughened, body and mind, to all moods of the wild and all seasons of the year. In northern Asia he had camped for weeks in a horse-hide tent banked around by six feet of drifted snow. He leaned back comfortably against folded blankets, smoking his pipe and idly surveying the shores of the stream through half-closed lids.

The stream ran northward, with a little westing in it, deep and strong. Skin-um-Mink, the proven, the inscrutable, squatted astern, paddling a swinging, tireless stroke. He was the trusted one—honored by factors, the right hand of missionaries, the pride of his people. Great was his name in his own tongue—and even Skin-um-

Mink, as the white men called him, was honorably meant. It was because Strang was a mighty hunter, and not because he was the owner of many millions of dollars, that the lords of the north had procured for him the services of this great chief.

The second canoe followed, a hundred yards distant, with most of the outfit, and with Strong Pipe and Wait-for-Snow at the paddles.

"Camp here," said Skin-um-Mink, swinging the bow of the canoe toward the left bank with a twist of brown wrist and broad blade. That was the second remark he had made since noon.

Strang, as reticent as the Indian, did not reply. He pushed the wolf-skins from his knees, and when the canoe hung motionless against a flat rock he stood up, perfectly balanced, and stepped lightly over the gunwale. Within ten minutes of the time of the landing, the little tent was pitched, a small cooking-fire was blazing cheerily, and Wait-for-Snow was groping through the black interior of a dunnage-bag for materials for the evening meal. The axes of Strong Pipe and Skin-um-Mink rang sharp in the darkling bush: Strang, who hated idleness, busied himself in unpacking his sleeping-bag and preparing a couch of spruce tips for the night.

While Strang ate his supper of bacon, flapjacks, and tea, the men erected their own lean-to on the opposite side of the fire from the shelter-tent. Then they ate, while the sportsman went down by the canoes at the edge of the black stream to smoke a meditative pipe. He sat on the roots of an ancient cedar that had been torn almost clear of its hold on the rocky bank by some freshet, and gazed down the dark valley. He was happy in his queer, uncompanionable way, thinking of other nights and other camps, and feeling the glow of strength and health in every sinew and vein of him. His mind was drowsy, and did not go further back into the past than to a few of his most exciting wilderness experiences. It did not stir the lights and shadows of his old life.



His reverie was disturbed by a tiny yellow flare against the darkness into which he was gazing—a light that seemed, at the distance, scarcely larger or brighter than the flame of a sulfur match. It sank and shone bright again twice, and then blinked out.

"Now, what in the world would that be?" muttered Strang.

He sat motionless for another minute or two, staring at the unbroken dark that filled the valley down-stream. Then, returning to the fire, he stood for a moment in hesitation with his eyes on Skin-um-Mink's expressionless face, and seated himself at the open flap of his tent.

He had not found courage to speak to the stolid guide of the unaccountable flame against the blackness of the wilderness. Skin-um-Mink would have thought him fanciful, perhaps—or even ignorant. The brief light may have been entirely of his own eyes—an internal flash brought on by gazing so much, of late, on running waters. Or perhaps it was due to some common natural phenomenon peculiar to the country. So he pulled off his moccasins and outer clothing, and crawled into his sleeping-bag.



The guides transformed the little cooking-fire into a glowing, crackling hummock of flame fully six feet in length. The heat and the music of it beat into the open tents. For a few drowsy minutes Strang watched the red light dancing on the canvas over his head; then he drifted into the strong, refreshing slumber that is the gift of the clean winds and the breathing spruces of the north.

II

THE light of dawn was filtering through the canvas when Strang awoke. The flaps of the tent had been left wide open, and he lay still for a little while, looking out. The great fire of the night lay gray and black, with one eye of red glowing through a film of ashes. A thread of sky-blue smoke crawled up

from it, straight as an arrow. The three guides stood beside the expiring fire, heedless of its need, close together, intent on something in the open hand of Skin-um-Mink.

"What have you found?" inquired the sportsman.

The three turned to him as in a single movement, and stood for a second, gazing at the little tent. Then Wait-for-Snow stooped and blew upon the heart of live coals in the carcass of gray and black ashes. Strong Pipe took up an ax and strode into the bush. Skin-um-Mink replied to Strang's question by stepping over to the front of the tent, stooping, and extending his right hand. Between thumb and forefinger he held a slender gray feather.

Strang sat up and inspected the feather; then he looked at the guide's expressionless copper visage and veiled eyes.

"Well, what about it?" he asked.

"Bad sign," said Skin-um-Mink. "Find um in front lean-to, stickin' in ground. Him mean go back, turn 'round, quit!"

"Do you want to go back—you and the others?" demanded Strang scornfully. "Do you want to go home? Are you quitters?"

Skin-um-Mink shook his head.

"Very good. Then we go on. Be quick with breakfast," said Strang.

The Indian nodded, and thrust the feather into the front of his shirt.

"Bad sign, too," he said as he turned away.

In knowing many wilderness people Strang understood something of them all; therefore he did not jeer openly at the men for their concern over the discovery of a gray feather sticking in the moss. But in his heart he sneered at their superstition, and hoped that no further foolishness of the kind might crop up to bungle his plans and delay his journey. As to any fear of such nonsense putting an end to his expedition—well, he would go on to the musk-ox grounds if he had to go alone!

The day passed without unusual incident. In the leading canoe no reference was made to the brief conversation of the morning. Three days and nights went by without any further word or sign of

evil omens; but on the morning of the fourth day Skin-um-Mink came to the little tent with another slender gray feather in his hand.

"Is it the same feather?" asked Strang wearily.

The guide shook his head, and produced the other feather from the front of his shirt. He stared impassively at the sportsman.

"Well?" queried Strang.

"Strong Pipe, him say no good. Him stop here," said the guide.

So Strong Pipe was told to remain in camp on that river until further orders, and to employ his time in hunting and trapping and in smoking the flesh of any game that he might procure. He was provided with a small bag of flour, tea, tobacco, a rifle, and ammunition.

Two nights later there came a light fall of snow; and this was followed by a week of gold-and-azure Indian summer. Many arduous portages were made in that time, and the canoes tasted the waters of four different rivers.

Then came the third feather. It was found in the morning, sticking upright in front of the lean-to; and it proved to be too much for the peace of mind of Wait-for-Snow. So provisions were cached at this point, and Wait-for-Snow was left in charge. The loading of the canoes was rearranged, and Skin-um-Mink took one and Strang the other.

Again and yet again a gray feather was found beside Skin-um-Mink's sleeping-place.

"If you feel shaky about this feather business, you had better stop here, and I'll go on alone," said Strang.

"Bad sign, yes. Bad sign no scare Skin-um-Mink," replied the trusty one; but he was uneasy, for all that.

Next day snow fell soft and deep over the wilderness. It broke from the banks and drifted down the swift, black water in vanishing patches. Ice, sharp and thin as shell, filmed the quiet pools; but though the snow lay



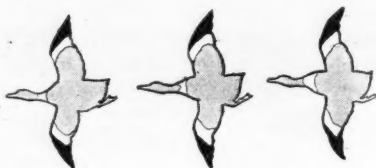
GORDON ROSS

HIS REVERIE WAS DISTURBED BY A TINY YELLOW FLARE AGAINST THE DARKNESS INTO WHICH HE WAS GAZING

undiminished over swamp and barren and hill, the cold did not strike severely enough to bind the lively currents of the river until five days later. By then the journey of the canoes was completed—and not once since the spreading of the snow-blanket had the sign of the gray feather reappeared.

The man with the dogs and toboggan was waiting for them at that point of the river from which the dash for the musk-ox grounds was to be made. Truly, the expedition had been wonderfully planned, and the plans wonderfully

carried out! They had traveled for weeks without seeing a human being other than the members of their dwindling party; and here, in the desolate region of the Country of Little Sticks, not a day's journey from the arctic circle, were the five dogs, the man, and the toboggan, as had been arranged over a month ago, far back in the lands where people live. It seemed wonderful even to Bertram Strang, who was not unused to wonders, and he congratulated himself, Skin-um-Mink, and the man with the dogs.



III

THE man with the sledge was a white man. He did not show the faintest trace of native blood.

"How, cap'n! Where Big John?" said Skin-um-Mink.

"Him an' my boy gone sou'west to Porcupine," replied the other, drawing a scrap of paper from a pocket of his fur coat and passing it to the Indian.

"Yes, him all right," said Skin-um-Mink.

The scarred canoes were lifted from the icy water and covered with brush, on the chance that they might prove useful, next summer, to some far-farer of the wilderness. The provisions were overhauled, and most of them given into the charge of Skin-um-Mink. The dogs were fed, the sledge was loaded, and camp was made for the night.

The sight of the new man's blue eyes and brown beard had awakened in Strang a hunger for conversation. When the three sat by the little fire after they had eaten, and tobacco was burning in three pipes, he told the man called "cap'n" of the gray feathers, and of the effect they had produced on Strong Pipe and Wait-for-Snow. The fellow listened in a silence as sphinx-like as that of Skin-um-Mink.

"This gray feather sticking in the ground is supposed to be an ill omen for the journey, or a warning to give up an enterprise, I believe," said Strang.

The man with the blue eyes nodded, staring at the fire.

"Did you ever hear of it before?" asked Strang.

"Something of the kind," replied the other.

And there the conversation died.

The reticence of the wilderness had touched the lips of the man with the blue eyes and brown beard.

They struck northward under a sky as clear as glass, running beside the sledge. The snow was dry as powder under their feet, and the motionless, frost-charged air cut their lips and eyes as keenly as a driving wind. They left Skin-um-Mink to smoke and meditate alone beside the frozen river and cached provisions. Their way led into a vast barren, untimbered, and lumped and scarred with hummocks of the eternal granite ribs of the world. So tense-drawn with frost were sky and snow that it seemed to Strang as if a cry, or a sudden stamp of the foot, might bring it all tinkling and shattering about his ears.

Both men wore smoked glasses, as a protection against snow-blindness. All morning they loped northward in silence; and so intense was the cold that they dared not attempt to smoke their pipes. At noon they rested for an hour. The guide found dry moss and an armful of stunted spruce-tuck in a sheltered crevice between two blocks of granite. With this scanty material he built a fire sufficient for the boiling of snow for tea and the frying of a few slices of dried moose meat.

Again the dogs were fastened to the leather trace and urged forward into the silent, glittering waste. Camp for the night was made by the shifting, whispering illumination of the northern lights. A patch of frozen moss was uncovered, and here the tent was pitched and fastened down with stones. It was banked high with snow on both sides and the back; and in front was built a fire of dead partridge-berry vines and black, gnarled fagots no thicker than a finger. Food was tossed to the dogs—a big, red-bellied frozen trout to each. A tarpaulin, blankets, and the two sleeping-bags were arranged within the tent; then the men squatted in front of the flap for

a little while, close to the dwindling fire, ate, and drank the scalding tea, and smoked their pipes.

Soon the last red spark of the fire expired. The dogs curled themselves in the deep snow against the tent, with their brushes over their muzzles. The men knocked the ashes from their pipes, backed into the tent, laced down the flaps, crawled into their sleeping-bags, grunted "good night," and closed their eyes. Outside, the northern lights continued their flashing, crackling dance for an hour or so, and then vanished and let the darkness in upon the wilderness.

IV

STRANG was awakened by the fumbling of a hand across his face. He gripped the hand in his and opened his eyes in the same instant of time. The interior of the snow-banked tent was in pitch blackness. He could hear his companion's hurried breathing close above him.

"Wake up, man!" said Strang, violently shaking the hand that he gripped so securely and yet could not see.

"I am awake, thank you," replied the other. "But don't move." Here Strang felt the touch of a steel muzzle upon his forehead. "I have waited for you a long time, Mr. Bertram W. Strang—and now I have you!" continued the voice. "I have waited and worked for this interview."

There was nothing the matter with Strang's nerves.



THE THREE GUIDES STOOD BESIDE THE EXPIRING FIRE, CLOSE TOGETHER, INTENT ON SOMETHING



"Who are you, and what do you want?" he asked.

"Have you forgotten the name of David Kemp?" asked the other.

"I do not remember it," replied the sportsman, after a moment's reflection.

"I don't blame you for making a point of forgetting it," said the other bitterly. "A murderer would try to forget the name and face

of his victim, I imagine. Well, I am David Kemp. Once upon a time I was worth a million dollars—and they were honestly made dollars. Then you took an interest in my affairs. You lured me into the market, struck in the dark, and ruined me."

"I remember you now," replied Strang. "What brought you here?"

"Don't move your left hand," said David Kemp. "Keep it down inside the bag, or there'll be trouble. What brought me to this part of the world? Well, when you left me in possession of a wife, a child, and eighty dollars, I was not entirely helpless. I had been something of a woodsman all my life, in a wealthy amateur way. I knew woodcraft and the northern wilderness—so I was not without a trade. Steady with your left hand! If I twitch my finger, your whole head will go! I brought

my family straight up to Quebec and established them in a backwoods settlement. I trapped fur in winter, and guided sportsmen on the rivers in summer and in the woods in autumn. For the first ten years it was a hard struggle to feed and clothe my family,



"FIND UM IN FRONT LEAN-TO, STICKIN' IN GROUND. HIM MEAN GO BACK, TURN 'ROUND, QUIT!"

for the other guides looked on me as an outsider; but I won their confidence and friendship at last, and wiped the jealousy out of their minds. I began moving farther and farther north every winter for the trapping. I became known to the H. B. C., and worked for them in opening new country for the trade. Now I am one of their explorers, and the founder of several of their new posts. I am hand and glove with the northern Indians—the Broad Arrows, and such. Oh, yes, I am quite a valuable man—and people call me 'the captain.' But my wife is almost an old woman. It has been harder on her than on me, for

she has had to wait and watch—sometimes with the little house snowed to the eaves—and with no share in the excitement. Her shoulders are bent now, and her hands are hard. My eldest son is a trapper, and the second is learning the craft. My girl will marry a young man who intends to build a lumber-mill in our settlement."

"Your case might have been much worse if you had not lost your million," said Strang. "But light a candle, and let us talk and look at each other at the same time. I give you my word I'll not jump on you or make any aggressive move while you are getting the light."

"Is it the word of Strang the financier or Strang the hunter that you offer me?" asked Kemp.

"Of Strang the hunter," replied the other, unruffled.

Kemp fumbled about until he found a candle in one of the provision-bags. He lit it, and propped it up somehow against the toe of one of his discarded moccasins, on the tarpaulin between the two sleeping-bags. The little flame illumined the low and narrow tent with a sinister light like that of a low-turned wick in a smoky lantern. One of the huskies moved uneasily in the snow against the wall of the tent. Strang sat up. Kemp returned to his own sleeping-place, reclining with his face toward the other and the revolver still in his hand.

"And how is it, that you were waiting here with the dogs—you, of all men? That, surely, was not chance," said Strang.

"Chance! No, there was nothing of chance about that," replied Kemp. He stared fixedly at the sportsman for nearly a minute. "This

position—this situation—is the result of as careful planning as ever went to the preparation of any of your expeditions," he continued. "When I first heard that you were coming up into this country—I already knew a good deal about you as a sportsman—I began to lay out my plans. It is amusing to think that we were mapping things out at the same time—and the result is all that a reasonable man could possibly desire. My son and I took up your trail a few miles this side of Little Moose Lake. I did not expect to have to follow you all the way before managing to get a private talk with you—but there I was wrong. Knowing the Broad Arrows and their superstitions, I began the feather game; and I kept it up until that last fall of snow put a stop to it. And there was old Skin-um-Mink still sticking to you! I had expected to bluff him out with the others, for this feather omen is a deadly one. I thought you would go on alone, angry and pig-headed—and then my time would come! Well, I had fooled myself by underestimating Skin-um-Mink. He seems to be growing superior to the superstitions of his people. So my boy and I hid our canoe, passed you on foot, and reached Bob Hushie and his dogs just half a day ahead of you. I knew exactly where to find Bob. I had a letter ready for him—a scrawl of ink on a piece of wrapping-paper—which he believed to be an order from the factor at McNab's. I sent him and the boy off to Porcupine, to wait there for me. In case I don't turn up at Porcupine inside of ten days, they'll come this way, looking for me. No, it was not what you'd call a chance meeting! Well, Strang, that is the story—as far as it has gone."

"And a remarkable story, too," said Strang. "But tell me what it is all about? What are you after?"

"I was after you—and now I have you," replied Kemp dryly. "I have heard an expression in the settlements that seems to fit the case—I have you where I want you. That's the idea—where I want

you! You see, Strang, we're a long way from interference, away out here beyond the Country of Little Sticks!"

"You talk very well, Mr. Kemp; but I wish you would come to the point," said Strang, smiling grimly.

"Well, it is just this—you don't get out of here until you promise to make good to me the million dollars you've robbed me of," replied Kemp.

"I suppose I should feel offended at the way you put it; but I don't," returned Strang. "It happened a long time ago, when my ideas of honesty were somewhat vague. You see me now, Kemp, a man who would not take a pound of pemmican out of another's cache or a mink-skin out of a trap I had not set myself—and yet, long ago, and in the city, I took your million, along with plenty of other people's money, without a twinge of conscience. Well, I am changed. I regret having been the cause of Mrs. Kemp's discomfort and anxiety for all these years. I'll give you back your money without a word or a kick—on one condition."

"I am not making any conditions, for it does not matter to me whether you kick or not," said Kemp.

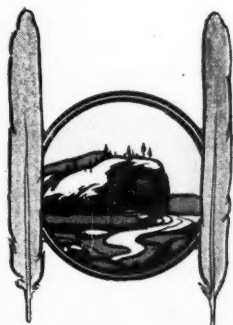
"You will agree to my condition, because it is a fair and sporting one," replied Strang coolly. "I will pledge myself, in black and white, to the payment of the money—check, letter to my bankers, witnessed agreement, and everything—if you will come along and finish this trip and do your best to get me within range of a herd of musk-oxen."

"And what if I do not agree to the condition?" asked the other.

"Then I'll kick," replied Strang crisply. "You may get the best of the fight, but you'll not get the money. You can count on that."

They gazed at each other for a second or two, grim as wooden idols. Then they both began to smile, with reserve but without bitterness.

"I agree," said Kemp. "I'll do my best to bring you to a herd of musk-oxen. Will you shake on the agreement?"





"THIS POSITION—THIS SITUATION—IS THE RESULT OF AS CAREFUL PLANNING AS EVER WENT TO THE PREPARATION OF ANY OF YOUR EXPEDITIONS"

"By all means. Delighted, I'm sure," replied Strang.

They shook hands. Then Kemp blew out the candle and they both lay down and fell asleep.

V

STRANG got his musk-ox. After hardships and frost-bites and hunger, the expedition, augmented by David Kemp and his son, won back to Little Moose Lake. From there, Strang and the two Kems made their way out to the settlement that was Kemp's home. All this was not accomplished in a day, nor yet in a month.

After a short rest, David Kemp started forth again, this time for Montreal. He had Strang's check for a million dollars, a signed and witnessed agreement, and an open letter to a Montreal banker, snug in his pocket. Strang refused to accompany him, saying that he would remain with the family and play at trapping furs until his return.

David Kemp sat at a polished desk opposite the great banker. In front of

the banker lay the check, the letter, and the agreement. The banker was fiddling with his eye-glasses and gazing mournfully at his visitor.

"For how long has Mr. Strang been out of touch with the world?" he asked.

"He has spent close upon four months on this expedition," replied Kemp.

"My check for this amount is as good as Mr. Strang's," said the banker sadly.

"I don't doubt it," returned Kemp heartily.

The banker's large and benevolent face brightened for a moment, only to gloom again even more gloomily than before.

"You don't quite get my meaning, sir," he said. "Bertram W. Strang is a ruined man."

David Kemp leaned back in his chair, speechless with amazement and incredulity.

"It happened within the last two weeks," continued the banker. "His huge fortune was all in the market, the plaything of a reckless and unscrupulous nephew. For years Strang has neglected

everything. The nephew has made the most of his opportunities—and last week, in an unfortunate attempt to get possession of all the cotton in the world, he enriched the market with something over sixty millions of dollars.”

Kemp's reply was nothing more than a feeble gurgle.

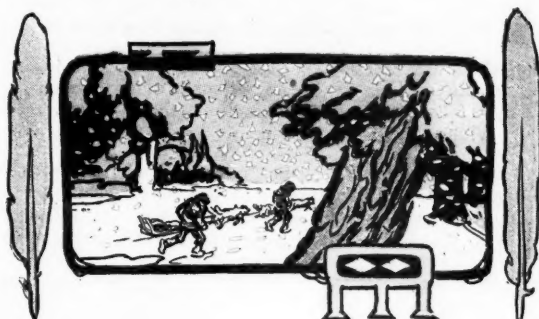
“I am very sorry, Mr. Kemp,” continued the banker. “Strang has been behaving like a fool for the last ten years.”

“You must not say that,” replied Kemp. “He is less of a fool than he used to be, and a particular friend of mine.”

He gathered up his papers and returned them to his pocket, shook hands

with the banker, and went away. At a news-stand he found the papers that described in full the sudden disappearance of the great Strang fortune into the open maw of the market. The end of Strang's financial activities had made even more stir than the beginning.

“Poor old fellow!” murmured Kemp, standing there with his eyes intent on the week-old news and his ears deaf to the hum and clatter of the busy street. “Well, it looks to me as if we might end our days together, trapping mink and otter and fox. And it will be a fine thing for Jane and the children to have a man of Strang's culture and knowledge to talk to now and then—a finer thing, perhaps, than a million dollars!”



A SONG OF SUMMER

ONCE more lie the dyes of dawning
Like jewels on slope and shore;
Once more comes the south wind fawning
With the spice-rose scents of yore.
While under the sky's blue awning
There is laughter and love once more!

Again in the hush of nooning
Do the swooning day-dreams stir;
Again with his cradle crooning
The cuckoo sings in the fir;
Again with his tireless tuning
Does the cricket chirr and chirr!

All strains that bore grief for burden
Are things of a vanished hour;
There is naught but happiness heard on
The lips, for the world is a bower;
We have gained at last for a guerdon
Life at its perfect flower!

Sennett Stephens

THE CALLING OF THE WILD.

By Elizabeth May Montague.

THE calling, calling of the wild is in the air to-day;
You hear the calling in your heart though you are far away;
Your spirit leaps to meet it as a brook leaps to the fall,
And your senses thrill with rapture in answer to the call.

YOUR heart sings with the singing of the birds among the trees;
In fancy you can hear the mellow droning of the bees,
As you follow winding paths that thread the wildwood and the grass,
Where daisies lift their dainty heads to hail you as you pass.

LEAVE the toiling and the stir of things, the rush of hurrying feet,
And seek the downy meadows with the violets scented sweet;
Take your gentle sweetheart's hand in yours, dear lad, and fare away
To where the wild is calling, calling to your heart to-day!



STORIETTES

A Chance Acquaintance

BY HELEN A. HOLDEN

"I WANT to explain my bringing a stranger here;" and Richardson detained his hostess from joining the other guests.

"Surely no apology is necessary," replied Mrs. Frederick. "Any friend of yours is always welcome."

"I suppose it has reached the stage of friendship, but really I have known Lagrange only a very little while. May I shift some of the responsibility by telling you about him?" asked Richardson.

"I know I should enjoy hearing it, but the guests are already impatient to begin their bridge. I shall send Dorothy to you. You know I have implicit faith in my sister's judgment, and if she approves, it will be all right."

"Miss Clinton," began Richardson, as soon as she had taken Mrs. Frederick's place, "your frivolous sister prefers bridge to the biography of an interesting stranger."

"He does look interesting," replied Dorothy Clinton, "but I would rather just learn about him as we go along."

"I see I already have a rival. However, I insist on your knowing, so possess your soul in patience for a few moments. It all came about over a rare bit of royal Satsuma that I saw in an out-of-the-way antique-shop. I was surprised at the dealer's obstinacy in going higher each time, instead of coming down nearer my original offer. One day there was a stranger in the place, and the shop-keeper seemed unnecessarily nervous. Of course, it transpired that the stranger was the man who had been bidding against me; so it was not long before

we came to an agreement. I have no doubt that the dealer was sorry enough he had not closed with one of us before our fatal meeting.

"From the first, I liked the way the stranger handled the situation; so when he suggested drawing lots for the piece of Satsuma—a beautiful plate—I invited him to my rooms, where he immediately proceeded to win the prize. He has called a few times since, and our talk always begins or ends with the same subject. He evidently has a fine collection. He came in to-night just as I was starting to visit you; and remembering that you, too, had the china fad, I brought him along. Don't like him too well, for you see I really know nothing about him. So much for the man. Now you can study his bridge."

As the game progressed, Dorothy looked triumphantly at Richardson, for her partner played a remarkably successful and intelligent game. Richardson began to feel uneasy. It seemed as if Lagrange handled his cards too well. Once more he wished that he knew more about the man.

Finally they gave up the game in despair—it was so absolutely one-sided; and Richardson suggested to Dorothy that Lagrange would be interested to see her collection of china.

When they reached the cabinet in the den, Lagrange's hand went out instinctively to a beautifully decorated cup and saucer in gold luster.

"Why, I have a cup which is, I think, an exact copy of that," he said in some excitement. "I have searched

everywhere for a saucer to match. Tell me, if you don't mind, where you picked this up?"

"In a small town far up in Canada," replied Miss Clinton. "It would be no use to give you the address, for it was the only piece they had. As the gold luster is a lost art, I'm afraid there is no possible chance of their having any new ones."

"No; but there might be more of the old ones stored away. I should search the town from attic to cellar," replied Lagrange.

"If it is as serious as that, and you will promise not to leave immediately, I shall be glad to divulge the secret. I got the cup from Mrs. Philander Bush, who lives at a place called La Tuque, up on the St. Maurice River."

"Thank you. Some day I hope to call on Mrs. Philander."

Although Lagrange admired the collection, his attention was never long diverted from the cup and saucer.

"You had better take it," he said, laughing, "or I shall never be able to part with it!"

There was a sudden breathless pause while each looked at the other in consternation. Whether Lagrange had let go before Dorothy Clinton took hold, or just how it happened, neither could tell. Lagrange made a lightning-like move, and caught the saucer as it slipped through their fingers, but the cup was in pieces on the floor.

"Miss Clinton, there is no possible excuse for such clumsiness, and—" He was cut off in the midst of his apology by the arrival of the other guests.

After the accident had been explained, there was an awkward pause. It was difficult to sympathize with Dorothy without implying a criticism of the unfortunate stranger; but Miss Clinton soon regained her self-possession and took command of the situation.

"Please let us not bother about it any more. It's all right."

"It will be all right," interrupted Richardson, "when Lagrange gives you his cup. You know, he thinks he has a perfect match."

There was no eager assurance from Lagrange, however. Where had he hidden in his embarrassment? In won-

der, the guests looked from one to another, but the culprit was not in sight.

"I tell you what—" Richardson was very much excited.

"Please don't tell us just now," said Miss Clinton hurriedly. "Every one please go into the other room! As soon as Mr. Richardson and I have picked up here, we will join you, and then he can tell you all about it."

"But don't you see we are wasting time—"

"That is just my point. I can't pick up while you are all standing around. You might as well talk it over comfortably sitting down in the other room."

"Mr. Richardson," continued Dorothy, when the others had gone, "you know, and I know, that our chance acquaintance wanted my saucer to complete his set. What I know, but you only guess, is that he has carried off my saucer."

"You knew it, and you let him go?"

"Yes, I was conscious that he disappeared through the doorway during the confusion."

"Why didn't you—"

"Because I did not want their sympathy, and I could not stand their talk. Think how they would gossip!" Dorothy shuddered.

"Miss Clinton"—Richardson tried to keep his voice calm—"you must let me see this miserable affair through."

"What do you mean?"

"I shall put a detective at work tomorrow morning, and see if we can recover your loss. I don't even know where the fellow lives."

"But I don't want the saucer, now that the cup is broken!"

"I can't help that. I must do something. Perhaps you don't realize my responsibility in the matter. Why did I bring him here? He was a plausible rascal, but we shall get even with him yet. I may even recover my beautiful plate of royal Satsuma."

"But there is no hope for your lost rubbers of bridge to-night!"

"I am glad you can joke about it. I shall feel more like joking when we have caught the villain!"

"If I agree to putting it in the hands of a detective, you will see that it is done inconspicuously?"

"So quietly that even you need know nothing about it, except to hear of our final success."

II

THE following evening, Miss Clinton was surprised to have Richardson announced.

"I suppose you were not expecting me so soon. Our man is off—"

"To Canada," interrupted Dorothy.

"That was a clever guess. You can't have seen the detective!"

"No; I have inside information!"

She handed him a letter, which read:

MY DEAR MISS CLINTON:

First let me apologize for my abrupt departure last evening. My only excuse was a

mad desire to see if I could not speedily repair my awkward blunder. A difference in coloring prevents it, and necessitates a little trip into the interior of Canada. I hope to bring back either a new cup and saucer, or a cup exactly matching the saucer, which I carry with me as a talisman.

Yours hopefully,

WORTHINGTON LAGRANGE.

Mrs. Worthington Lagrange, *née* Clinton, shows as her choicest possession a cup and saucer of gold luster, and smiles when any one remarks that the flowers on the cup are red, while those on the saucer are pink. People wonder why her second best is a cup and saucer of gold luster, with blue flowers that match exactly.

The Disintegration of Mr. Whitfield

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

MR. SIMEON WHITFIELD was a gentleman of high moral character and eminent respectability. Living in moderate circumstances, he was loved and respected by all who knew him.

One Saturday afternoon Mr. Whitfield was strolling along the street, when he paused for a moment in front of the office of a motor-car company, to admire the car that he saw in the window.

It was a beautiful car. After Mr. Whitfield had enjoyed the sight long enough, he stepped to the opposite window, where another car—fully as beautiful, but somewhat smaller—was also exhibited.

"This would suit me better," murmured Mr. Whitfield to himself. "Easier to manage."

At this instant the manager of the company chanced to stroll out to the door. With an eye open for business, he saw Mr. Whitfield—well-dressed and respectable-looking—standing looking at the smaller car.

"Won't you come in," he said politely, "and look around?"

"Thank you," replied Mr. Whitfield, almost ashamed to be caught looking at the property of some one else, "I was just admiring that automobile. No intention of buying one."

"That doesn't make the slightest difference," said the manager. "I take a genuine pleasure in showing my cars to any one, no matter whether he buys or not. I think you might be interested to see the chassis."

Thus urged, and having on hand nothing of importance, Mr. Whitfield stepped inside. In a moment the manager was explaining the simplicity of this particular car. Mr. Whitfield became absorbed in the story.

Suddenly the manager called:

"Billy, is that demonstrating-car in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good!" The manager turned to Mr. Whitfield. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," he said. "I want you to take a turn in our car; then you will see what it can do. Billy, take this gentleman out around town. Take him up one or two steep hills, just to show him how we are put together."

"But," protested Mr. Whitfield, "I have no intention of buying. I was merely looking around," he added weakly, as if to explain himself.

"That is not of the slightest consequence. Jump right in. Billy, take him anywhere he wants to go."

It was a beautiful day. Mr. Whitfield lay back luxuriously in the perfect-

ly appointed car, and drank in the balmy air. He didn't remember when he had experienced such keen delight.

They were gone for an hour. When they came back, Mr. Whitfield again protested that he wasn't thinking of buying a car. The manager waved him off.

"That's all right," he replied. "You may change your mind any moment. When you do, you will think of us. If you have a friend who is thinking of it, you will tell him of your ride. Thank you for permitting us to show you what we can do."

The whole affair made a subtle and indefinable impression on Mr. Whitfield. He didn't know it at the time, of course; but it was there just the same.

On the following Saturday he once more strolled through the automobile district. This time he stood in front of another office. Then he ventured in.

This manager was even more pleasant than the first one.

"I'm not thinking of buying," said Mr. Whitfield. "Just came in to look around."

"That's all right. I want you to see how this car works. Jim, get out the demonstrating car. Oh, there she is now! Step right in, sir. Jim will take you anywhere you want to go. If you have a favorite hill, just try it in our car. Give him a good ride, Jim."

Mr. Whitfield again sank back, alive to the pleasure. For the first time in his life, he was getting something for nothing. And it seemed so easy. All he had to do was to present himself, to look doubtful, and there was the hearty invitation.

The best of it was that there was no obligation. He *might* buy a car some day, of course. He *might* influence a friend. In this case, he ought to know what was the best car; and how could he find out unless he tried? With these subtle sophistries Mr. Whitfield eased his conscience.

The next Saturday he presented himself at the office of a third automobile shop. He was rapidly becoming an expert. He simulated perfectly the air of hesitation which a man would naturally feel if he had determined to buy a car, and yet hadn't made up his mind which one he wanted.

"Would you like to go through the park?" asked the chauffeur.

"Not to-day," replied Whitfield, almost giving himself away, until it occurred to him that the chauffeur might easily think he had a lot of cars at home, was accustomed to ride most of the time, and was just trying this one to add to his collection. After all, wasn't it better to convey an impression like that? It was easier. Besides, Mr. Whitfield began to look ahead. He had a list of all the automobile offices. In a short time he would have been everywhere in the vicinity, so that he must begin to discriminate.

"Run her up along the river," he said in an authoritative voice.

It was colder to-day, and Mr. Whitfield looked rather enviously at the chauffeur, who had on a fur coat. It occurred to him that he ought to get one—that is, if this was to be the regular thing with him. But the expense! He hated to think of it.

The following Saturday it was still colder, as Mr. Whitfield—glibly now, for he was rapidly becoming an expert—engaged a fourth manager in conversation. But when that gentleman in the usual manner suggested that he should take a spin in their new car, "fresh from the factory," Mr. Whitfield looked dubiously outside.

"I'll stroll around some warmer day," he said.

"Don't let that make the slightest difference," said the manager, going to the wardrobe and pulling out a magnificent coon-skin. "Just slip this coat of mine on over yours."

Could anything be more delightful? It seemed to Mr. Whitfield almost like fairy-land. He had only to present himself at a new place every Saturday. Everything was provided for him. He found that by tipping the chauffeur—although he hated to spend the money—he could go anywhere he pleased.

He began to get ambitious. Where an hour's ride satisfied him at first, it was now two. And he would ride in nothing under a forty-horse-power. He preferred a six-cylinder. The best was none too good for him.

It was only a question as to how long the different makes would hold out. But

as new ones were coming into the market all the time, and as the old ones were enough to last him several years, with economy, there was no immediate cause for worry.

And then the end came — gradually but surely.

Mr. Whitfield began to stop going to church. His family protested, but it was no use. He found that half the time he could make dates ahead to go riding on Sunday afternoons. He usually explained, in making these arrangements, that he was in a Wall Street pool, which kept him busy all the week. He had, indeed, become an expert liar.

There was no trick, no subtlety, no prevarication, that Mr. Whitfield did not acquire skill in using. The habit grew, and with it came others. He took up smoking. He began to drink.

One day the head of his firm sent for him.

"Sorry, Whitfield, but you are no longer useful to us."

Mrs. Whitfield was obliged to take in boarders. In the meantime her husband, having become known to all the trade, and his clothes getting shabby, was promptly ordered out of every garage. He ran away, became a tramp, and when last heard from was beating his way to San Francisco on the Overland Limited Freight.

MORAL

Now, all ye would-be motormen, who haven't got the price,

Be not beguiled by managers with invitations nice.

Their business 'tis to demonstrate their cars by rides and talk;

Your business 'tis to demonstrate your character, and walk!

A Ten-Dollar Miracle

BY ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

MRS. BLANDING pasted a strip of gummed paper over the crack in the sugar-bowl cover. She sighed in the weary way of a worn woman, turned it over, and pasted another strip on the under side.

"There, I guess that'll hold," she said, replacing the cover on the bowl and pushing her glasses to her forehead.

"But, mother," protested Jennie Blanding, critically inspecting the patch-work, "where did you get the sticky paper? It says on it, in fine print: 'First Methodist Church Building-Fund.' That doesn't look nice on the cover."

"Law, I forgot that, child!" was the reply. "My eyes are so poor! I couldn't see the print at all, and I'd clean forgot where the pasters come from. It's been many a year since I've used them."

"When was that, mother? When you were treasurer of the church?"

"Yes, child. It's six or seven years now. Your father was treasurer for the new church before he died. I tried to carry on the work; but what with you to take care of, and my near-sightedness, and the flurry and all, it was too much

for me. I did so want to do something, as long as I couldn't give money. I'd 'most forgot about it till I happened to find those old pasters. We used them on the contribution-envelopes, and it was part of my work to paste them on the collections we took up each Sunday."

"Oh, I remember, mother," cried the little girl. "You used to tell about that. Don't you know? There was something about a stranger that came and—and a torn bill, wasn't it?"

"Yes—what a memory you've got, child! I'd forgotten all about it. Things seem to pass clean out of my mind. That's why I didn't handle the church money for long. Always mislayin' it, and having an awful time searching for it with my poor eyes."

"But tell me the story, mother!"

"It wasn't much, child, and maybe it's a thing that it ain't best to remember; yet there's a lesson in it, too. I was treasurer then—treasurer of the building-fund. The minister took charge of the rest of it, and the only money he got for preaching was from the collection-box. It's an ugly story, Jennie. Ministers are good men—don't forget

that, child; but sometimes they are sorely tempted. Mr. White was one of the best men we ever had in this neighborhood; but he was poor, and what with the new church and everything, he had but little to live on.

"It was a Sunday near Easter. Things were going on well with the building-fund, but Mr. White was almost starving. We were all so interested in the new church we clean forgot him. That Sunday an old school friend of the minister's came to church with him. He had been to the minister's to dinner; had seen how poor they lived, and when the collection-box was passed he put in a ten-dollar bill."

"Ten dollars! Don't you wish we had it now, mother?" said the little girl.

Mrs. Blanding's hand fluttered out and rested gently on Jennie's shoulder.

"The Lord tells us to be thankful for our lot, even if it ain't a lot," she reminded the child. "Well, it happened in the vestry afterward. Deacon Rossman had seen the money go into the plate, and he got to the vestry at the same time that Mr. White did. He was one that was anxious for the new church, because he had lots of real estate and wanted improvements. They reached for the ten-dollar bill at the same time. It was the biggest donation at one time our church had ever known, and Deacon Rossman wanted to be sure that it all went to the building-fund; while Mr. White knew well that his friend meant it for him—and he needed it, poor man!"

"They fought over that bill right there in the vestry, child, till it tore in two and each had half. A meeting of the church was called that week. Deacon Rossman told the story of the quarrel, and most likely stretched it a bit; Mr. White was dismissed, and the two halves of the ten-dollar bill were given to me for the building-fund. I took care of the money then; but it seemed to me as if ten dollars of that fund that went into the new church was no better than blood money."

"It makes me faint to think how much money I handled for the church in those days. When I turned the money over to Mr. Green, who was treasurer after me, there was four hundred dollars in big bills—fives and tens."

"Could you use the stranger's bill after it was torn in two?" asked Jennie.

"I should say so, child. I pasted or pinned it together, I've forgotten which just now, and it was good money again. I had so many bills to take care of in those days that I just mixed in that one, and it was like the rest."

"That's a funny story, mother," said Jennie suddenly. "Think of their each having hold of it, and each getting half!"

"Funny! Child, you amaze me!" Mrs. Blanding looked at the old alarm-clock. "It's your bedtime, Jennie."

The girl pulled out a cot that stood in a corner of their single room, said her prayers, and went to bed. For a long time her mother sat there, revolving many things in her mind. A train of reminiscence followed upon the story she had related to Jennie. The incident itself was utterly forgotten, and Mrs. Blanding groped through the years of poverty following her husband's death.

She knew it was her carelessness, her each-day-as-it-comes philosophy, that had dissipated the little store left her, and had brought them down to a single room and nothing for the morrow's breakfast. The seriousness of the situation came upon her with sudden and crushing weight.

There was but one thing to do in any difficulty—to pray for help. For an hour the widow knelt by her daughter's cot. She was too proud to beg. If she could only tide over the coming week, which rose up before her hollow-eyed and fearful, there would be some plain sewing to do that had been promised her. Only the week, Lord!

Suddenly her prayer seemed to be answered. Something told Mrs. Blanding to get out the old family Bible—the heavy one, which used to lie in state on the parlor table, but which had not been used for years. She had a vague premonition that between its covers she would find help—some divine line to give her strength.

She went carefully and cautiously to the cupboard in the corner. There she found the Bible, dusty and mildewed; for a smaller copy served their daily devotion. She wondered that the book still clung to her, in spite of its careless treatment. With an effort she carried it to

the rickety table, and opened it at random. She bent her head close to the page, and concentrated her strained vision on the large type in the hope of finding an inspiring sentence to guide her faltering steps.

A book-mark, or something similar, was in the way. Her bony fingers scratched it from its place; she gazed at it dully, all her being in her prayer. Then, starting back suddenly, and tipping over the unsteady chair on which she was seated, she cried:

"An answer from heaven! God has heard me! Jennie, Jennie!"

The child was already at her side, aroused by the crashing chair. She stared stupidly, with sleepy eyes, at the thing her mother had taken for a book-mark. It was a ten-dollar bill.

"Where did you get it, mother? Where did you get it?" cried the girl.

"The Lord sent it, Jennie! The Lord sent it! I prayed to Him for help, and this is His answer!"

Together, they dropped to their knees and gave thanks for the miracle. Then

Mrs. Blanding returned to her large-print Bible and read a verse on the page the bill had marked:

"Ask, and it shall be given."

Meanwhile Jennie was examining the miraculous bill with wide eyes.

"Oh, look, mother!" she cried. "It's just like the bill of the stranger's that they fought over. See, it's been pasted together. And mother, look—the sticker says, 'First Methodist Church Building-Fund.' Isn't that funny? The Lord must have put it in the Bible to press!"

Possibly it was the Lord that guided Mrs. Blanding's hand in the years before, when she had placed the pasted bill in the Bible to give the paster time to stick, and the memory of it had slipped from her careless mind. But no haunting doubt as to how the money had come there troubled her now. She heard not a word; her eyes were fixed a thousand miles away; her creased face had softened into a beatific smile, and she repeated over and over, through dried lips:

"Ask, and it shall be given!"

Face to Face

BY ANNE STORY ALLEN

FLORA STAFFORD opened the kitchen-door and put her head into the living-room.

"Only about half an hour more, honey," she called gaily, "and then I'll come and read to you!"

"Aren't those infernal things done yet?" asked a fretful voice.

"Almost. Want anything?"

The man in the sunny bay window looked at the curly head, cut off, apparently, by the partly opened door.

"I wish you'd either come in or stay out, Flora. You look like a legerdemain trick, standing there."

Flora stepped inside the room.

"They're coming out beautifully, and I'm sure to get another order. It was an experiment, you see, putting in the spices. I'd made them plain before, but I thought—"

Her husband made an impatient gesture.

"Never mind," he said. "I don't understand them, spiced or unspiced, and I hate the whole hideous business. If you must do it—and you can't seem to think of anything different—you needn't rub it in. I don't enjoy the knowledge that my wife supports me by turning herself into a cook!"

Mrs. Stafford bent down and picked up a fallen magazine.

"You must have dropped it," she said.

Her voice was quiet, cold, careful. The man looked up quickly.

"There you are again, misunderstanding. You don't seem to realize that I—"

His wife faced him for a second. The color had flooded her face; a streak of flour ran, curiously white, across the crimsoned skin.

"Read awhile," she said. "Or shall I wheel you out to the porch?"

"I'll stay here."

Stafford spoke sullenly, and took up

his magazine. Flora closed the door of the kitchen after her. She sat down on the high stool in front of the long, clean table where the materials of her work were spread in orderly array.

"I wish," she whispered to herself slowly—"I wish I didn't know how to beat an egg or sift a cup of flour! I wish I could take those things that Mrs. Roswell ordered—the things I was so happy over—and throw them right out of this window! But I mustn't. I sha'n't!"

She gripped her hands hard together, and then of a sudden the tears came.

"What else could I do?" she sobbed, and stifled the sobs. "I couldn't earn money any other way, and I loved to cook, and it meant our living. But now I hate it—I hate it!"

She dried her tears fiercely with her long apron, jumped from the stool, and opened the oven-door. From force of habit, she opened it gently. A spicy odor greeted her. Then she closed the oven quickly and crouched, with her protected hand on the iron knob, waiting for the browning of the dainties within.

"It would be terrible if I should come to hate him—hate Lawrence," she shuddered. "But sometimes I'm afraid!"

Meanwhile, in the bay window of the living-room, the invalid sat in his wheelchair and scowlingly ran over the contents of the magazine he held.

"Rot, most of it!" he commented.

He let the magazine fall to the floor. He didn't want it any more just then, and Flora would pick it up when she came in. It would soon be time for her to come and read to him.

"Flora!" he called.

There was no answer. Confound it! He wanted to go out on the porch, after all. It was warm in that sunny corner, and he could see and not be seen.

"Flora!"

He wheeled his chair to the door. Then he reached forward, but could not force the knob around. Once more he called his wife, but still there was no answer.

He rose slowly from his chair. Totteringly, but with a certain amount of control, he got to his feet, stepped from his chair, opened the door, and, looking furtively over his shoulder, pushed the

chair out on the porch. As he faced about again, he looked across the chair-back, straight into the brown, incredulous eyes of his wife.

For a moment, they stared at each other. The woman looked away first. She had no thought but to get away, to fly the sight of the shamed, self-deceived soul before her.

II

NIGHT came down swiftly. It grew dark early these soft fall days. Away out on a country road a woman tramped back and forth. She had been many times over the mile or more that ran between the town's edge, where her home was, and the woods that cut them from the next town. She would get nearly to the cottage with the pretty side porch and the bay window, and then, with a tearless sob, she would start again, off, away, anywhere so that it was not there.

And within the house, on a lounging-chair, Lawrence Stafford was lying, facing the man who had once been he.

How long this deception had been going on he could hardly tell. He had been ill—terribly ill; and with convalescence had come a lassitude that it had seemed impossible to shake off. A touch of rheumatism had added the twinge of pain that seemed to tie him to his chair. How slight a tie it was he had not asked himself; for Flora was always at hand. It was Flora who advised him to "take it easy." It was Flora who, when funds sank low, and inertia had tightened its deadly grip on its willing victim, had thought out "such a lovely scheme"!

It proved, this pitiful, "lovely scheme," to be the cooking. The delicious breads, cakes, and pastries that a housewifely mother had taught her, believing it to be a necessary part of her equipment as a wife, were to be made to sell—and sell at a good price.

Lawrence at first had deprecated the idea. He even went so far as to suggest music-lessons, "till he should get on his feet again." But now a year had gone since the cooking started—a year of patience and cheerfulness. Then, during the last months, came an occasional inward rebellion on the part of the wife; and a growing irritation, a constantly increasing demand from Lawrence.

Only twice before had he stepped without aid from his chair. The first time, he was honestly bewildered. He had seen his pipe on the mantel, had wheeled his chair as near as the open grate would let him, and, his mind full of a book he was reading, he had mechanically pulled himself from the chair, walked a couple of steps, obtained the pipe, and regained his seat. It was only when he was lighting the pipe that the full consciousness of what he had done came over him. Then the pipe went cold while he thought—and thought.

The second time was a month later, when he awoke from a doze and found himself on his feet, for Flora had called out from the kitchen that she had burned her hand. But when she came into the room, crying and laughing at the same time, Lawrence was on the chair again—and Flora apologized for having frightened him.

Now he lay there alone. He knew he was alone. He had seen Flora walk down the steps of the porch and around the path to the gate and out to the road beyond. He had seen her in a daze; but the clearest of vision had come to him afterward, and he had seen himself, loathsome—a coward—in her sight and his own. There was no question of forgiveness in his mind. If a man killed himself before his wife's eyes, it was not for her to forgive him; and that was what he had done.

After a time he noticed that it was dark. Flora was afraid of the dark. He recalled this, as something he had known a long time ago. He had laughed at her, and she had laughed at herself good naturedly.

She had never laughed at him, though he had been afraid—of what? Of work? Of the struggle for health? Of the mingling with his fellows again after the long quiet time when self and pain held sway?

Mechanically, he sat up. Old habit reasserted itself. His tired mind, worn with the struggle to right itself, grasped but the one thought. Flora was alone in the dark somewhere. She must be found and brought home. His heart told him he was right.

He got to his feet and pressed a button in the wall. The light flooded the

room. There were the crutches he had never used. The old doctor had ordered them with a "Well, my boy, you'll use those for a few weeks, and then you'll be on your feet." A year ago the old doctor had said that. It was nearly a year since the old man had been gathered to his fathers—and the crutches had remained unused.

He reached them now—for he could not go more than a few steps without their support—and put them awkwardly under his arms. He shifted his way to the door, passed out across the porch, and, sitting down on the steps, hitched his way to the lowest one. Then, with a pull at the rail, he was on his feet once more, and his search began.

Half an hour late, Flora, trailing her tired steps along a country road, saw in the darkness before her something still darker. She stopped and held her breath. The form staggered. A blind, unreasoning fear took possession of her. The dark—the dark that her childish imagination had always peopled with danger—surrounded her and beat her down—and before her was that staggering shape!

She stood for a moment, cold, shaking; then, like a child, she raised her voice in terror.

"Lawrence!" she called. "Lawrence!"

There was a smothered call in return, and two shaking arms were about her. She put her hand up to his face. It was cold and wet.

"I must earn my way back to you," he said, "step by step, step by step."

"Oh, Lawrence! Let me forgive! I can forgive."

"Hush, dear. Not yet, but step by step. And I will make good. Then, perhaps, you will—forgive."

The moon, coming from behind a cloud, sent out a broad beam of light across the road. It showed Stafford's face, white and with deep marks of suffering. He was quivering with fatigue, but he ignored her outstretched arm. He picked up his crutches and put them under his arms.

"I shall have to go slowly," he smiled. She smiled back—the old Flora, loving, tender.

"I will go slowly, too!"

AFTER FLYING—WHAT?

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS

AUTHOR OF "PLEASURES OF THE TELESCOPE," "OTHER WORLDS," ETC.

DURING his last visit to New York, a very few years ago, the late Lord Kelvin, who had lived to see himself accepted as the Nestor of modern science, declared, with all the immense weight of his authority, that human flight, with either dirigible balloons or aeroplanes, was unattainable as a practical proposition. Lord Kelvin was marvelously clear-sighted, in spite of his eighty years; yet, in this instance, he failed to discern what was obvious to less gifted intelligences. Even while he spoke the Wright brothers were actually flying in Ohio, and Count Zeppelin was perfecting his great air-ship on the shores of the Lake of Constance. But very few then believed the stories of what the Wrights were doing, and most people smiled pityingly at the German inventor's lumbering efforts to get his mighty war-bird afloat.

Now, kings are eager to fly with the imperturbable Ohioans, and the once discredited Zeppelin has become the pride and boast of his country, while his aerial leviathan circles over Germany with squads of soldiers aboard. European cabinets are studying the problem of defense against squadrons of invading airships. Engine-builders are considering how they can improve the designs of motors for aeroplanes. A hundred inventors are trying to devise new forms of flying machines; and the ecstatic delight expressed by those who have enjoyed the sensation of skimming like a swallow through the air is rapidly developing a craze for flying, which is intensified by recollection of the pleasures of automobiling.

And, to cap all, the meteorologists are beginning to study the atmosphere from the point of view of the aeronaut. It has long been suspected that the birds know secrets of the air which aid them in their

feats of aerostation, and at last-exploring balloons are revealing some of these secrets. There is talk, at least, of regularly mapping the atmosphere for the benefit of the featherless birds who are beginning to navigate it. It may truly be said that the conquest of the air is actually under way.

THE NEXT GREAT INVENTION

The question now arises—what next? It is not man's nature to stand still, especially in this age of scientific marvels. Each advance calls immediately for another; each acquisition of power helps us toward some further conquest. The field is illimitable, and the problems are right at hand. Suppose we look at some of these problems.

It is generally agreed that human flight will find its first applications in war and in amusement. The fighters and the pleasure-seekers will virtually have the new field to themselves. The great business of the world—transportation, the exchange of products, travel on the large scale—will not be much affected. The railroads and the ocean liners are not threatened with serious competition. Exploration will doubtless gain something; the conquest of the poles, and other hitherto inaccessible parts of the earth, may be facilitated; but the really pressing needs of humanity do not lie in those directions.

What man most urgently wants is increased power over nature on the surface of the earth. To attain this, he must utilize energies which now go to waste as far as he is concerned.

Among the greatest of these energies is the flood of radiation that the sun pours over us every day. The solar heat is a store of force that comes to us without cost and in unlimited quantity. But its very vastness presents a difficulty; it is

so wide-spread that we cannot well grasp it. We take it at second-hand, or at third-hand. It lifts up clouds of vapor, and spreads them over the mountains, where they condense into water, and as gravitation brings the water down again we seize upon the streams and rivers and make them drive water-wheels and dynamos. But in all these processes there is an enormous loss. Why wait for Niagara? Why not take the energy as it descends direct from the sun?

THE VAST POSSIBILITIES OF SUN-POWER

Think for a moment what that energy is. On every thirty square feet of surface it is equivalent to one horse-power acting continuously. A space of thirty square feet measures only about five and a half feet on a side. On a small rug thrown on the ground, then, the sun pours a horse-power of energy which, if we knew how to utilize it, would be continuously at our service as long as the sun was unclouded. Catch the solar energy expended on a space one hundred feet square, and you would have three hundred and thirty-three horse-power. On an acre it would amount to more than fourteen hundred horse-power; on a square mile to nearly a million horse-power. The deck of a steamer at sea receives enough energy from the sun to drive its engines.

It would be discreditable to human genius if no attempt had been made to utilize all this force. We have learned to fly—good! Now let us learn a still greater thing.

The effort is being made; solar engines already exist, but they are yet in the stage of the early experiments in flying. The principle of the solar engine is to concentrate the sun's rays, and make them do their work at first-hand. There is nothing new in this, just as there is nothing new in the underlying principle of the air-ship. Every schoolboy has read of Dædalus and Icarus with their wings, and of Archimedes with his burning mirrors. Modern science has just made the dream of Dædalus a reality; it remains to do the same thing with the hint supplied by the great geometrician of Syracuse, when, with the aid of the sunbeams, he set fire to the Roman galleys attacking the port. And the second achievement

promises greater things for humanity than the first.

EXPERIMENTAL SOLAR ENGINES

Many years ago John Ericsson showed how the thing could be done, here in New York. Later, Mouchot, a Frenchman, made a solar engine, which from one hundred square feet of mirrors reflected to a focus enough solar heat to develop one horse-power of energy, which he made available with a boiler. With one hundred square feet of surface, there should have been more than three horse-power at his disposal, but he could utilize only one. Yet the fact that he succeeded so far was prophetic of future achievement. A considerable advance has been made since the days of Ericsson and Mouchot, but the magic touch which will make solar motors as common, in all fairly cloudless countries, as windmills in Holland, is yet to be given.

One of the greatest of these engines now in existence is at South Pasadena, in California, where it is employed to pump water for irrigation. The apparatus is in the shape of an enormous bottomless dish, thirty-three and a half feet in diameter, and composed of seventeen hundred and eighty-eight small mirrors, so arranged that they all act together in concentrating the sun's rays at a common focus, where is situated a boiler of one hundred gallons' capacity. The machine is mounted like a telescope, to follow the sun as it travels across the sky. The heat at the focus is so great that it fires a stick of wood just as a match is lighted over a burning lamp. A flexible tube conveys the steam from the boiler to the engine, and the motor develops the equivalent of ten horse-power, pumping water from a well at the rate of fourteen hundred gallons per minute.

It is not the sun that makes deserts. If the solar energy that is poured down upon the Sahara could be set to work pumping water from artesian wells, that vast sand-waste might be made the great garden of the world. Even in countries where the sun is clouded part of the time, such motors would be of immense service; and, once installed, there would be no expense for fuel, since if the sun is the greatest of monopolists he charges nothing for his products, or even for

their transportation. But the greatest use for solar motors would be in lands—and there are many such—where no clouds form for four or six months in succession.

THE MIGHTY POWER OF THE TIDES

Another vast source of energy which at present escapes our control is presented by the tides. Twice every day the attraction of the moon and the sun, combined with the rotation of the earth on its axis, causes an up-swelling of the waters of the sea to pass round the globe. The energy represented by this phenomenon is almost incalculable. It is drawn from the revolution of a fly-wheel eight thousand miles in diameter, and weighing six sextillions of tons—or, in figures, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons! That enormous fly-wheel, it is hardly necessary to say, is the earth itself.

Stand on the seashore when the tide is coming in, and watch the combing breakers assail the land; or, better still, visit the Bay of Fundy, where, owing to the configuration of the shores, the tidal wave is narrowed and concentrated, and see the stupendous uplift of the water—reaching a height, in some places, of sixty feet—and then reflect on the amount of energy which is thus expended without benefit, except indirectly, to humanity, but of which, nevertheless, man might avail himself if he knew exactly how to go at it. In comparison with the huge "bore" tearing its way up the estuary at the head of the Bay of Fundy, or the tremendous tidal waves dashing themselves into foam on the rocks of Maine and New Brunswick, Niagara is but a baby in force.

The friction of the tides, acting through eons of time, has slowed down the rotation of the earth, and tends still to slow it down. Its reaction has driven the moon away from the earth, and is still driving it away, with extreme slowness, but with irresistible power. Even the simple lifting up of the ocean, where the configuration of the shores does not produce bores and driving waves, represents an enormous store of energy which might be put to the service of man.

These facts have long been known; yet, how little use has been made of the knowledge. Of course there are tide-

mills and tide-motors, but compared with what might be they are as ineffective as the wabbling velocipede that preceded the modern bicycle, or the imitation wings of Lillienthal, which foretold the soaring aeroplane of the Wrights. The power of the tides is, in one respect, like the energy of the sunbeams—it is so broadly spread out that man finds it difficult to lay a controlling hand upon it.

The problem must be solved more or less indirectly. One method is to imprison the water at high tide in reservoirs, and then take advantage of the fall when the tide goes out. One inventor gets round the difficulty, on a small scale, by conducting the water from the rising tide into a reservoir in which are immersed, bottom up, a series of strong hogsheads, connected by flexible tubes with an air-cylinder. When the water rises in the hogsheads it compresses the air within, and drives it into the cylinder. This store of compressed air serves to actuate a motor, and the experimenter has found that the apparatus will work equally well on the recession of the tide, for then the air is drawn in the opposite direction.

Various other ways of storing the force of the tides have been tried, but the capital invention remains to be made. When it comes, it will probably be associated with the development of electric energy.

THE WAVES AND THE WINDS

The waves of the sea, without regard to tidal undulations, are also a possible source of energy. At Rimini, on the shore of the Adriatic, where there is no perceptible tide, an Italian inventor has recently installed an apparatus which utilizes the ceaseless motion of the waves to develop an electric current supplying light to a series of street-lamps.

Windmills, old as they are, are yet in their childhood, as far as possible development is concerned. Here is another inexhaustible store of energy, due partly to the sun and partly to the rotation of the earth. An English engineer has lately calculated that all the British light-houses, and many of the coast towns, could be economically lighted by energy derived from wind-motors. In England many private lighting-plants are run with electricity stored from wind-power. Experience there has shown that the mod-

ern wind-motor can be depended upon to work on the average eight hours out of every twenty-four. With an average wind velocity of fifteen miles per hour, a windmill, twenty-two feet in diameter, making thirty-six revolutions per minute, produces one horse-power of energy.

This is one of the sources of power on which engineers are counting when the earth's supplies of coal and oil shall have been exhausted. There are broad regions where the wind is practically constant in direction for months, and even throughout the year. In utilizing this energy we shall be, to a large extent, drawing upon the force of the same great fly-wheel that furnishes energy in the tides. Is there not something thrilling in the thought of man thus seizing with his puny hands the mighty forces generated by the spinning earth, and submitting them to his will?

SUGGESTIONS FROM ANOTHER PLANET

One thinks instinctively of the speculations in which some astronomers have indulged concerning the achievements of the inhabitants of Mars. The gigantic system of irrigation which Percival Lowell sees on our neighbor planet implies a mastery over natural forces almost infinitely greater than anything that we have attained. With the whole of its equatorial and temperate zones criss-crossed with intersecting lines and dotted with radial centers like a vast complication of spiders' webs, Mars certainly has an amazing mechanical look. Once grant that it possesses inhabitants, and it seems necessary to admit that those inhabitants are the princes of engineering.

The mysterious lines, with their innumerable foci, may indicate the results of the application of solar energy and wind-power on a scale of incredible magnitude. Tidal power, however, could not be utilized there, for Mars has no oceans. But pumps! If Lowell and Schiaparelli are right, Mars must be the world of pumps *par excellence*. It gets its supply of water for vegetation, these scientists say, from the annual melting of the polar snows. But only long trains of mighty pumps, and chains of conduits, could persuade the water equatorward. This is just the kind of work for the energy of the sunbeams to be tamed to do,

and Mars has the advantage of being practically cloudless.

It has also been suggested that the Martians have found out how to store up the summer heat for winter use, and how to conduct cold air from the polar regions to the hot latitudes; and that the telescopic markings which we see on the planet's surface may be the visible signs of a vast scheme of thermal engineering, as well as of irrigation. In imagining what the inhabitants of another world have done, we may be striking out lines of future achievement for ourselves.

A NEW AND MYSTERIOUS FORCE

But still more wonderful than anything that Mars can suggest to us is a store of hidden energy upon which science has stumbled within the past few years, and which some bold spirits think may yet be utilized. This is that inexplicable thing called intra-atomic energy. The palpable forces that we see in operation around us sink into absolute insignificance in its presence. It is the very quintessence of power. Not only is it inconceivably potent, but its origin is the greatest of mysteries.

"Turned commercially to account," said a French savant recently, "it is capable of turning upside down the productive activity of our old world."

The most familiar representative of this strange force is the element radium. It is a substance that is continually changing into something else; and the amount of energy that it gives out in the course of its dissolution is almost incredible. Professor Rutherford has calculated that a gram of radium yields forth during its "life" a billion calories—the equivalent, in other units, of between five and six million horse-power. The actual lifetime of radium is unknown, but after fifteen hundred years only half of the original mass would remain, and after ten thousand years only one per cent. A bit of radium keeps itself continually at a temperature several degrees above that of the surrounding air. This is a statement the full and marvelous significance of which can only be appreciated by a physicist.

The marvel becomes yet greater in face of the declaration that probably all substances are more or less radio-active; that

the whole material universe is packed with this resistless energy. Whence came all this force locked up in atoms? Nobody knows. Suppose that we could get at it, so as to utilize but a small part of it! This is a mere dream as yet, but it is a dream that has already charmed many able minds. "Every breath we draw," says one, "has within it, locked in the atoms, sufficient power to drive the workshops of the world. Man will tap this energy some day, somehow."

Of course, where the whole subject is still so mysterious, the mechanism by whose means the intra-atomic energy is to be utilized cannot even be suggested. Some roundabout course must be found; and when it is found, of what use, comparatively, will be all the other sources of energy which we now strive so desperately to master?

When that has been accomplished, we may believe that ships will navigate the

ocean without fuel for their engines; that freight-trains and passenger-trains will traverse the continents without locomotives, speeding on like living creatures of incredible swiftness; that aeroplanes, breathing energy from the element they move in, will flit and soar as freely as the butterflies and the birds; that mills and factories will hum with power drawn out of the vortices of the ether; that night will be illuminated by "light-without-heat," hitherto the secret of the firefly and the glow-worm; and that "wireless transmission of power," now the unrealized dream of enthusiasts, will seem the ineffective device of a primitive age.

Meanwhile, we must be content to grasp what is already within our reach—the solar energy, the power of the tides, the force of the winds—leaving, without envy, to some future generation the grand discovery that will make this old world new.

MEMORY

A RUINED wall, all smoked and charred,
A long-neglected weed-grown yard,
A path o'errun with tufts of grass,
A garden gone to seed, alas!

What comfort can there lie in this
To one who once hath tasted bliss?
What pleasure in that ruined scene
Where once all things were fresh and green?

Bring me from yonder garden-close
One tender lily and one rose,
And let their fragrance lure for me
The grateful scenes of memory.

A dwelling hid by trellised vine
Wherein once dwelt this heart of mine;
A spacious court, and leading thence
A pathway boxed with hedges dense,

Whereon in days of pride and pomp
My heart and I were used to romp,
Until within the garden we
First came upon life's mystery;

And while the moonbeams played about
In pranksome jest and merry rout,
And twinkling stars smiled from above
We learned the joyousness of love.

Such are the sweets these scenes disclose
Stirred by the lily and the rose—
Lost is all grim reality
In the embrace of memory!

John Kendrick Bangs

THE SCALPEL OF DAMOCLES

BY JOSEPH IVERS LAWRENCE

ONE evening, in the billiard-room at Manning's, the conversation turned on doctors and the science of medicine. The famous Dr. Vail, of New York, was a member of the party, but had little to say on either subject, save when some question was referred to him.

"Don't you think," said Harrison, "that undreamed-of crimes are hidden under the cloak of the medical profession?"

Dr. Vail smiled; the question was hardly a new one.

"A doctor is human, like a clergyman," Harrison went on. "Do you suppose his profession can always stand above his worldly desires and ambitions?"

Vail smiled again.

"Between the professional and the private life of the average physician there is a barrier like the wall of China," he said. "Whatever his ambitions and petty aims may be, they are laid aside when he is sitting in his consulting-room or making his rounds. If you would care to hear of a case in point, I will tell you of a strange and melancholy experience of mine which I have never told before."

He threw away his cigar, although it was not half consumed, and in a voice which already showed signs of emotion he told the story that follows.

II

Two of my classmates, Sam Murchison and Arthur Gray, were devoted enemies from the time when they met as freshmen at medical school. They were the two brightest students in the class, and each seemed to live in order to outdo the other in argument and performance. They were roommates, and were inseparable, but each seemed loath to trust the other out of his sight, and they went

about together like two wily, suspicious wolves.

One would gleefully fasten some humiliating joke upon the other, and the ensuing battle of repartee would be fast and furious. The vanquished combatant would smile with drawn lips and a glint in his eye that foretold future encounters. I believe there was never anything but cordial hatred for each other in their hearts.

When they were graduated, Murchison took first honors, but Gray retaliated by winning the first appointment to the hospital attached to the college. Murchison accepted the second appointment, and Gray, as the ranking interne, made a perfect dog of him.

I was fond of both men. Away from each other's influence, both were lovable and attractive above the average. Gray was handsome, brilliant, and erratic, and had that easy and fascinating carelessness of the strict laws of morality which distinguishes the novelist's typical "man of the world." Murchison, on the other hand, possessed what Gray called a "hypertrophied conscience."

I deplored their strange attitude toward each other, and looked forward eagerly to the day when their private practises should separate them; but Fate is inexorable when she sets her mind upon a special object, and I suppose it was the most natural thing in the world that the two rivals opened a joint office. They prospered to a conspicuous degree, and were associated in some celebrated cases, but there was no relaxation in their mutual enmity. It was the joke of the year when they took opposite sides in a deeply involved and bitter controversy in the columns of the medical journals, but they remained successful colleagues.

About three years after graduation Murchison married Laura Washburn,

and a new phase of the comedy began. Laura was pretty and accomplished, and under ordinary conditions might have been a good wife to Murchison; but she came—a weak-natured, flighty vixen—as if sent by the Evil One to hasten the destruction of two lost souls.

Murchison seemed to accept it as entirely logical that Gray should vie with him for her favor, and their wits were whetted to greater keenness. A stranger sitting at their dinner-table would have declared it a feast of humor and goodwill, but I have sat there in a cold sweat, harkening to the rumbling of the volcano and speculating as to the coming dénouement.

The crash came without warning. One day I picked up my paper and read that Gray and Laura had gone away together to Europe. I was shocked, but hardly surprised. I hastened to Murchison's house and asked to see him, as a near friend. He welcomed me affectionately and talked freely, not as a man who is broken, but as one who loses a game. His lips were held tighter, and the lines around his mouth were perceptibly deeper.

"Curse him, Harry!" he said. "I thought he would play fair, but he has done me. I have played a clean hand with him, but he has cheated. If I ever see him again, I'll kill him!"

After the initial shock had passed, and the maddening nine-days' wonder was over, I had several talks with Murchison. I appealed to his better judgment, and tried to show him that he was well rid of the pair, but his attitude did not change. He had decreed the death of Gray as coldly as a justice upon the bench.

After a year or more we heard that Gray and Laura had separated in Paris, and shortly after that we heard of Laura's death.

"Maybe he'll come back now," said Murchison grimly, "to play another hand with me!"

Gray came back, and Murchison began quietly adjusting his affairs, as if about to start on a long journey. Hearing that Gray was in Philadelphia, I went there to beg him to leave the country immediately, in order to avoid the imminent catastrophe, although I

felt grave fears that my solicitude would only have the result of precipitating the affair.

Gray laughed heartily, as I had expected, and I believe he almost enjoyed the prospect of a tragedy.

"I was going out to buy a hat this morning," he said dryly, "but it seems that I had better buy a gun and some ammunition!"

When he nonchalantly dropped the grave subject of my concern, and proposed that we should go up near the Canadian line for a week's shooting, I welcomed the idea. To get several hundred miles of railroad and a belt of primeval forest between him and Murchison was a relief in itself. So we made the long northward journey, and I took care that Murchison should hear nothing of our going.

We fished and hunted and smoked and talked, and it was like old times and college days. Not for many years had Gray seemed in such good spirits. Once or twice he spoke casually of Murchison in relation to some college prank, and we both almost forgot the dark cloud on the horizon.

When our holiday was about half over, I arranged with the guides to go up the lakes for about fifty miles to look for moose. Gray demurred, and said he felt more like resting where he was; but my hunting blood was up, and it was at last agreed that I should go off for three days while he remained in camp.

Pierre, my guide, and I had killed a bull moose and were gloating over it when the messenger found our bivouac. The letter he brought me read:

DEAR HARRY:

I am sick, and I believe I have appendicitis. I am going over to Fort Frayne at once to look for a doctor. Come and look me up there if you can.

ARTHUR GRAY.

We got out the canoe and paddled all day and all night. At Millstown I hired a buckboard and drove to Fort Frayne, arriving there about ten o'clock in the morning. I went at once to the village apothecary, and asked him if he had heard anything of Gray. The man knew all about him; he was at Dr. Frisbie's

house, and it was hoped that an operation might save him, although much time had been lost, and—as the apothecary put it, wagging his head—“he was a very sick man.” Yes, Dr. Frisbie was a surgeon, and had been going to operate, but it was discovered that a noted New York surgeon was staying at the inn, and Dr. Frisbie had asked him to do the job.

So inevitable are the processes of fate that one seems to anticipate and sense them by a strange telepathy. When that rustic apothecary uttered the words, “a noted New York surgeon,” an icy shudder passed over me, and I knew who the surgeon was. I hurried to the house of the country physician, and sent in my card.

“Tell Dr. Frisbie that I am a friend of Dr. Gray, and would like to see him,” I said to the maid servant.

She returned presently and told me that the operation was in progress, but the doctors would be glad to have my assistance.

In through the poorly furnished house I went, and into a mockery of an operating-room. In the doctor's office, with its roll-top desk covered with vials of pills and drummers' samples, and its galvanic battery, anatomical charts, and other abominations calculated to impress the rural mind, was the old-fashioned adjustable oak table, covered with a rubber sheet. On this lay the shrouded form of the anesthetized patient, Arthur Gray.

At the patient's head sat Dr. Frisbie, with the light of realized ambition in his eyes, holding the cone upon the face and glancing with anxiety at the oxygen-tank twice every minute. Perhaps the poor little half-starved disciple of Æsculapius had not seen an operation of the magnitude of an appendectomy since his college days.

The old, musty office reeked with that noisome *potpourri* of iodoform, carbolic acid, and what not, but over all floated the sickening, pungent vapor of ether, giving me that deathly, sinking sensation which went far in my college days toward making me a general practitioner instead of a surgeon. Bustling nervously about the room was a stout, middle-aged nurse, dressed like a cook, but wear-

ing an expression of religious devotion upon her countenance. Probably the good creature's previous experience had been chiefly in houses of maternity, and on the scene of a major operation, under the eye of a great surgeon, she quailed miserably.

Ah, how I delay the telling of it! At the right side of the patient stood Samuel Murchison. As I stepped into the room he looked at me steadily, and spoke as calmly as ever.

“Dr. Vail,” he said, “Dr. Frisbie has decided that only a prompt operation can save the life of Dr. Gray. He has asked me to operate, and I am now about to make the incision.”

I bowed to Frisbie and looked again at Murchison, peering into his eyes. He was the cool and dispassionate surgeon; I could detect no shadow of ulterior design in his face or manner. The nurse exposed the abdomen of the patient and sterilized the surface, under the direction of the operator. He took a bright scalpel from a tray, and quickly presented its edge to the flesh of his enemy at McBurney's point. The blade seemed almost to recoil, and his face became ghastly. His eyes flew to mine, and as our glances met he looked down again, and, with a stiffening of his whole frame, leaned forward and made the incision quickly and cleanly. As the blood flowed from the wound he grew whiter, and I thought he would faint.

“I never let my nerves run away like this before,” he said apologetically to the nurse. “I've been working too hard of late.”

After that he set to work feverishly. One after another he seized each artery forceps, and nipped off the vessels that were pouring out the life-blood of the object of his cherished hate. As he tied the arteries, his hands shook, and he fumbled the ligatures clumsily, but he was too consummate an artist to blunder. He separated the muscle fibers delicately with the blunt handle of the scalpel, until the glistening peritoneum was exposed; this he picked up with forceps and deftly snipped with scissors.

Frisbie was spellbound, and I well-nigh forgot the tragedy of the situation in my admiration of the display of technique. For the moment, the artist was

at his easel, and no personal emotion could mar the canvas. His hands no longer trembled perceptibly, and some color had returned to his face. With his finger he raised the appendix, gorged and gangrenous; he ligated it, excised it, and quickly seared the edges with the actual cautery.

As he began the retrograde process back toward the surface, his agitation seemed to return. The critical phases of the operation were over, and his mind was back again to the man under the sheet; but he did not look up, and he worked with the same precision. The stertorous breathing of the patient plainly annoyed him, and presently he turned to Frisbie and warned him that the blood was becoming darker in color, and that more oxygen must be given.

Once again he turned toward the country doctor, and asked him if he was carefully following the patient's pulse. Frisbie was a bit nettled by the question, and assured him that the patient was doing satisfactorily.

The wound was soon closed, and the tiny clamps, which Murchison preferred to sutures, were deftly applied. The dressing comes as a sort of benediction, proclaiming an end to the stress of the operation, and Murchison seemed to feel some relief. He looked at me across the body of Gray, and there was a question in his look. I nodded solemnly to him in commendation of his victory; I knew that I had been a witness of one of the greatest battles a soul ever fought with itself.

Frisbie no longer held the cone over the patient's face, but sat awaiting orders. Suddenly he dropped the cone and the oxygen-tube, and turned to Murchison in terror.

"Doctor," he gasped weakly, "he has stopped breathing!"

"My God!" cried Murchison, and

seized the wrist of the patient, feeling for the pulse.

The lips and face were cyanotic, and the eyes were glassy; no sign of breath or heart-beat could be discovered.

Then we three poor, helpless wretches went to work. We pumped oxygen into the lungs and strychnia into the blood, and we tried every known process of reflex shock and artificial respiration. We were all more or less panic-stricken and hysterical. In our hearts we knew the truth, but none of us would admit it until the old nurse said in her shrill voice:

"Dear me! The poor gentleman is dead!"

Frisbie tore around like a frantic woman. Murchison sank limply into a chair. I went over to him, put my arm over his shoulders, and took one of his hands.

"It can't be helped, old fellow," I said. "You did your best for him."

He pressed my hand very slightly and leaned heavily against me; then he let go my hand, and his head fell farther forward.

I loosened his clothing and felt his pulse. The heart action was hardly perceptible, but there was a dull beat like the hate which had throbbed in his brain until Nemesis had relieved him of her trust. Regaining some of that artificial composure which is a part of the business of our profession, I directed Frisbie and the nurse to prepare a bed for Murchison, so that we might properly attend him.

"Good Heavens, doctor, does he take it so hard?" said Frisbie.

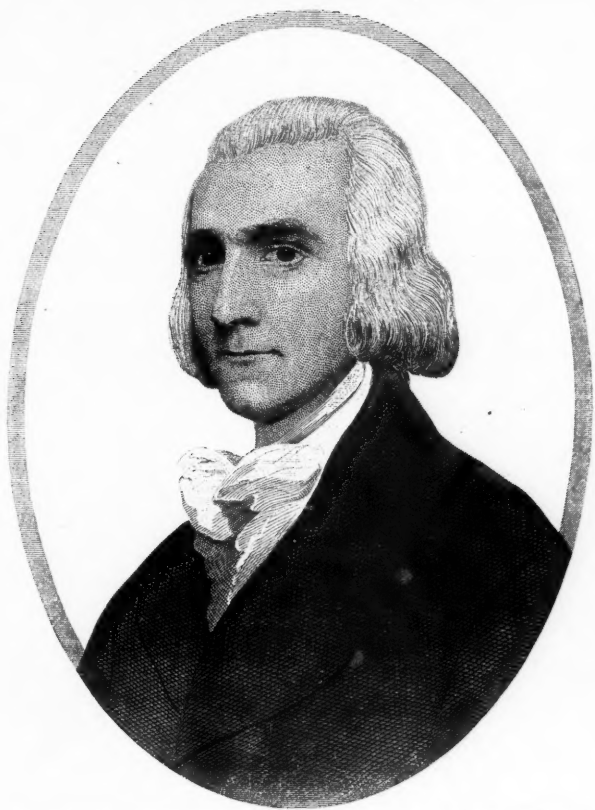
My head was bowed, and my mind ran back over the brief but turbulent history of the two before me—the broken man and the lifeless bit of clay. Without looking up, I said simply:

"They were chums at college."

A JUNE MOONRISE

ETHEREAL and mystical and cool,
Between the hills the sky was like a pool;
And to the hidden thrush's rapture-tune
Blossomed therein, to glorify the June,
Night's immemorial lotus-flower, the moon!

Clinton Scollard



JOHN JACOB ASTOR, FIRST OF THE NAME, WHO WAS THE RICHEST
MAN IN AMERICA WHEN HE DIED IN 1848

From an engraving by George E. Perine after the painting by Gilbert Stuart

THE PROGRESS IN THE MILLIONAIRE BUSINESS IN AMERICA

BY MORRIS BACHELLER

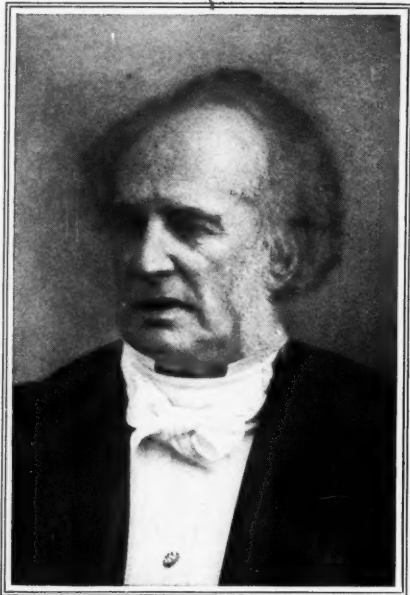
DURING the entire colonial period of American history, our annals do not show us a single millionaire. More than this, when we look back upon that time, we find that practically there was no actual money in circulation outside of the chief cities. Even there, the coinage which men handled was not money minted in America, but a strange medley of pieces—most of

it copper, some of it silver, and a very little of it gold.

Down to the time of American independence almost every sort of traffic was carried on by an exchange of various commodities. Thus, throughout the greater part of Pennsylvania, the standard of value was a gallon of rye whisky, which was taken everywhere as equivalent to a silver shilling. In Vermont,

the standard was a bushel of wheat. In Massachusetts, leaden bullets passed as farthings. In Virginia and Maryland, tobacco—made into cakes or packets—was the circulating medium. Patrick Henry won his first laurels as an orator in a case which involved the depreciation of this tobacco currency. In some rural districts a pail of milk was the monetary unit. From all this it can be seen how primitive and crude were the financial transactions of a hundred and fifty years ago.

Such money as circulated was either English or more remotely foreign. The French sou and the English penny and halfpenny were the coins most often seen; but there were also "fips," "pistareens," "bits," "joes" and "half-joes," "pistolet," "carolins," "doubloons," "chequins," and "moidores." The very names of many of these coins are now absolutely unknown to the average American; and yet the coins themselves passed current as lately as the beginning of the Civil War in 1861. American traders who pierced the forests of the West, and touched hands with the Spanish settlers in Louisiana and



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT (1794-1877), WHO
AMASSED A FORTUNE ESTIMATED AT
NINETY MILLION DOLLARS

Mexico, brought back with them the Spanish milled dollar, which became perhaps the most popular of all the coins in circulation.

Yet how little money there actually was became apparent when an American ship from New England was despatched direct to China for silks and tea. The profits of the voyage were such that other ships were soon sent around the Horn, in the same venturesome spirit of commercial enterprise. But here arose an unexpected difficulty. The Chinese would not sell their teas and silks for any goods which New England then produced. They wanted actual money—gold or silver; and sufficient cash could not be got together. The only thing which the Chinese would accept in lieu of coin was furs. So the New England merchants sent their vessels first to the Northwestern coast, on the Pacific, where their men bartered copper and blankets and knives with the Indians in return for pelts; and with these their ships sailed on to China, to barter the furs for the products of the tea-planter and the silk-grower.

So it happened that the first American



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT (1821-1885), WHO
DOUBLED THE FORTUNE LEFT TO HIM
BY HIS FATHER

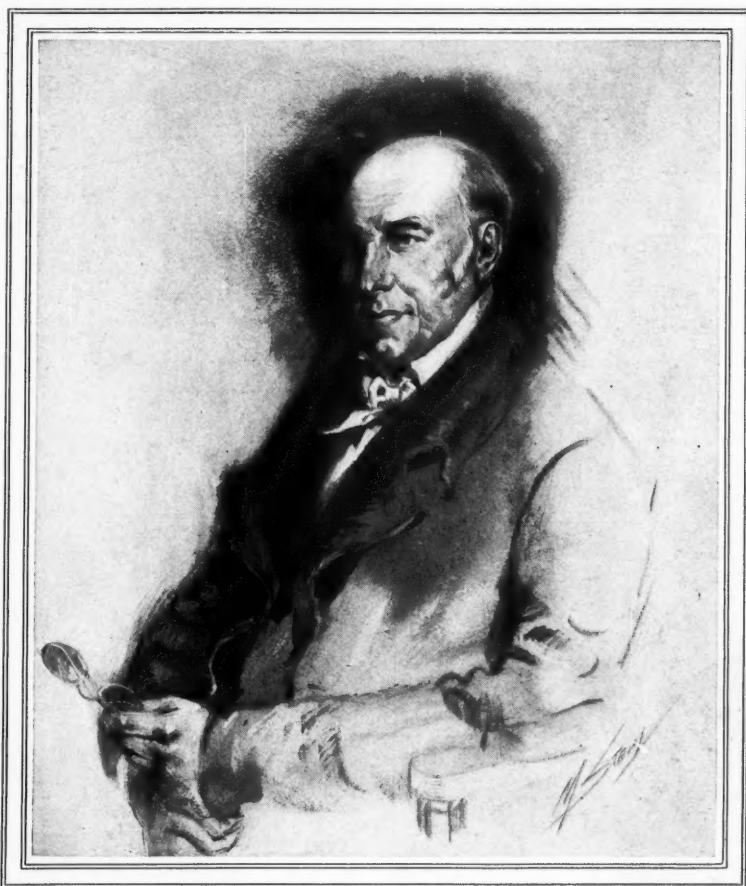
to carry his country's flag around the world was Robert Gray, who entered Boston Harbor in 1790 in a little brig, the *Columbia*, crowded to the hatchways with boxes of the precious tea.

Still, while millionaires had not yet arisen in the United States, with comparatively little coined money in exist-

essor the instant power of doing what he chooses.

THE WEALTH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

It has been said that Washington was the first American millionaire. In a sense this may be true. Before the Revolution, and while Washington was a



STEPHEN GIRARD, THE PHILADELPHIA MERCHANT AND BANKER, WHO WAS PROBABLY THE FIRST AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE

Drawn by M. Stein after the painting by Otis

ence, with bank-bills which had only a local circulation, and of which no one knew the actual value, and with a general system of barter, a man might be fairly well off in land and flocks and herds and slaves. He could, however, not be a master of money—that swift, effective agent which gives to its pos-

civil engineer, he had noted the most fertile tracts of land along the Ohio River, and from time to time he had purchased these at the purely nominal price at which public land was then disposed of. He had also married Mrs. Custis, who was a woman of some means, and his estate at Mount Vernon was a



HENRY C. FRICK, A COKE, STEEL, AND RAIL-ROAD MILLIONAIRE

From a photograph by Dabbs, Pittsburgh

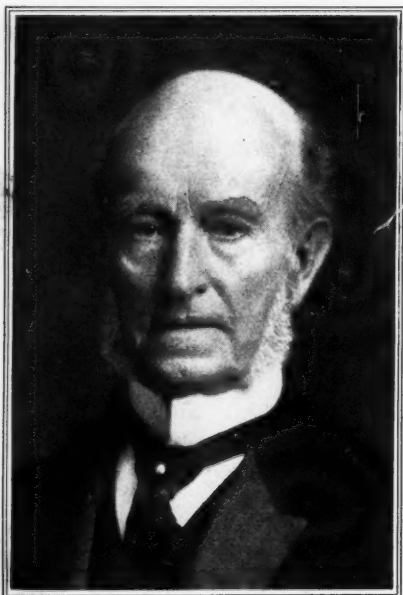


WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER, ONE OF THE STANDARD OIL MILLIONAIRES

From a photograph by Gessford, New York

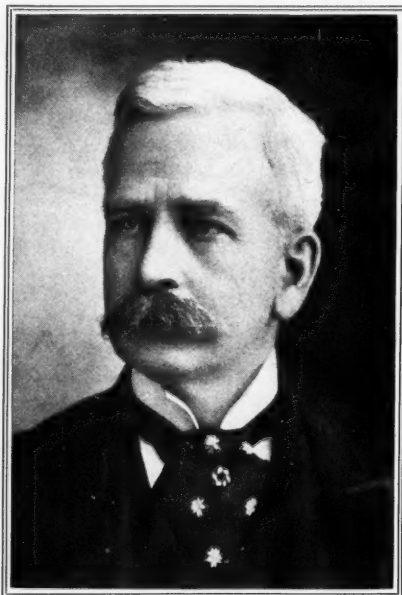
fine one. But his possessions, while they represented money, were not actually money, and he could not have turned

them into money even had he tried to do so. Often, in fact, he was what is called "land poor," and he had many



DARIUS O. MILLS, OF SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK, MERCHANT AND BANKER

From a copyrighted photograph by Pack, New York



MARSHALL FIELD, OF CHICAGO, THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN MERCHANTS

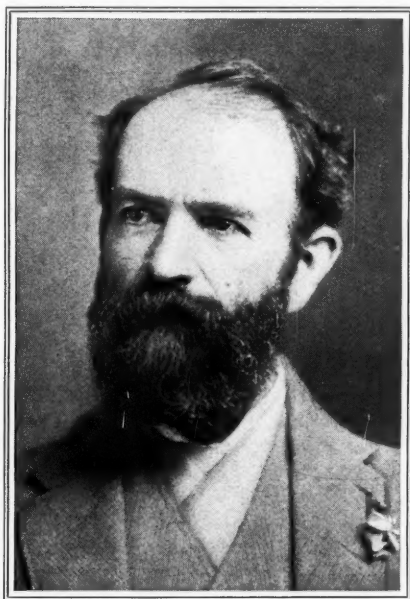
From a photograph by Gessford, New York

moments of financial anxiety immediately after the Revolution.

America, at that time, was passing through a sort of patriarchal period. It had not yet reached, or even grasped at, the conception of commercial greatness. The country, in fact, was made up of an unrelated mass of small communities, having little in common, and with no easy means of intercommunication.

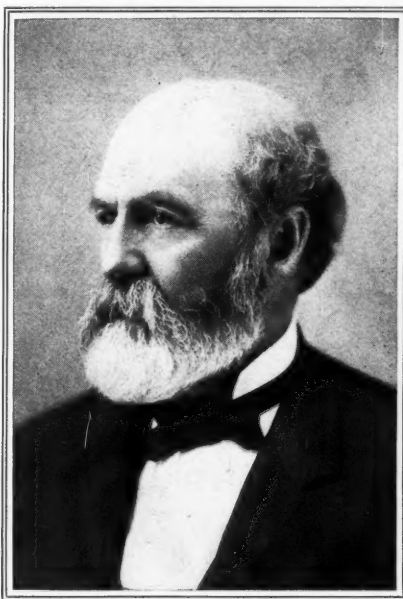
Everything was on a small scale.

Those early days, therefore, when actual money was very scarce, and when business was carried on in a primitive way, were a time of scraping and saving and making both ends meet with the utmost difficulty. And, as individuals scraped and saved, so did the government of the United States. Scraping and saving have their advantages. Under President Jackson, in 1836, the national debt was entirely extinguished, and the



JAY GOULD, WHOSE GREAT FORTUNE CAME FROM RAILROADS AND FROM SPECULATION

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York



COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, PIONEER BUILDER OF TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROADS

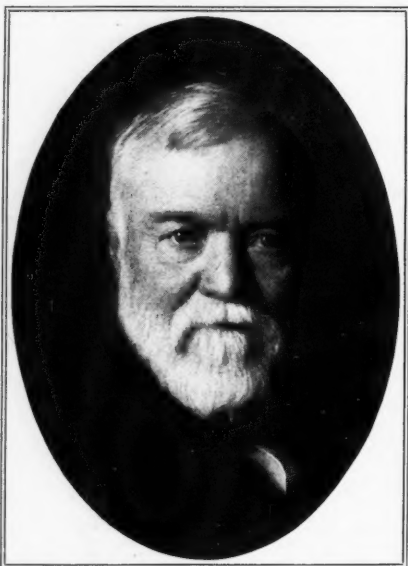
From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco

The national debt seemed colossal to the American people. It was doubted whether even the interest on it could be paid. In 1786 this "colossal debt" amounted to forty-two million dollars. In the last five years, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given more money to education than would have extinguished this indebtedness of 1786; and he could very easily pay the interest on it without cutting into his principal or appreciably curtailing his annual expenses. From 1786 until 1862 there never was a year when the nation's debt could not have been swept away by a stroke of Mr. Rockefeller's pen, had he then been living and possessed of his present fortune.

Treasury showed a surplus of more than five million dollars—a sum which was distributed among the several States by an act of Congress, nominally as a loan. Even the hard times which followed left the public debt at figures ranging from thirty-seven thousand dollars to thirteen million dollars—the latter being to-day only a moderate fortune for a king of high finance.

THE EARLIEST AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE

Who, then, was the first American millionaire, when we use the word in its modern sense? Probably Stephen Girard, the famous Franco-American of Philadelphia. His father had been a



ANDREW CARNEGIE, THE GREATEST OF THE
STEEL MILLIONAIRES

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York

sea-captain, and Girard himself, in early youth, commanded a ship which he partly owned. He was the first to see that money was to be made, not only by saving and scraping in a small community, but by the interchange of products between the United States and foreign countries. Therefore, his ship plied back and forth successfully between the West Indies and Philadelphia; and every cargo meant a profit, since in the West Indies he received cash value for what he had obtained through barter in the United States.

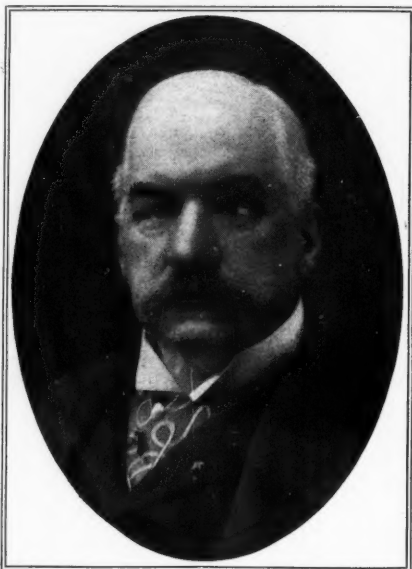
In 1810, when he was sixty years of age, Girard took to banking; and he carried on the operations of his bank with extraordinary shrewdness. In 1814, when the government was practically bankrupt because of its war with England, he subscribed for the whole of a bond-issue of five million dollars. The quick revival of prosperity after the war had ended showed that his confidence in his country's credit was not only patriotic, but profitable. At his death, in 1830, he left a fortune of nine million dollars, of which Girard College, in Philadelphia, is to-day a monument. It is a monument also to his eccentricities, since

no clergyman is permitted even to enter its beautiful premises.

THE FOUNDER OF THE ASTORS

Following the rise of Girard came the first John Jacob Astor, the story of whose enterprise has been told so charmingly by Washington Irving in "Astoria." Astor, as is well known, derived a hint from the Boston fur-trade in the far Northwest. From 1783 to 1789 he acquired what was then the immense fortune of two hundred thousand dollars. With this money as a lever, he set in motion much greater enterprises. His trading stations dotted the Northwest. His ships were found on every sea. Most of all, he developed the trade with China; and though the War of 1812 caused him serious losses, he later recouped them, and when he died, in 1848, he was the richest man in all America, having no less than thirty million dollars.

John Jacob Astor was one of the few early millionaires who, like Mr. Carnegie, retired from active business so as to enjoy his money. But, unlike Mr. Carnegie, his enjoyment came not from giving, but from possessing. James Par-ton has written an interesting account of



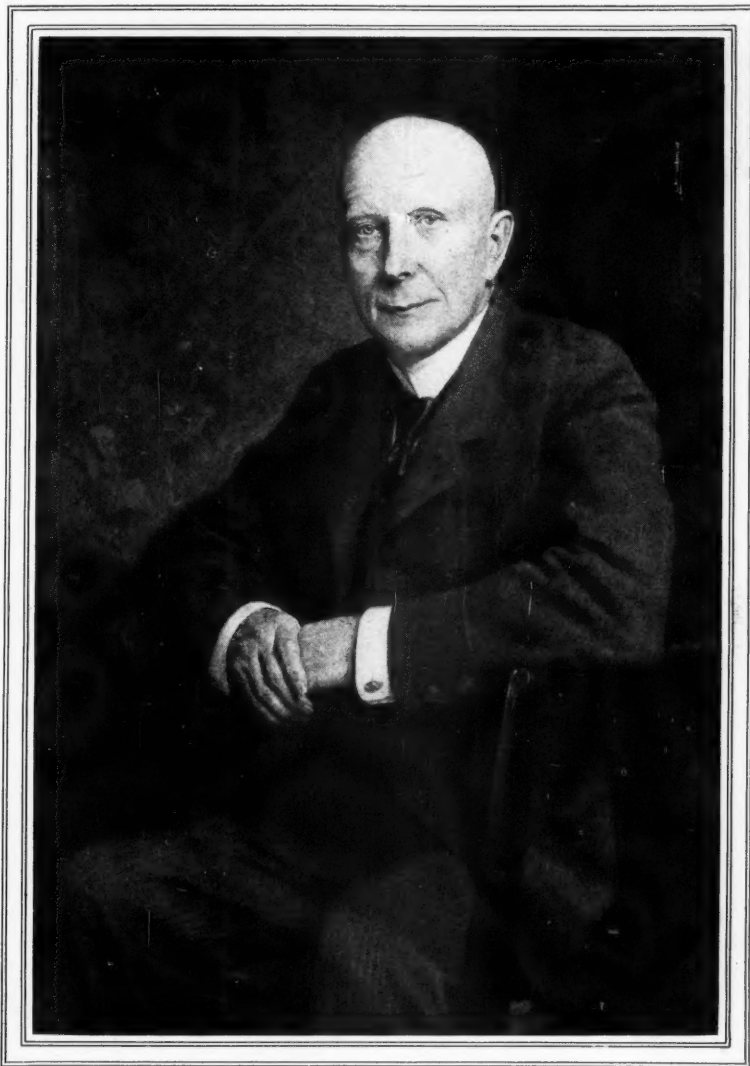
J. PIERPONT MORGAN, THE MOST FAMOUS OF
AMERICAN FINANCIERS

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York

Astor's miser-like habits when he was eighty years of age:

He was still as sparing in his personal expenditures, as close in his bargains, as

Bible. He scanned it fondly, and saw with quiet but deep delight the catalogue of his property lengthening from month to month. The love of accumulation grew with his years until it ruled him like a tyrant. If at

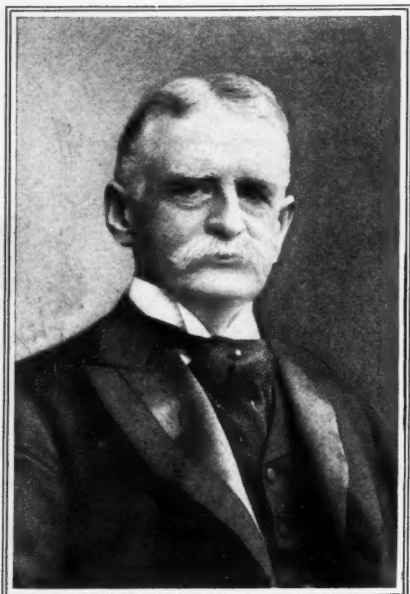


JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, GREATEST OF THE OIL MILLIONAIRES, AND RATED AS THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD

From the portrait by Arthur de Ferraris

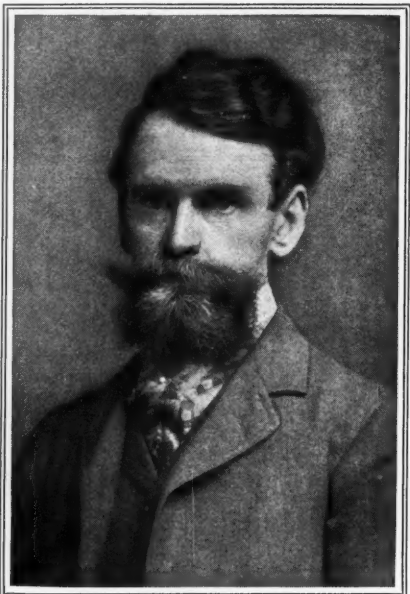
watchful over his accumulations, as he had been when economy was essential to his solvency and progress. He enjoyed keenly the consciousness, the feeling, of being rich. The roll-book of his possessions was his

fifty he possessed his millions, at sixty-five his millions possessed him. Only to his own children and to their children was he liberal; and his liberality to them was all arranged with a view to keeping his estate in the fam-



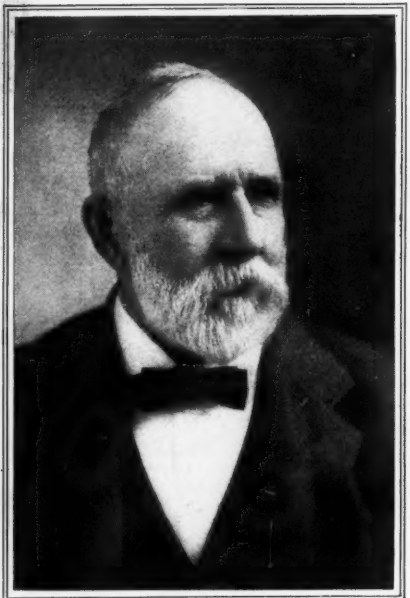
HENRY H. ROGERS, OIL MILLIONAIRE, AND
OWNER OF LARGE RAILROAD AND
INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS

From a photograph by Dufont, New York



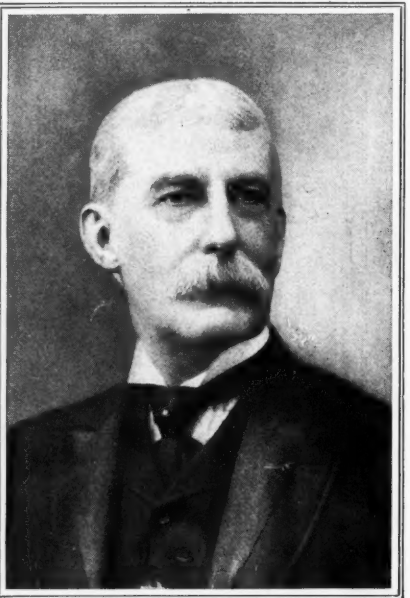
WILLIAM A. CLARK, WHOSE MILLIONS CAME
CHIEFLY FROM HIS COPPER-MINES IN
MONTANA AND ARIZONA

From a photograph by Gessford, New York



FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER, LUMBER MER-
CHANT, AND OWNER OF ENORMOUS
WEALTH IN TIMBER LANDS

From a photograph



HENRY M. FLAGLER, OIL MILLIONAIRE, AND
OWNER OF RAILROADS AND HOTELS
IN FLORIDA

From a photograph by Pach, New York

ily, and to cause it at every moment to tend toward a final consolidation in one enormous mass.

When he died, however, he left to New York the Astor Library. And there were times and seasons, even in his old age, when he could be wheedled into liberality. Thus, when Henry Clay was a candidate for the Presidency, a committee went to Mr. Astor for a campaign contribution. Astor was a partizan of Clay, but he was adverse to giving any money.

"I am not interested in such things," said he. "I am an old man now. It makes no difference to me what the government does. I don't make money any more, and so I haven't any interest in the matter."

One of the committee replied:

"Oh, Mr. Astor, you are like Alexander, who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. You have made all the money there is, and now there is no more money to make."

The millionaire's dim eyes gleamed a little at the compliment.

"That's very good!" said he. "Well, well, I'll give you something."

And he drew his check for fifteen hundred dollars—the last gift that he ever made.

Then there was Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia, who became a millionaire through banking and through commerce, but whom Andrew Jackson drove out of the United States Bank because he thought "Nick Biddle," as he called him, was a money shark. And there was also Abbott Lawrence, of Massachusetts, who, like Astor, became a millionaire through the China trade. But these men, and the very few who partly equaled their success, were rare exceptions. Down to the opening of the Civil War, America had seen perhaps no more than eight or ten millionaires in the seventy years of its existence as a republic.

Men were regarded as well off if they had fifty thousand dollars. They were considered rich if they had a hundred thousand. They were great financial magnates if their fortunes mounted up to half a million. And yet the country was prosperous in its way. It hummed with business activity. The very name of "Yankee" came to have a special

meaning all over the world as connoting shrewdness, a quick eye for gain, and an aptitude for reaping profit from every venture.

THE SLOW GROWTH OF WEALTH

Why, then, were there not more millionaires? The chief reason is to be found in two facts. One reason was the lack of rapid transportation, and the other was the circumstance that the great natural riches of the country were only dimly known—much less were they exploited.

Americans of the ante-bellum period were something like the Boers and the Kafirs who dwelt in the gold and diamond districts of South Africa before the English came. All about them lay uncounted treasure, yet they did not know it. The children threw rough diamonds at one another, thinking them to be only cobblestones. The men kicked nuggets of gold out of their way without the slightest comprehension of what they were. They were sharp traders in horses and cattle. Every one of them was what they called *slim*; yet they lived on, in their huts with earthen floors, smoking their pipes, and never dreaming that directly within their grasp was the secret of the mighty power which moves the modern world.

And so it was in the United States down to the end of the Civil War. Little by little, facilities for transportation were increased. First there came the introduction of the steamboat, until these vessels were plying upon all the great navigable rivers. Then, in 1825, the Erie Canal was pushed through an almost uninhabited wilderness, at a cost of seven million dollars, and because of the persistence and far-seeing wisdom of De Witt Clinton. Its construction was justified at once by the springing up of hamlets and villages and towns along its course. American canal-building went on eagerly for twelve more years, and to-day our canal system extends for some five thousand miles, connecting waters that once were wholly separated and making transportation cheaper. Finally came the railways, and these pushed their iron tentacles farther and farther out in every direction.

But at first there was no great profit

to be reaped from all these enterprises, because the hidden wealth that lay beneath the soil had not been touched. For a long time the transportation of passengers and a moderate amount of freight yielded small returns; and the men who owned the railways had a long and bitter struggle before their roads could be made to pay. This should be remembered when we hear the indiscriminate denunciation that is heaped upon the managers and owners of railroads in these latter days. In a large sense they have only been taking some portion of the profit that was earned many years ago, when they fought on almost against hope to retain their charters and to save their properties.

The development of our mineral wealth came rather early, and yet the importance of it was not appreciated all at once. Thus the great beds of anthracite coal, which seam whole regions in Pennsylvania, were discovered in 1791 by a hunter who, one dark and rainy night, stumbled down the mountainside at what is now Mauch Chunk and found beside him what appeared to be a huge black stone. A mining company was formed at once. But wood was cheap, there were no adequate means of marketing the coal, and many decades passed before this source of wealth was first exploited on anything like a large scale. It was the growing network of the railways, the panting, flaring, river steamboats, and the broad canals, which finally linked section to section and gave to each what all the rest produced.

Still, when the Civil War had ended, in spite of the money that had been lavished at the rate of a million dollars a day, there were still not so many men who had amassed anything like great wealth. Stephen Girard, the Astors, Nicholas Biddle, Abbott Lawrence, and A. T. Stewart had been among the first. In 1865 Cornelius Vanderbilt, first of the name, had just obtained control of the Hudson River Railroad. He had accumulated some ten million dollars through his steamship lines, and he now grasped the possibilities of railway development and consolidation, which enabled him to build up a fortune estimated at about ninety millions.

Johns Hopkins was another million-

aire of the early period; and he, like the elder Vanderbilt, appreciated the importance of the railway system, for his millions were largely won through his skilful management of the Baltimore and Ohio line. Daniel Drew, who in 1850 was the partner of Cornelius Vanderbilt in railroading, and who dealt largely in railroad shares, was still another of these pioneers of wealth. In the sixties his fortune was estimated at fifteen million dollars; but he died poor. Jay Gould, the elder, had saved his profits made in the tanning business and watched keenly the development of railroad enterprise. After the great panic of 1857 he bought the stock of a Vermont road at the rate of ten cents on the dollar. He became the president, treasurer, and general manager of it, and two years later disposed of his holdings at twenty points above par.

A MARVELOUS ERA OF EXPANSION

The men who have been named are almost the only ones who were conspicuously rich at the time of the Civil War. Following upon that epoch, however, came an immense expansion in every direction. The nation now extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The shock of war had, as it were, dashed to pieces the old-time timidity and conservatism. Men went out into the West and the Northwest to wring great treasures from the earth. The shoddy fortunes accumulated from army contracts between 1860 and 1865 were for the most part speedily dispersed; but the new type of American strode forth a conqueror, ambitious and unafraid.

The oil-wells, which began to spout in Pennsylvania and Ohio, founded the wealth of the Rockefellers, of the Flaglers, and of Mr. H. H. Rogers. The silver-mines of Nevada yielded great fortunes to the Mackays, to Flood and Fair and Sharon. California, with its gold, made more millions. The linking of the East and West by one continuous line of railway enriched the Huntingtons, the Stanfords, and the Crockers.

Since 1880 it has seemed as if the United States were a great treasure-house which any one could rifle if only he possessed the necessary brains and courage. Out of the flaming furnaces at

Pittsburgh came the Carnegie fortune of three hundred millions. Out of the copper-mines of the Northwest and the Southwest Senator Clark drew one hundred millions. Railway kings arose, with James J. Hill as the foremost of them. The skilful development of the public lands and of their lumber developed into the wealth possessed by Frederick Weyerhaeuser, of St. Paul, whose associates and partners control with him millions of acres in Wisconsin and Oregon and Washington, so that he is the rival of Mr. Rockefeller himself in his command of wealth.

All this may be described, perhaps, as the history of progress in the millionaire business of America. For it has become almost a native industry, this development of millionaires. The natural riches of the country have been the greatest factor in their evolution; and yet ideas and constructive genius play almost as great a part. Far back in the sixties the so-called "dollar store" made a fortune for the men who thought of it. A still greater fortune, probably, has been made by Mr. F. W. Woolworth, who developed the same scheme into the five-and-ten-cent store, with which we are to-day familiar.

The wealth of the late Marshall Field, of Chicago, like that of Mr. John Wanamaker, was earned by the application of hard business sense to the conduct of a great department-store. Another individual, O. C. Barber, by the ingenious use of labor-saving machinery, placed himself at the head of the match industry in America.

There are many who, without being wholly railroad men, or wholly bankers, or indeed representatives of any one particular industry, stand, nevertheless, in the very forefront of this new development. Such are J. Pierpont Morgan and E. H. Harriman, who might, to be sure, have made fortunes had they confined themselves wholly to the management of railways. But they have done more than this. They have used their brains and their profound sagacity in blending one occupation with another. They may be called the masters of those who are themselves the masters of money. Their power is almost greater than the power which comes from wealth alone.

Men look to them in any crisis for advice, for help, for an indication of what is best to do.

THE OUTCRY AGAINST WEALTH

How many of these men there are, no one can say. A recent estimate declares that the United States has eighteen thousand millionaires; and it is probable that this estimate is not far wrong. Nor should one hold that their existence is an evil. There has never been a time when there have not been "muck-rakers" to assert that the country is going to the dogs. It was as far back as 1803 that Fisher Ames, the brilliant orator of New England, said that the United States had become "too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, too democratic for liberty." And five years later he cried out from the depths of his heart: "Our days are made heavy with the pressure of anxiety, and our nights restless with visions of horror. We listen to the clank of chains and overhear the whispers of assassins. We mark the barbarous dissonance of mingled rage and triumph in the yell of an infuriated mob."

In 1829, an association of working men put forth a manifesto, in which they said that "the hereditary transmission of wealth is a prime source of all our calamities." In 1832 there arose an anti-monopolist party which attacked with bitterness the "evils of corporations" and the "dangers of the feudal system."

The wildest utterances of Senator Davis, of Arkansas, or of Mr. Debs, can be paralleled from these speeches and resolutions which were put forth eighty or ninety years ago, when there were no millionaires worth mentioning, when there were very few rich men, and when the population of the country was homogeneous and mainly of English stock. So, though Mr. Bryce has said that "once there were no great fortunes in America, few large fortunes, and no poverty; while now there is some poverty, many large fortunes, and a greater number of gigantic fortunes than in any other country in the world"—why should any one anticipate social disorder and an era of oppression?

Always there is the same cry from those who are discontented. Always there are some wrongs on the part of

those who have succeeded. But he would be a hopeless pessimist who should find deep-seated reasons for distress in the fact that brain and enterprise and courage and toil receive to-day a reward far greater than in the past.

The growth of mighty fortunes has merely kept pace with the growth of the whole nation's wealth. Relatively, there is no difference between the year 1909 and the year 1809. Our social structure has simply been adapted to a different scale. The rich man to-day is richer than his predecessors; but the poor man has more comfort, more opportunity, and a better chance to rise than had the poor man in the past. Millionaires have

sprung up by the score in every great city of the land; but it is also true that their advancement has been no more rapid than the advancement of the entire people.

To-day the American nation stands at the head of all the world not only in its wealth, but in what wealth has to give—in educational advantages, in devotion to the arts and sciences, in the fresh appreciation of what makes life more graceful, more joyous, and more worth the living. The golden wand which has touched it is casting about it a glamour of beauty. It is only such as are blinded to these things who to-day despair of the republic.

THE MAN THAT QUIT

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "THE HAND-CAR GANG," "THE DUTCHMAN," ETC.

REST! He realized at last with what passion he had craved it. He had fought the good fight, and had won it over and over again, at the expense of brain and nerves and body, until now, already past the age when men might reasonably hope to retire, he was glad that the breakdown had actually come.

The winning of his last great fight with Kane, for the control of National Pacific, had cost him more in strength and energy than he had cared to acknowledge while the burden of it was upon him. Now that it was all over, he himself was forced to admit that he was shattered—a climax that had been foretold by his angry physician for the past ten years. He seemed to throb sickeningly throughout his body; his hands and even his limbs trembled; the least exertion put him out of breath, hurt his eyeballs, muffled his hearing, and set him aquiver like an ague. Even thought distressed him, blurred his mind, his vision, his hearing.

It was in a darkened room, his swim-

ming head pillowed against a cushion in a big, easy chair, that he heard his sentence.

"Not one stock of fluctuating value shall you own," the doctor wrathfully insisted. "Every cent that you have must be put into securities as stable and as unemotional as gold; then you must get away from everything that jangles and jars. You must not hear even the remotest echo of the bustle of this life that you have been leading; you must not even see a newspaper; you must go back to the soil, not as a luxury-pampered gentleman farmer, but as a humble tiller; you must live next to the earth itself, or I would not give a snap of my fingers for your life. You must go at once, not to the suburbs, but to the real country."

"The real country!" repeated Drexel, smiling. "Doc, I don't need urging. It has been the dream of my life, but the time hadn't come. Now I'm ready. Why, do you know I was born in the country? All morning I have been smelling the rich brown furrows, fresh plowed after

spring rains, tasting the mealy dust of the road upon my tongue, hearing the musical clank of trace-chains. Did you ever hear that sound, doc? You only notice it at evening, when the horses are coming home from the fields. It used to be the happiest minute of the day for me when I could climb on top of old Frank's back—a back so broad that my boy legs stuck straight out both sides—and lumber home, leading Bess, with those chains rattling and clinking at every step. It was finer still if I could trot them a little, clinging to the big wooden hames and bouncing up and down until my inner manikin should have been churned to a froth—but that seldom happened. Frank and Bess were willing enough to trot, even at sundown, because they were going home to supper, but dad wouldn't allow it. Oh, he was a good old dad—kind to everything that breathed and had life!

"Yes, I'm going back to the country all right, you old tyrant, and I'm going to stay there for the balance of my days. I have the place—bought the old farm where I was born—and I'm never going to see a stock-ticker again. I'm not even going to have a telephone, nor any new-fangled lights or plumbing—just the old farm the way it used to be—and I'm going to quit being a slave; I'm going to be a king!"

"Don't talk so much," retorted the doctor savagely. "Wait till you get real air in your lungs to do it with."

Drexel, his excitement over for the moment, was a trifle exhausted, and had closed his eyes. Now he opened them slowly, and smiled again at his old friend.

"All right," he said, "I'll be good. But wait till I have been back in the country one year, and if you talk to me like that I'll lick you!"

II

It was in a perfect spring-time that Tom Drexel, the shaggy, sick lion of the Street, went back to the soil. The pure, cool breezes, faintly scented with the sweetness of a thousand blossoms, blew upon his throbbing brow and his pallid cheeks, and carried their precious cleansing forces deep through and through his lungs to his vitiated blood, to send it, re-

newed and revived, tingling to his very tips. The healing sun beat down upon him, crisping his hair with new life, tinting his pale skin with its ruddy gold. His worn and jaded stomach returned gratefully to homely fare.

He watched bud and leaf and blossom unfold, and fruit form and swell and wax ripe; he watched the brown fields turn to green, the tall grain shoot up, and head, and beard, and wave yellow under the sun; he delved in the soil with his own hands; he planted dark, inert grains, and wondered at the eternal mystery of life that lay concealed within them; he saw the tender shoots creep through in all their marvelous purity of olive and emerald; he tended each growing plant with the reverent care that belonged to the God-given miracle of its birth and growth and maturity, and he ate of his own provender thus magically evolved out of tasteless dirt.

He was up each morning with the rose-tinted dawn; through the sunlit hours he courted blessed fatigue; the tender peeping of the birds as they crept sleepily to their nests at dusk found him, too, heavy-lidded, and he slept as he had not slumbered since he had been a bare-foot boy. He played "hooky," moreover. There were days when he stole away, while the chill dew still hung heavy on the grass, with lunch-pail in hand and pole swung over shoulder, and fished all the long, lazy morning and afternoon in the little brook, which, alone of all things, had not changed since it had laved his youthful limbs. There were other times when he lay whole hours prone upon his back on tufted grass beneath waving shade, gazing into the deep, steel blue of the sky, and, like Antæus of old, gathering new strength from his mother earth.

Not one trace of regret or discontent marred his joy in this richness of life that had come to him. He was back now to his birthright, and his long years of tense exile had, he thankfully pondered, ripened him to appreciate this vast boon that had become his.

The earth and the fulness thereof! For pictures he had all the subtle shadings of Nature's palette; the thousand tints of green in the endless varieties of verdure, the changing blue of the sky,

the purple and mauve of the distant tree-clad hills, the yellow of smooth, dandelion-studded meadows, the blending browns of the bare earth, the pinks and reds and scarlets of ripening fruits and berries, and the whole riotous gamut of color in garden and wayside flowers. For music he had the morning song of a myriad birds, the lowing of kine, the cackling of fowl, the neighing of horses, the barking of dogs, the clear calls of the workmen in the fields, the rustling of leaves, the tinkle of running water, and, at night, the chirping of crickets and all that broad, endless undertone with which nature's vast, brooding silence is so mysteriously underlaid.

The spring passed its blooming and the summer its ripening, and the winter fell. Now there were new joys of crisping air and crackling snow and pure white landscape, and the blood flowed ever richer and still more rich within his tightened veins.

Again the spring drew on and the world was born anew. Over once more was enacted the miracle of bud and leaf and blossom, and fruit that formed and swelled and waxed to its ripeness, and Tom Drexel was a new man, keen of eye, brown of cheek, erect of carriage, tense of muscle, elastic of step, feeling within him a glorious thrill and tingling as if he were drawn tense and taut like the strings of a violin. There were days when he sang and whistled like a schoolboy, and, like a schoolboy, felt the impulse to run and leap and shout aloud for the very joy of life itself.

On such a day a big red machine came chuffing and chugging along the road that bordered his paradise. In the back seat, reclining against padded cushions, sat a flabby, corpulent figure that he knew.

"Hello, Kane!" called Drexel, leaning comfortably over his fence.

The automobile stopped, and the corpulent man gazed, puzzled, upon this bronzed and sturdy white-haired farmer.

"Hello, Kane!" called Drexel again. "What has tempted you out of purgatory?"

The man in the automobile remained silent for a long moment until Drexel took off his hat and, laughing, ran his fingers through his hair.

"Tom Drexel, by gad!" exclaimed Kane at the familiar gesture, and clambered down from his car. He shook hands heartily with the man who had smashed him two years before. Evidently Kane had not stayed smashed, and Drexel was sorry. "For," he explained, "you might have been driven out into God's country!"

"It might not have been a bad thing if I could have met with your regeneration," confessed Kane. "Show me your fountain of youth, Tom."

Drexel glanced for a pitying moment at the deep, gray pouches under the other man's eyes, at the flabby, hanging jowls, at the triple chin, at the puffy hands. Then he turned slowly, waving his hand in a sweep that took in all this Eden.

"Here it is, Dave," he said. "There is no secret about it. Cut your cables and come out into the Almighty's biggest benediction. I'll sell you half my farm, or give it to you."

Kane shook his head with a smile, though he dwelt enviously upon the clean, firm flesh of Drexel's cheeks and the clear eyes that seemed in these last two years to have bathed in the pure color of the sky itself until they had taken on its pellucid blue.

"Can't see it just yet," he replied. "I have a fight or two on my hands that rather hold me to it. You ought to know how that is."

Drexel nodded comprehendingly.

"And yet, Dave," he said, "I wouldn't go back into that maelstrom again under any inducement!"

"I don't know," commented the other, shaking his head. "It is a mighty interesting maelstrom, and a man has to be strong to resist being drawn down. Suppose you've heard of my Traction Consolidation battle?"

Drexel heard it indifferently.

"Not a word," he replied. "I haven't seen a newspaper since I've been here, and don't want to see one."

"Nonsense! You don't mean it!" said Kane incredulously. "Am I to understand that you're not interested in Blakeley's fight against the President, and that you're not even keeping track of the war?"

"There is a war, isn't there?" an-

swered Drexel. "I have heard talk of one some place on the other side of the earth, but I can't really see how it should interest me."

Kane whistled.

"Not even in its influence on National Pacific, I suppose?" he suggested, watching Drexel narrowly.

"Not even that," was the steady reply.

If anything had stirred him it would have been this, for National Pacific had been his ideal, his creed, his worship. The tremendous constructive operations of its lusty youth had fascinated him in his own young days. He had looked upon it as the acme of human enterprise. When he had made his advent on the Street, its masters had seemed to him lords of creation, and when, after a struggle of years, he had held it in the hollow of his hand, he felt for a time that he had attained the height of financial achievement. He was pleased, now, however, to find that even this magic name had lost its thrill.

"No, Kane," he said with a finality that was not by any means of the surface alone. "I am through with that life forever. Here I have found rest and peace after what you have good reason to know was a rather stormy career, and here I propose to end my days in the supremest content that the Creator has provided for His creatures. I'd like to show you what a life this is. Stay overnight with me. Stay a week!"

Kane shook his head.

"Sorry, old man, but I can't do it."

"Stop to supper, anyhow. I'll go so far as to call it dinner in your honor."

"Can't possibly do it, Tom. I must be over at the junction by seven o'clock. I may drop down some time this summer for a week-end stay with you, but just now I must make up for lost time."

Once more he shook hands with Drexel and climbed into his machine.

"By the way, Tom," he said as he settled himself down, "speaking of National Pacific, you ought to see the way Harmon is smashing it."

"Harmon?" echoed Drexel.

"Yes, Ed Harmon. He's been after it hammer and tongs for six months now, with blow after blow, he and his followers. They have Curtis and that crowd, to whom you released your hold-

ings, on the run. He has wrecked half a dozen of the minor lights, and is after Curtis himself. It is common talk on the Street that Harmon will have National Pacific broken into little bits by fall, and will have gobbled up the pieces. Well, good-by, old man!"

III

KANE whirled away. Drexel gazed after the big red machine until it was out of sight, and then, with a sudden shrug of the shoulders, he turned back to the field that was his special pride. Here he was experimenting with a new line of wheat culture in which he was vastly interested—a shorter, heavier growth, with a head nearly twice as long as the best known variety, and with grains much larger. It had been an absorbing occupation, the development of this grain; and for the rest of the afternoon he devoted himself absorbedly to that day's observation and deduction.

Occasionally some thought of Kane and what he had said would recur, but it gave Drexel very little unrest. What did he care about the doings of the Street? He had attained happiness at last, and he intended to retain his hold upon it. He pitied Kane and Curtis and the others who were chained for life to that pitiless wheel of Ixion.

After supper he went out upon the porch, as was his nightly habit, and sat with his feet upon the rail, looking across the level fields and above the green-sloped hills, to where the fleecy, pearl-gray clouds that sailed in the golden sea of the sunset were already taking upon themselves delicate carmine keels.

Harmon! His ancient enemy, the man he had thrashed and thrashed again until, in those later years, a snarl from Drexel had been sufficient to drive him, whipped, to cover! Harmon! Why, for years Harmon had not dared to raise his eyes toward anything that Drexel took under his protection; and now this cringing of the Street was daring to attack National Pacific!

What was the matter with the Curtis faction? Did they not know Harmon's heel of Achilles? Did they not know that the Midland Valley was his weak point? Did they not know that it hung

about his neck like a millstone, that he could not get rid of it, that it was the wall of clay in his fortification of rock, that by attacking it they could reduce Harmon to a driveling, crawling, fawning suppliant for mercy? It could not be possible that Harmon had at last rid himself of Midland Valley, or that, having rid himself of it, he had no other vulnerable spot!

Harmon! Bah! He was filled with disgust and something more. It was not just anger; it was more like vengefulness. He was impatient with Curtis and his clique that they should allow this unprincipled trickster to cause them any uneasiness, or even that they should allow any one, principled or unprincipled, Harmon or his betters, to attack that great, proud institution that had for its outward and visible sign a broad, double row of shining steel rails stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, carrying the golden flood-tide of the traffic of the continent!

Before Drexel was spread the most beautiful sunset of the season. The fleecy gray clouds that had at first but flecked the golden sea had massed as the gold changed to salmon, and now through the rolling interstices came vast floods of deepest red. Where the clear sky shone through between the lacing of the trees upon the distant horizon, it was as if some great, ruddy flame had leaped up to devour the very firmament itself.

Harmon! Impatiently Drexel jerked his feet from the porch railing and let his chair come down with a thump. He tossed his cigar away and stalked down off the porch, striking straight across the field toward that glorious panorama of the skies which he did not see. Harmon! That the cur should dare to attack National Pacific!

All at once Drexel stopped abruptly, appalled by this sudden fever that had descended upon him, this tremendous pull that had set up within him to drag him back to that maelstrom from which he had escaped. He returned to the

porch and forced himself back upon the chair where he had enjoyed the tranquillity of so many peaceful evenings. He bent his mind away from the disturbing new thought by sheer power of will, and he compelled himself to review in detail all of the many interests that bound him to this peaceful retreat, until at last, the turmoil stilled, he rested upon the fascinating problem of his new wheat product that was to revolutionize the bread crop of the world. He smiled to himself as he realized how easily he had shaken off the momentarily startling trumpet-call to his old battle-fields.

It was with a perfectly tranquillized mind that he went to bed, and out of habit that had grown up within these past healthful two years, he dropped into almost instant slumber; but in the middle of the night he awoke to find himself fighting Harmon back to his hole with fierce energy, protecting National Pacific, and building up anew the breaches that had been made in its ramparts. He found himself again in the exercise of that fierce determination to win that had made Tom Drexel the tornado of the Exchange.

This time no mere force of will could drive out the battle-lust that had come back to him. Like an irresistible flood from some mighty dam that has been broken away, the very sounds of the conflict itself came pouring tumultuously upon his excited imagination; the roar of the streets, the clang of gongs, the hoarse cries of the newsboys, the hurry and strain of closing-time, the pandemonium of the floor—all these, and a thousand other notes that went to make up the great symphony of modern business struggle, filled his ears and flooded his soul.

In the gray dawn of that morning, a man, furiously driving two fine country horses, flew along the road toward the junction, where, within the hour, an early train was due.

It was Tom Drexel, going back to the fight!

PEBBLES

USELESS they seem, up-tossed by tireless tides
Out of the grinding maelstrom of the seas;
Yet they one day—for strangely fate provides—
May aid to fame a new Demosthenes!

Ross Hamilton

S T A G E

WHY PLAYS SUCCEED

"THEY don't," most managers will answer, if you can induce them to become really confidential with you, and can get them beyond the range of their press-agents.

Yet there must be money in the theatrical business, in spite of the poverty cry sent up by so many of the purveyors thereof. It is beyond belief that the millions of capital invested in plays should all come from "angels" of the stamp depicted by Eugene Walter in his "Easiest Way." This being admitted, it becomes pertinent to inquire as to the most promising method of getting a return on those millions.

Over and over again we have been told the reasons why plays fail; and, as a matter of fact, the blame is usually laid on shoulders where it does not belong. Nobody likes to admit that he has fallen short owing to lack of ability, judgment, or finesse on his own part; so, when fiascoes are to be accounted for, we generally hear a hurry call for a scapegoat.

For example, take this London fever with which so many of our players are bitten. Each time—and these times occur frequently—that a company returns disappointed from an attempt to set the Strand ablaze, its members will assure you either that the manager got "cold feet" too soon, or that they played in the wrong theater, or that the English were too dense to understand what the piece was about.

Marie Dressler has recently come back with a new reason for her failure to capture the Britishers with a whole enter-

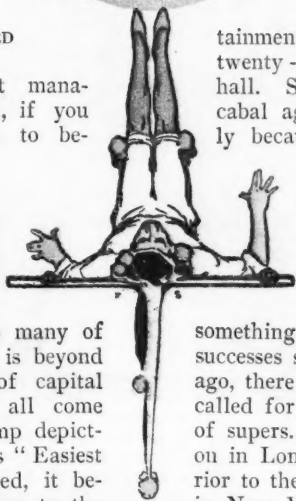
tainment as she won them with a twenty-minute turn at a music-hall. She claims that there was a cabal against her simply and solely because she was an American.

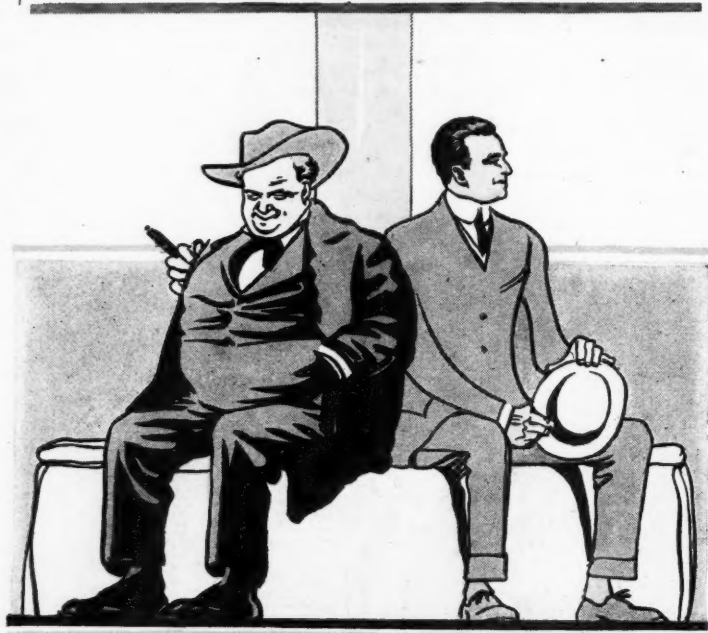
"Mark my words," one of her sympathizers said to me the other day, "an American company hasn't the ghost of a show to make good in London to-day. Let me tell you something.

In one of the American successes sent over there a year or so ago, there was a football scene which called for the use of a great number of supers. Well, that scene was put on in London in a manner far superior to the way in which it was done in New York. And why? Because every member of the mob was an unemployed actor who was glad to earn two shillings a night rather than nothing at all. This will show you the depression that prevails in the theatrical business on the other side, and the consequent feeling against a company going in there from the States. No, sir, I tell you that Rose Stahl, with her 'Chorus Lady,' hasn't the shadow of a chance over there!"

By the time these lines are printed, the reader may have had an opportunity to judge whether this prophecy has been fulfilled, as Miss Stahl is sailing, as I write, booked to open on the Strand on April 19. She made a hit at the Palace Theater of Varieties with the playlet on which the play is based, so that her reception will be an interesting test of the pessimistic theory just cited.

But, leaving the London issue aside, and putting failures out of the reckoning, is there not something to be learned from the plays that have won out? Take,





TOM WISE AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN THE FIRST ACT OF "A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI"—WHEN THE SENATOR HAS OFFERED TO MAKE THE REPORTER HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, THE YOUNG MAN HESITATES UNTIL HIS EYE FALLS AGAIN ON THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTER, WHEN HE REPEATS, "YES, GREAT CHANCE FOR A YOUNG MAN," AND ACCEPTS

for instance, "A Gentleman from Mississippi," which has to its credit next to the longest run of any play in New York this season. It is not a masterpiece, nor especially new in theme. Rascals who are endeavoring to corrupt officials at Washington in order to feather their own nests are rather too familiar figures in the drama.

Neither of the two men who wrote the piece wore medals won by previous work in this line. Of the two players featured in the cast, Tom Wise—also one of the authors—had gained his recent renown in quite another field—that of musical comedy; while the other, Douglas Fairbanks, had just emerged from the failure of a play in which he had essayed to star alone. Of none of the women in the cast, so far as I can recall, had Broadway ever before heard. What then was there about this play that aroused the favorable comment of practically every reviewer who covered it,

and that pleased the public to the extent of holding it in New York for an indefinite period and causing the managers to organize another company to play it in the West?

A possible answer to the question is that the play keeps its audiences constantly entertained. That seems to have been, in the minds of the men who put it together, the first and foremost end to be achieved.

"But," you may object, "what is entertainment? One man will be amused by a thing that will bore others horribly. How are you going to tell in advance that you have hit on what will please the majority?"

Ah, there you have the secret of successful playwriting! Just now, however, we are not concerned with the task of deciding on this beforehand, but with summarizing the elements in plays already produced that have lifted them above the ruck of their fellows. And

the fact that nobody can ever be assured whether a play is going to be a success or a failure is the very feature of the business that gives it all the excitement of a strenuous gamble and makes it so fascinating to its devotees.

To go back to the "Gentleman from Mississippi": during its rehearsal periods and the try-out in small towns, not a few theatrical Cassandras confidently predicted its speedy arrival in the storage-warehouse. It was probably its flavor of every-day, commonplace existence that caused these prophets of evil to utter their dark forebodings. Truth to tell, by all the laws of technique, the comedy is far from being perfectly constructed. Characters come and go without having any direct bearing on the plot; but what they say and do has that human touch which carries straight over the footlights into the hearts of the public, who care not whether a play is built

according to rule or not, so long as it pleases them.

The arrival of the bride and groom at the hotel, the attempt of the bell-boys to eject the poor veteran who cannot afford to live there, and later the fighting of the war over again between him and the Senator from Mississippi—all of these episodes in the first act could be left out without any damage to the story; but they all serve to give color to the play and to put the audience in sympathy with the subsequent happenings.

This putting of your hearers in good humor, making them pleased with themselves as well as with the play, is an important element in winning out as a dramatist. You mustn't explain too much; leave something to the imagination; give the onlooker the chance to congratulate himself on his cleverness in putting two and two together. And you



IN THE THIRD ACT OF "A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI" DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS HAS BEEN TALKING OF LOVE TO LOLA MAY, AND ASKS: "DO YOU FEEL ANY SYMPTOMS?" TO WHICH SHE REPLIES: "I THINK I DO—A FEW!"

mustn't depend on his ear to do all the work of absorbing. Give the eye something to do as well.

For example, a blind man in the theater couldn't appreciate just why *Bud Haines* (Douglas Fairbanks) finally decides to accept the Senator's offer to become his private secretary, because he would not be able to note the admiring glances that *Bud* throws in the direction of the Senator's daughter as she is made to cross the lobby just at the critical juncture. This is one reason why a play that reads well is by no means certain to act well.

There is that other big hit of the season, Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." How many people dilate on the silent game of chess between the brothers with which the play opens, and on Maude Adams snatching up the precious chair-cushion that no profane touch may mar it! Appeals to the eye, both of these, and important elements in arousing the audience's interest in the plot that follows.

And surely the premise on which "What Every Woman Knows" is reared needs every extraneous aid it can obtain. Wildly absurd sounds the idea that any man would break into a house at dead of night merely to read books in the library, and still more impossible the act of *Maggie's* brothers in decreeing that this same man must expiate his fault by marrying their sister. But it is the way Barrie presents these improbabilities, and the



IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"—ELEANOR ROBSON AS GLAD

atmosphere he imparts to the thing, that have carried the play to even a greater success than he won with "Peter Pan." Heresy though it may sound to say so, it is not all Maude Adams this time. The play is an immense hit in London without her; and in New York, Richard Bennett, who plays *John Shand*, received higher praise for his work than Miss Adams herself.

No, it is not the plot, nor wholly the acting, that has carried "What Every Woman Knows" to success. It is Barrie's knowledge of how to pull the heart-strings of the people in front that has done the trick. He never writes by rule of thumb. There is a free swing in all his work, a fantastic tinge even in those stories that have no kin with fairy-land. And he does it all so deftly, too. Never once do you say to yourself:

"Ah, that touch there! Mr. Barrie must have congratulated himself when he conceived that situation or wrote that line."

His ego never suggests itself to you; and yet the Barrie personality is omnipresent in his work, just as in the marionette theater you know there is a man manipulating the strings, although he is careful never to shatter the illusion by permitting his hands to show through the proscenium arch.

It was inevitable that one phase of "What Every Woman Knows" should recur immediately to those who saw that

other success, "A Woman's Way," the comedy written by the new playwright, Thompson Buchanan, for Grace George. In both plays the wife has to witness the ensnaring of her husband by another woman; and in both, instead of sitting down to whine over her woes, she determines to fight for her rights and to

were produced at about the same time on different sides of the Atlantic. Besides, the treatment of the episode in each instance is altogether different. In the Barrie play it is but an incident cropping up in the third act; in Mr. Buchanan's it is the basic fabric on which his scheme is built.



IN THE SECOND ACT OF "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS" MAUDE ADAMS, ELECTIONEERING FOR HER HUSBAND, ADDRESSES THE ASSEMBLED VOTERS AS "MY CONSTITUENTS!"

prove herself a better and more attractive woman than her rival. But there is no question of one author having borrowed from the other. The two plays were written with three thousand miles of sea water between them, and both

The charm of "A Woman's Way" is twofold. Not only is the story strictly up-to-date—a necessity in these days, if one would win out as a playwright—but it is told in dialogue which is not only clever, but at the same time natural.

Possibly none of us or our friends could think of so many bright speeches as Mr. Buchanan makes his people say on the spur of the moment; but he contrives to have them appear so spontaneous that they seem to be the only things that could have been said under the circumstances.

The name part fits Miss George perfectly—which is rather remarkable, as I understand that the play was not originally written for a star at all, but was called "Two Women," and contained two equally prominent parts. Of course, when Mr. Brady decided to take it for his wife, this had to be changed; and I believe Mr. Buchanan found the necessary alterations more difficult than the writing of the whole piece had been in the first place. But he certainly succeeded in accomplishing his task without leaving any bastion-threads to show the havoc wrought in his original material.

And, although this young dramatist is so skilful in writing bright speeches, he has at the same time managed to subordinate his talk to his action. The play moves all the while—which cannot be said of many society comedies replete with smart sayings. These, then, are the signboards leading to success along this "Woman's Way"—clever but perfectly natural lines, a plausible and never-flagging plot, an up-to-date setting, and an outcome that is kept in suspense to the very last speech. All this, added to Grace George's admirable realizing of the part, places this little play in the very forefront of the season's offerings, and makes it easy to understand why it has received not a single adverse criticism.

If charm—an overworked term, perhaps—is the quality which "What Every



IN THE THIRD ACT OF "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS" MAUDE ADAMS, COMING SUDDENLY INTO THE ROOM, DISCOVERS—

Woman Knows" and "A Woman's Way" possess in common, there is none of it in another of the year's hits, "The Third Degree." What ranks Charles Klein's latest play in this category is its tenseness—its power to bring the spectators to the edge of their chairs and keep them there. Without this ingredient, it would have no power to draw. The story is almost clumsily constructed. On more than one occasion you keep asking yourself why the people in the play don't put two and two together and realize that the man committed suicide. But you speedily forget your criticism in the excitement of some strong situation presented before your very eyes, on the outcome of which you are forced to hang breathless, despite the frailty of the foundation on which it has been built up.

There was some of this pasteboard



—HER HUSBAND (RICHARD BENNETT) ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE BUTTERFLY OF FASHION WHOM HE CALLS HIS INSPIRATION (BEATRICE AGNEW)

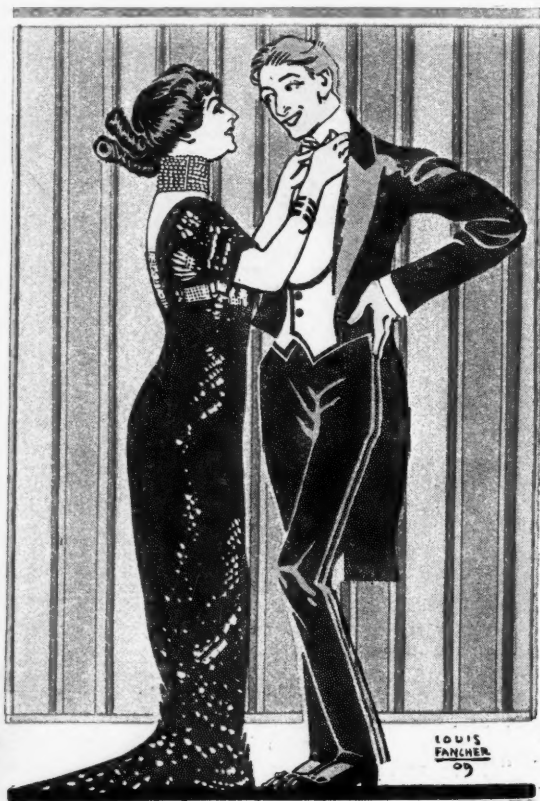
realism in Mr. Klein's "Lion and the Mouse," but not nearly so much; and that play had the advantage of a much better final act than that of "The Third Degree." For that reason there were four companies playing "The Lion and the Mouse" at one and the same time—a record not likely to be repeated by "The Third Degree." One thing that makes such duplication improbable is Helen Ware's fine acting in the leading part. Her work as the young wife of the man accused of murder has won such wide renown that other cities will rebel if she is not included in any company that comes to them with the piece.

"The Dawn of a To-Morrow" is frankly a play for a star, and the personal magnetism of Eleanor Robson is largely responsible for its vogue. Another factor in the happy result is the optimism permeating the story—which

quality is indeed its main excuse for being. To be sure, your interest is asked for a man who is contemplating suicide and for a woman in desperate straits to protect a pal accused of murder; but through it all runs the uplift of that persistent outlook on the brighter side of things which is *Glad's* creed, and which gives Mrs. Burnett's drama a note of freshness and novelty that has done much to make it successful.

Some new thing is what playgoers, like the Athenians of old, are always seeking; and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, a play of novel type is the most difficult to get the managers to produce. It costs so much to stage a piece that they hate to experiment. Mistaken identity, women in men's rooms at midnight, the chasing of letters from act to act—all these have figured frequently in successes of the past, so they prefer to

gamble on them again. The experience of the last two seasons, however, is teaching play-exploiters that the public is weary of these overworked devices, and must be lured with novelty in theme as well as ingenuity in construction.



"IT TAKES A WOMAN TO TIE A MAN'S TIE," SAYS DOROTHY TENNANT, IN THE SECOND ACT OF "A WOMAN'S WAY," TO FRANK WORTHING, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF GRACE GEORGE'S HUSBAND

It is perhaps a dexterous commingling of old and new that accounts for the great hit of "The Man from Home," written by Messrs. Booth Tarkington and H. L. Wilson for William T. Hodge, who, not so long since, was a member of Joe Weber's music-hall company. The play ran the whole season through in Chicago last year, and has repeated its Western success in New York.

Just what has made its popularity? Most people will tell you that it is the

Yankee drawl of the star, his quiet way of taking setbacks, and his ingenuity in overcoming them. Admitted, but this is very much the same sort of thing that he essayed in a play of his own, "Eighteen Miles from Home," which proved a ghastly failure. There must be a strong appeal in "The Man from Home" itself, for some people like it better than they do Mr. Hodge. And yet there is very little novelty in it, and the long arm of coincidence is worked overtime. In fact, the success of a play like this creates havoc in the play market; for when dramatists offer what they call sure-fire novelties, the manager has but to point to a hit like "The Man from Home" to prove beyond question that the public will not only stand for the same old thing, but will actually wallow joyously in it.

On the whole, I should say that "The Man from Home" wins out mainly for the reason already assigned for the success of "A Gentleman from Mississippi," although it is altogether a different type of play—that is, because it puts its audiences in good humor with themselves.

Passing to musical comedies—youth, liveliness, ingenuity in situation, and several clever people in the cast brought favor to George Ade's "Fair Co-Ed," written for Elsie Janis. There is an intimate touch, too, in many of the proceedings that establishes good-fellowship between the stage and the audience. Young Harry Clarke's dancing must not be forgotten; so grateful a variant is it from the posturings of the girl *figurantes* which for so long have been considered a *sine qua non* for musical comedy. "The Fair Co-Ed" is, in short, the kind of entertainment that sends one home with a pleasant taste in one's mouth. The more one thinks it over, the more bright things one recalls having seen in the play; and one is not chagrined with

himself for having found them amusing at the moment.

"Havana" is the second and last importation among the eight offerings now under consideration, the first being "What Every Woman Knows." When I saw it at the London Gaiety last summer I did not care for the piece. It seemed to me slow and pointless. As presented in James T. Powers's Americanized version at the Casino, I enjoyed it very much; and in searching for a reason, I must set it down to the snap with which the chorus works and the insistent charm of Leslie Stuart's music.

Certainly the "Hello, People, People, Hello" girls have a way about them that is attractive without being too much of the chorus chorussy. The management has evidently decided that these girls are the big draw of the piece, from the fashion in which they are played up in all the advertising matter; but I cannot wholly agree. For once I am inclined to think that the purveyors of a show do not themselves fully realize how many good things there are in it;

for I believe that it is the color, life, and sparkle in the whole performance that plants "Havana" among the hits.

THE CIRCUS SIDE OF IT

If it wasn't for the bugbear of bad weather, the life of a circus proprietor would be as a bed of roses compared with the lot of a theatrical manager. The very name "circus" attracts the multitude as does a magnet, whereas your poor exploiter of a stage offering cannot rely upon the word "theater" to collect an audience.

"What is the play?" the people ask; and when they find out its name, they demand to know something of its merits before deciding to exchange coin of the realm for a sight of the thing. And the fact that the playwright or the manager has given them something they liked one season is no criterion that he will do so the next. With a circus, on the other hand, its very name is a passport to patronage, supposing it has ever made good.

A new name in circusland was tried out in New York this



"WE SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE BOTH OUR MOTHERS TO LUNCH," SAYS GRACE GEORGE IN "A WOMAN'S WAY" TO THE TWO MOTHERS-IN-LAW, PLAYED BY EVELYN CARRINGTON AND RUTH BENSON

spring when the Ringling Brothers succeeded the Barnum & Bailey firm at Madison Square Garden. This was their one period of suspense; but they need never pass through another, as they gave Manhattan an entertainment the memory of which will serve as a trademark for all future seasons.

Imagine a circus with a novelty that is not in the nature of a thriller! The

men seem to hope that after the Lenten penance the playgoing public may be induced to plunge its hand into its pocket to pass money in at the box-office, before motoring, Europe, the seashore, and the mountains put in their various claims on its time and its bank-account.

Joseph Weber was the first to corral the critics after the great spring-time Sunday. No greater contrast to "The



"I ACCUSE YOU OF GIVING AN UNTRUTHFUL VERSION OF THIS MATTER TO TWO SENSATIONAL NEWSPAPERS," THUNDERS EDMUND BREESE, AS THE LAWYER, TO RALPH DELMORE, THE POLICE-CAPTAIN, IN THE MOST EXCITING ACT OF "THE THIRD DEGREE"

Ringling show has one, and one that could not easily be transferred to the vaudeville stage—the refuge of almost every act in the tan-bark circle when snow begins to fly. This is "The Taximeter Horse," a humorous pantomime whose chief actor is a Paris cab nag.

THE EASTER OFFERINGS

This does not refer to the collection-plate, but to the Eastertide activities of the New York managers. These gentle-

Girl from Rector's"—his evening bill—could possibly be imagined than "The Climax," the little play with four characters which he submitted at his music-hall for a series of afternoon performances beginning on Easter Monday. The scheme of the drama is decidedly original, for it combines music and acting, not at all in the manner of either musical comedy or opera, but in an entirely novel way.

A girl is being trained for opera by a

distant relative, an Italian music-teacher, in New York. A doctor from her native Ohio town is ardently in love with her, and desperately jealous of her operatic ambitions. He superintends a slight operation on her throat, telling her that there is only one chance in a thousand of its injuring her voice; and then, by mental suggestion, and with the material aid of a throat-spray calculated to do more harm than good, he makes her believe that this one chance has come her way. Her voice gone, she accepts him, but half an hour before the ceremony she finds that she can sing after all. Then there is a strong scene, but when the final curtain falls it looks as if she would marry the schemer in spite of everything; for, as her instructor tells her, her voice has now gained the one thing it lacked—the quality inspired by love.

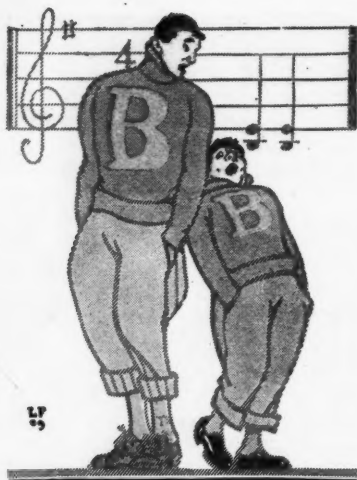
Very pretty and idyllic this theme, and, worked out by people who can both sing and play, it possesses great possibility of entertainment along new lines, particularly if its appeal can be brought strongly before music-lovers. On the other hand, it is too long drawn out. In the effort to make out a full bill, padding in the shape of some atrocious comedy has been injected into the thing, which is all the more annoying because of the interest of the story that it interrupts.

The play was written by Edward Locke, with Joseph Carl Breil to supply the incidental music, including a pretty little air, "Song of the Soul," composed on the piano during the progress of the piece by the teacher's son, who is also in love with the girl, and who is engagingly impersonated by Effingham A. Pinto. Compressed into one act, with curtains to indicate lapse of time, the piece would make an admirable *lever de rideau* in front of some comedy—and many comedies, nowadays, are quite brief enough to require this additional inducement to attendance.

The most notable event of Easter Monday night in New York was without doubt the appearance at the Gaiety of that sterling character-actor, J. E. Dodson, in J. Hartley Manners's adaptation from the German, "The House Next Door." What a refreshing experience, to sit through a representation which revolved neither about the seventh com-



THE AFFECTIONATE YOUNG COUPLE (HELEN WARE AND WALLACE EDDINGER) IN "THE THIRD DEGREE"



"GOOD NIGHT, LADIES"—A WARBLE FROM
THE BINGHAM COLLEGE BOYS IN
"THE FAIR CO-ED"

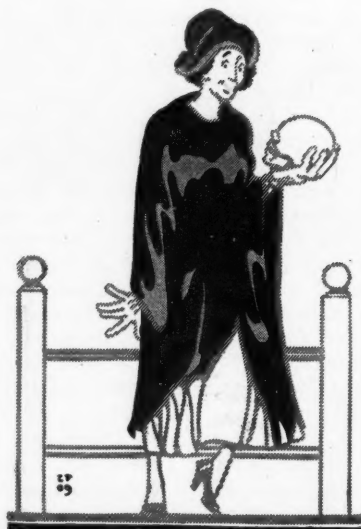
mandment, socialism, "new thought," nor auto-suggestion, but owed its being to the irascible temper of an old man, proud of his high lineage and intent on bending the views of all his family to coincide with his own prejudiced outlook on life.

Mr. Dodson, who first came to this country with the Kendals, gave one of the most finished performances of his notable career, and the play itself was so well liked that Messrs. Cohan & Harris are to be congratulated on their first essay away from the musical line. This is the third play to be seen in New York this season in which the Jew has been eulogized, the first being "The Man Who Stood Still," and the other, "Meyer & Son." "The House Next Door," however, is so far superior to either of these two that it is to all intents and purposes the first really good showing the Hebrew race has had on the stage, where for so many years they have shared with the Irish the post of target for gibes and caricature.

Another of the Easter hits was that of "Going Some," the farce by Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach, which had a try-out in Philadelphia under another management more than a year ago, but which was then cast so unsuitably that it failed to win. As now presented by the Shuberts at the Belasco, with Lawrence Wheat as the college shouter, who pre-

tends he is all to the Marathon as a runner, with Walter Jones, the erstwhile tramp in "1492," as his trainer and abettor in deceit, and with a capital supporting cast of men, it looks as if it might prove a close second in popularity to Mr. Armstrong's "Heir to the Hoorah." The scene is laid on the Flying Heart Ranch, which is bathed in such rich yellow stage sunshine as only a Belasco light effect can turn out. Rampant Americanism pervades the play, which, it is said, was written in the first place for Willie Collier, but was turned down because there were too many strong parts in it for a star piece.

The unhappiest offering of Easter week was "The Happy Marriage," a Clyde Fitch comedy, the most serious play that Mr. Fitch has given us since "The Truth." In the first place, the name appears to be very inapt, as, from all you see of it, the wedded life of *Joan* and *Frederick Thornton* would seem to be anything but a sea of bliss. At the outset, you are alternately out of patience with *Joan* for fawning over her husband so freely, and equally disgusted with *Frederick* for his neglect of his wife. In these circumstances you are rather glad to see the destroyer of home in the person of *Paul Mayne*—played, in his clever man-

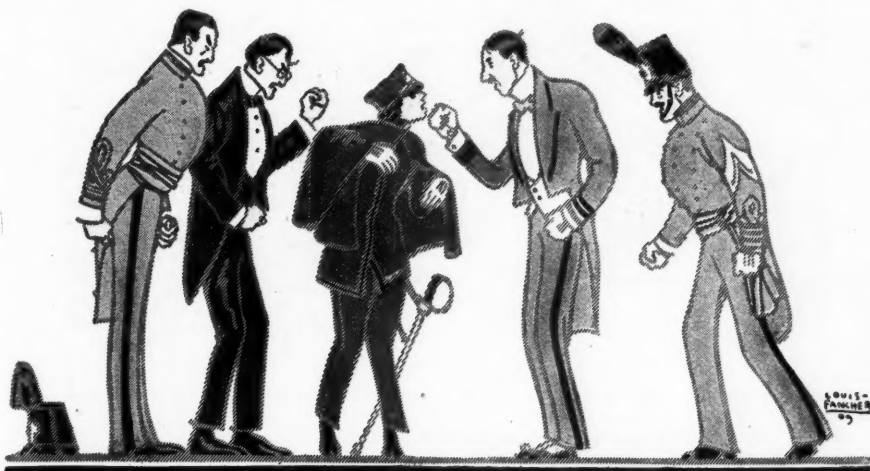


"ALAS, POOR YORICK!" MOURNS ELSIE
JANIS, IMITATING EDDIE FOY, IN
"THE FAIR CO-ED"

ner of portraying cads, by Milton Sills, who was another of the sort in the short-lived "This Woman and This Man"; but in the next act, when even *Mayne* declines to go through with the game, there is no one left to pin a shred of interest to except, possibly, *Mayne's* partner, *Granger*, whom Frank Gheen makes a normal, every-day man you would not be afraid to trust with your wife or

the leading feature of her annual Easter Tuesday matinée at the Lyceum. This beautiful setting of the idyl of the swallow and the leaden statue adds another wreath to the laurels that rest over the grave of the unhappy man who gave the world "De Profundis" and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

With their breakfast on Easter morning New Yorkers read of the hit scored



THE ARMY SIDE OF BINGHAM COLLEGE THREATENS TO CAPSIZE THE NAVY IN THE PERSON OF THE FAIR CO-ED'S COUSIN JIMMIE FROM ANNAPOLIS, WHOM ELSIE JANIS IMPERSONATES IN THE SECOND ACT

your pocketbook. Of course, as the piece is labeled "comedy," the end is satisfactory—from Mr. Fitch's point of view, at any rate, though it is scarcely likely to be so to any large number of the public. The play, in short, is of a most exasperating type, being very entertaining at some points, and very far below Mr. Fitch's standard at others.

Edwin Arden gives his usual finished portrayal as the husband, but perhaps it is not all the fault of Doris Keane that she did not score heavily with *Joan*. How could any actress make a plausible personage out of such an impossible creature as this young wife who deliberately planned to run away with a lover, taking her old nurse and her little boy with her?

The one real novelty of the week came in the shape of a charming little fairy story by Oscar Wilde, set to music by Liza Lehmann, and recited for the first time in America by Kitty Cheatham as

by Jefferson De Angelis in a new musical play, "The Beauty Spot," which Comstock & Gest brought out on the previous Saturday night in order to escape the clash of openings on Monday. The music is by Reginald de Koven, who has been acting as the operatic critic of the *New York World*, besides being part proprietor of the Lyric Theater. The book is by Joseph Herbert, who was concerned in "A Waltz Dream," both as adapter of the libretto from the German and as one of the principal performers.

The story of "The Beauty Spot" is sufficiently ingenious to entertain you if you care to follow it, while if you prefer to disregard such things as plot and climax, there are enough specialties to keep you amused. In fact, there are no fewer than twenty-seven songs in the two acts, with such capable people to sing them as *petite* Marguerite Clark and George J. MacFarlane—the latter a new



CLARA PALMER'S DANCE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "HAVANA," THE MUSICAL COMEDY
SUCCESS IN WHICH JAMES T. POWERS IS STARRING

find in barytones. "The Beauty Spot" is just the sort of show to appeal to city men bereft of their wives for the summer, when sparkle and glitter, much dancing and pretty girls, exercise their most potent lure.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

In New York any one who cares to delve deeper into theatricals than merely finding out whether a new play is worth going to see or not, may obtain entertainment at no greater cost than the price of his morning paper by simply following the movements of the warring factions in stageland. As I wrote in this place last month, most of the new theaters are built not because the public demands them, but because one camp or the other wishes to outflank its rival; and at this writing it looks as if the fun was only just beginning.

The whole thing started from a laudable desire for a better organization of the whole theatrical business. Klaw & Erlanger, who were originally only booking-agents, so systematized their business by bringing managers of theaters throughout the country into touch with New York, where most companies are made up, that a troupe could set forth confident that it would not have to make big jumps and lose a week or two simply from inability to map out a route across the continent beforehand. It was

inevitable that the new system should concentrate much power in a few hands, and although the exercise of that power set the amusement business for the first time on a solid and substantial basis, it was also inevitable that the men who controlled the booking arrangements should be envied and disliked by others. That is simply human nature.

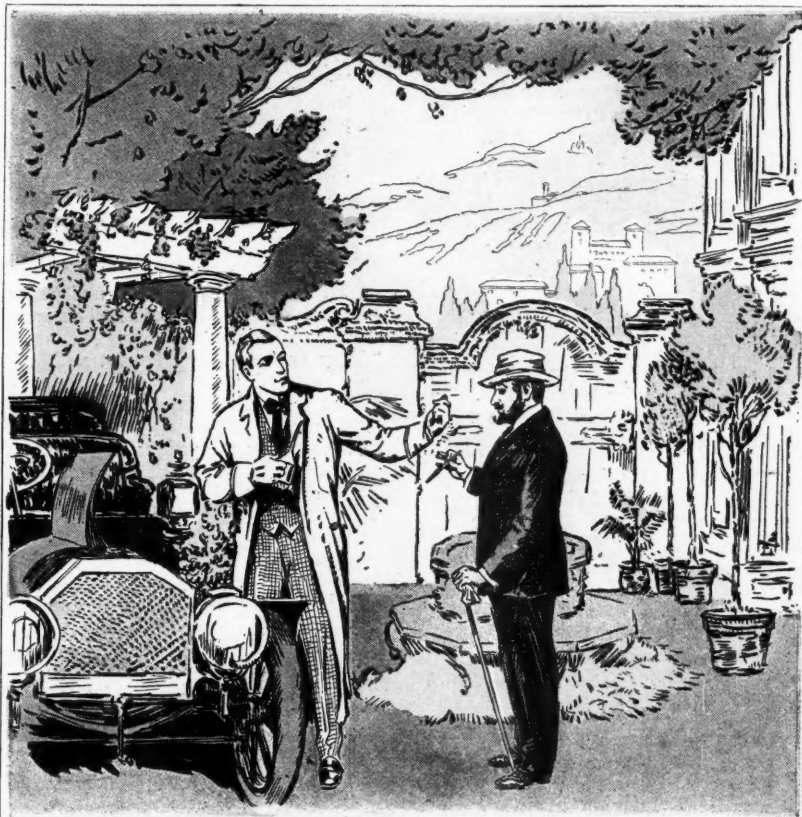


EDITH DECKER AS CONSUELO
IN "HAVANA"

For several years now David Belasco and Harrison Grey Fiske have been at loggerheads with Klaw & Erlanger, and for a while they had the Shuberts on their side. The Shuberts went back into the larger fold when "Advanced Vaudeville" played its brief day, the season before last, and their many theaters were useful to the so-called Syndicate. Meanwhile the Shuberts have become interested in the management of the New Thea-

to be in control of no fewer than fourteen playhouses in New York alone.

Although at this writing there is no open rupture, and both sides are vigorously denying that there is any prospect of such a thing, this massing of ammunition, as it were, lends a spectacular interest to the mimic war in stageland—a war that may break out at any time. The battle will not be confined to the scenery side of the footlights, either. If it comes, it



"DOC, GO GET SOME RAGS," SAYS WILLIAM HODGE, AS THE MAN FROM HOME, TO THE GRAND DUKE, PLAYED BY HENRY JEWETT IN THE SECOND ACT OF THE COMEDY WHICH HAS RUN IN NEW YORK FOR A WHOLE SEASON

ter, which is going up on Central Park West, and which is to be opened next November; and this association has brought them into direct touch with some of the richest men in the country. Backed by these gentlemen, they have gone into the theater-building proposition with such renewed vigor that by the 1st of January next they expect

means nothing less than the keenest sort of competition in which actors, playwrights, and the public stand to be the winners whichever side gets the upper hand. The only losers must be the managers—and, alas, the dramatic art itself, whose high mission is debased to cheap barter in the market-place.

Matthew White, Jr.

LIGHT VERSE

SATISFIED

NO diving-bells for me
To penetrate the sea!
I'm quite content to spend my days
Exploring earth's mysterious ways.
When I have understood the rose,
And why the tender lily grows,
And where the breeze goes when it blows,
Why, then, perhaps, there'll be
Time for the depths of sea.

No aeroplanes prepare
To hurl me through the air!
I'm quite content to spend my hours
Unfolding earth's mysterious powers.
When I have understood the grass,
And all the things that through it pass,
And love of man for blushing lass,
Why, then, perhaps, I'll care
To hustle through the air.

The solid earth for mine!
For nothing else I pine.
I'm quite content to find my place
Close up to Mother Nature's face.
When I have understood the things
That she in lavish kindness brings,
From cabbages to queens and kings,
Perhaps I'll take the brine,
Or ambient air, for mine!

Carlyle Smith

THE GRATEFUL GARDEN

IN the garden all day long,
Hard at work with spade and prong,
Scratching, scraping, digging deep,
Waking Nature from her sleep;
Watching then with tender care
When the drought is in the air,
Taking out refreshing drink,
Lest its fainting spirit sink.

Driving harmful things away;
Weeding ceaselessly by day,
Lest the tender sproutings choke
'Neath their galling, killing yoke;
Morning, noon, by day and night,
Holding it in loving sight,
Cared for as a child would be
By a mother, tenderly.

Then, when summer comes, how sweet
Is the gratitude we meet,
When the garden smiling stands
With her gifts in outstretched hands!
Roses, pinks, and hollyhocks;
Mignonette, and golden phlox,
Heliotrope, and lilies fair
She returns for all our care!

John M. Woods

OTHER DAYS, OTHER FIGURES

OH, where are the maidens of yesteryear,
With their shirt-waists white and peek-
a-boo?

"They are gone," we lament with glint of
a tear,
And their hasty departure we cannot but
rue.

Oh, where are the visions of nineteen eight,
With their *chic* waist-lines and elbows
slim?

They too are far and away out of date,
But we sigh for a glimpse of their forms
so trim.

Arms browned by the sun no more do we
see,

Nor shoulders so dainty and white and
fair;

For sleeves by the yard are now fashion's
decree,

And man and old Sol are both in despair.
For summers agone the heart of us pines,

When Helen's neat figure was second to
none;

For now in a gown, with all-vertical lines,
She looks for the world like the numeral
one!

Littell McClung

THE AERONAUT

AN aeronaut went up one day,
And fast and far he flew;
He saw the world beneath him spread,
And much enjoyed the view;
But something parted, slipped, or broke
When high above a town,
And like a plummet from the blue
His car came whizzing down.

He struck the villa of a friend,
And through the roof he went,
And wrecked a lot of furniture
In his abrupt descent.
The people hurried to the room,
Affrighted by the din;
He brushed the plaster from his coat,
And said: "I just dropped in!"

— Minna Irving

PIPE DREAMS

WHEN men have grown so civilized that
streets are all kept clean,
And in the parks, on lawns and walks, no
litter can be seen;
When ugly houses are not built, when men
no more will stand
Those sign-board lies of monstrous size—
then, shall we be on hand?

When everybody gladly pays of taxes his
just share,
When no more floods of watered stock in-
vestors have to bear;
When of the venal vote the honest man need
have no fear,
When cars in streets provide all seats—
d'you think that you'll be here?

When wives grow economical, the farmer
satisfied,
Manners refined, and "cops" inclined to
thrust all "graft" aside;
When men in summer dress with sense,
when women all are fair,
Think not that we content shall be—because
we sha'n't be there!

When prices of some things move down in-
stead of always up,
When wines and food are pure and good,
and real tea's in the cup;
When newspapers exclude things vile, when
"stars" learn how to act—
You'll not be here, my reader dear, when
these dreams turn to fact!

George Jay Smith

BALLADE OF THE ONE BOOK

IT grieves me greatly to confess
That far behind the times am I;
I've had small measure of success,
For with the rest I cannot vie,
It matters not how hard I try;
I'll have to fall behind, I fear,
And I will tell the reason why—
I only write one book a year!

The author and the authoress
Are nowadays so very spry,
They have another book in press
Before three months have passed
them by;

Their thoughts and pens must fairly fly!
'Twould quickly place me on a bier;
With orders I cannot comply—
I only write one book a year!

That is the cause of my distress;
My muse, indeed, is sadly shy;
I am a failure, nothing less.
In vain unto the gods I cry,
In vain for pipes of Pan I sigh,
No Pegasus will e'er appear,
Nor yet Parnassus can I spy—
I only write one book a year!

ENVOY

Alas, shall I unhonored die?
And shall the world of writers sneer?
My heart is dull, my soul is dry—
I only write one book a year!

Harold Susman

A SUMMER ENGAGEMENT

I PROMISED I would ne'er forget
A maid whose lustrous eyes
Were made to cure the heart's regret,
Like hints of Paradise.
I promised that her lovely face
Within my heart should stay
Enshrined until the human race
Fore'er had passed away.

I promised that those cherry lips
That held that cherished kiss,
Those dainty hands and finger-tips
That held the touch of bliss,
I'd ne'er forget, and faithfully
My promise to the dame
I've kept, but for the life of me
I can't recall her name!

Wilberforce Jenkins

A SUBURBAN NIGHTMARE

LAST night a hateful dream I dreamed,
And in it you and I
Were parted, precious one, it seemed,
For all eternity.
Methought forever and for ay
Our two ways led apart;
And oh, the wo, the grief that lay
Deep in my aching heart!

The grief, the pain beyond all space,
The sorrow unredeemed
That none could ever take your place!
We parted, so I dreamed.
I dreamed, and then—your loud voice broke:
"Breakfast!" you cried. I shook
Free of my nightmare and awoke—
We had not lost our cook!

R. K. Thompson

OTTO SCHMALZ, HYPNOTIST

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF THE PREVENTER
OF CRIME

BY WALTER HACKETT

AUTHOR OF "A STUDY IN PALMISTRY" AND "THE THEFT OF THE
DUDLEY DIAMONDS"

AFTER *Valentine's* death-song — it may be heretical, but the closing scenes of "*Faust*" have always bored me to extinction—I took my hat and coat and strolled across town to the club. I had not been there more than five minutes when an attendant brought me a card. It was that of my friend, Herr Otto Schmalz, the preventer of crime.

"Show him in at once," I said eagerly, for I had learned that his presence almost certainly meant some exciting adventure.

The man coughed apologetically.

"I have already asked him in, sir," he informed me; "but he refuses to leave the door-step, and begs that you will join him there."

The last words were spoken with just the faintest touch of disapprobation. Unconventional actions were frowned on in our exclusive organization—more severely by the attendants, as is often the case, than by the members themselves.

"I'll join him there at once," I replied, and, rising, I made my way as quickly as possible to where Herr Schmalz awaited me.

He had deposited his immense bulk in the hall. Beneath the glow of the brilliant lights his round, flabby face looked rounder and more moon-like than ever, while his absurd top-hat—many sizes too small, and wabbling about with his every movement—gave him the air of a grotesquely extravagant Cupid. He paid no heed to my approach; and I saw, even while I was yet some distance from

him, that he was sound asleep—the defective circulation of his blood was apt to cause him to doze off at the most unexpected moment. Indeed, just as I reached the last step leading to the hall, an emphatic snore echoed through its aristocratic walls, to the evident dismay of the scandalized hallmen.

It took every bit of my strength, exerted in the most vigorous shaking of his great body, to bring Herr Schmalz to consciousness. When I did so—as was always customary at such times—he was in a most peevish temper.

"Vass iss?" he demanded shrilly. Only when in anger did he fail to speak the most precise English, though his heavy, guttural voice invariably betrayed his nationality. "Vass iss?" he repeated even more querulously. "Haf I nod the right to sleep ven I so desire?"

"But you sent for me," I put in.

The sound of my voice restored his memory, and that restored his temper. His huge face divided itself in an immense grin, and his little eyes twinkled at me from behind the heavy, thick-lensed spectacles.

"Ah!" he replied with great affability. "So I did—and you have on your evening clothes—that is good. Send for your hat and coat at once."

I did as he bade me, and then turned back to him.

"Where are you going to take me?" I asked.

He proudly threw out his chest—that is, I am sure he meant to throw out his chest, although he merely appeared to be swelling like a balloon that is being

filled—and a look of childlike vanity dimpled his great countenance.

"To the Brewsters' reception," he responded.

I stared at him in absolute amazement. The Brewsters were probably the most exclusive family in New York, and this reception was to be the most exclusive affair they had ever given. It was in honor of the engagement of their son, Geary Brewster, a rising young diplomat, to the beautiful Evelyn Heathcote. For days people ambitious socially had been angling for a card to it; and, while I had taken no part in that vulgar scramble, I am willing to admit that in secret I had greatly regretted the fact that I had not been bidden. And now Herr Schmalz was to take me there! How in the world he could be entitled to do so I had not the faintest idea—the thing was amazing!

It was not until our cab had drawn up before the door of the Brewster mansion that I recovered from my surprise sufficiently to ask for an explanation. Then, as we were mounting the steps, I thrust my arm through his.

"Do you know," I said, "I'm greatly obliged to you for bringing me here. Though I wished it very much, I was not invited."

He looked at me scornfully.

"And that was why you were staying away?" he inquired in a tone of frank amazement. "*Ach*, but that is a poor reason. For myself, neither was I invited; yet see, I come in my very best clothes and bring you with me."

I stopped dead in my tracks at this astounding statement, attempting meanwhile to free my arm from his and escape down the steps. Unfortunately, however, I was too late. At the very instant he ceased speaking the door was thrown open before us, and, despite my struggles, by main strength he drew me into the brilliantly lighted foyer.

I shall never forget the feelings that possessed me as we stood there before an array of solemn-looking servants and divested ourselves of our coats and hats. In the accusing eyes of every one of them I seemed to read the awful truth—that they knew that we were impostors and had come thither unbidden. A great lump leaped into my throat as I

saw one of them—evidently a butler—step forward to ask our names. Before he could do so, Herr Schmalz had briskly bidden him to show us to the library, and then to send Geary Brewster to us at once.

The servant, apparently deceived by the man's assurance, did as he was bid; and a moment later we found ourselves in a great, old-fashioned library, somber with its walls of books. Our host's son did not keep us waiting long, but entered the room almost upon our heels. The sight of two strangers evidently took him by surprise, for as he glimpsed us he came to a sudden stop. Despite this, however, the expression of his face did not alter in the least—his diplomatic training standing him in good stead.

For a moment he gazed steadily at Schmalz. Then he asked rather coldly:

"May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

Schmalz bowed.

"I am," he said, pausing in order that the announcement of his name—characteristically, he ignored me utterly—might gain its full dramatic effect, "Herr Otto Schmalz, the preventer of crime."

"Indeed!" replied Brewster, still more coldly. "Well, Herr Schmalz, I have never heard of you; and, as I am exceptionally busy to-night, I shall have to defer the pleasure of making your acquaintance. Good evening!" And he moved toward the door.

My friend's childlike vanity was abnormal; and when the other admitted utter ignorance of his identity, his face was ludicrous in its injured and incredulous pathos. It was not, indeed, until he saw young Brewster's movement to withdraw that he recovered himself. Then, with an agility surprising in one so immense, he hopped quickly across the room and barred the young man's way of escape.

"Vait!" he exclaimed in a high, shrill voice, such as he always used when excited. "Vait—until you haf heard!"

Brewster looked at him coolly.

"Until I have heard what?" he inquired.

"Six months ago you went abroad, at the request of the President, for the purpose of secretly securing the signa-

ture of"—I may have been mistaken, but I could have sworn that I saw Brewster flinch just for an instant; and evidently Schmalz saw it also, for he paused abruptly before uttering the name, and then continued—"of a certain monarch, who shall be nameless, to an agreement not to continue harrying one of our sister republics in South America. To-day you returned from your mission with the agreement. It is here now in this library."

Brewster's face still wore the same impassive expression; but I was sure that he was deeply surprised by Herr Schmalz's words. I seemed to feel, rather than see, his excitement. At last he spoke.

"Supposing that what you say is true," he began, in his calm, slow voice—he was too clever to admit that what the other had said was the truth, and far too clever to deny it vehemently—"what then?"

"I have come to inform you that it will be stolen before one o'clock to-night," Schmalz returned, evidently much annoyed by being catechized.

"Stolen before one o'clock to-night?" Brewster's tone was almost sneering. "Why, who would have an object in stealing such an agreement?" Even then, you see, he was careful not to admit its existence.

Schmalz leaned forward, his little eyes snapping vindictively.

"The monarch who signed it!" He spat the words out. "It would take you another six months to secure his signature to a copy; and, by that time, his purpose in South America will have been effected."

Still Brewster faced him unmoved.

"And who will commit this theft?" he asked.

"The only person to whom you have entrusted the secret of the whereabouts of the agreement." Schmalz was speaking so quickly now that the words came pell-mell out of his mouth without pause or emphasis. "A tall young woman with blond hair, light-blue eyes, and a wide mouth. She is very graceful, and highly organized; her fingers are long and tapering. She—"

He stopped suddenly with a choking cough. Brewster's sinewy fingers had

caught him about the neck, and were strangling him. His words had gone home at last, and had changed, in an instant, the quiet, restrained gentleman to a wild beast.

It took all my strength to drag Brewster away from the unfortunate Schmalz. As I did so, he spoke for the first time.

"You hound!" he cried. "You hound, to accuse Evelyn of such a hideous crime!"

It was then for the first time that I understood his agitation. The woman Schmalz had described as the thief was Evelyn Heathcote, the woman to whom Brewster was engaged to be married!

II

For a breathless instant the three of us stood rigid and tense. Then, just as Brewster had opened his lips to speak once more, Schmalz lifted a warning finger.

"Hush!" he whispered.

Both stood silent, listening. For a long time I heard not the slightest sound. Then, all at once, I became aware of a faint noise at the door. Some one was stealthily turning the knob. At the same instant that the creaking reached my ears, I saw Brewster suddenly start. Evidently he had heard, too.

Before either of us had an opportunity to move or speak, Herr Schmalz, with the amazing agility of which he was capable at times, had managed to thrust us both behind a curtain that hung over the alcove framed by a bay window, following us thither directly afterward. From this vantage we were able to observe what took place in the room without being observed by any one in it.

For perhaps a full minute we remained in our place of concealment without any incident. Then, when the strain seemed almost too great to be borne, I caught my breath sharply. The door of the library was being opened. Very slowly and quietly it swung, until at last it disclosed the person of a young girl, tall and fair, beautifully dressed in white.

I heard Brewster give a smothered, choking sigh as he saw her, and felt his body, which in the narrow space was pressed closely against mine, tremble. That told me that the newcomer was Evelyn Heathcote.

For a space she stood upon the threshold, as if waiting to make sure that the room was empty. Then she moved swiftly forward, with a grace of movement such as I have never seen before. She went directly to a desk in the middle of the room, and, without an instant's hesitation, pulled open a drawer. From this she drew forth a bulky envelope, which she hurriedly thrust into the bosom of her dress. This done, she closed the drawer carefully, and, with the same graceful, undulating walk, passed quickly from the room, closing the door behind her.

The whole incident, I dare say, had not consumed a full minute, yet, to us watching, it seemed that an age had passed. Never shall I cease to remember the intense pain the sight gave me, or the heart-broken cry which was wrung from Brewster's lips as the door closed. He staggered to a chair, and, sinking into it, buried his face in his hands.

"Evelyn, Evelyn!" he moaned. "Oh, how could you?"

I started forward to attempt to say something that might comfort him, when by chance my eyes fell upon a most amazing sight. It was Herr Schmalz, who in his emotion had slipped quietly to the floor; but instead of the air of childlike triumph his face usually wore when his predictions had been found correct, there was such a look as I had never seen there before. The huge expanse of it was wrinkled up and creased, and he was actually crying! He was the most absurd figure that I have ever seen.

"Herr Schmalz!" I cried, bending over him. "Herr Schmalz, what is it? What is wrong?"

He lifted his great round face, all crinkly and wet with tears, to mine, and sobbed aloud, beating his fat hands together.

"I haf a mistake made!" he bellowed, in a high-pitched voice. "I haf a mistake made for the first time in my life!"

At his words, Brewster lifted his face and looked dully at Schmalz.

"A mistake?" he echoed. "What mistake? Did we not see her steal the agreement with our own eyes?"

Herr Schmalz turned on him sharply.

"The hand steals, but it cannot help

it," he replied acridly. "It is but the servant of the brain, and does what it does unconsciously."

This was far too cryptic for me; but, apparently, Brewster saw some hope in it.

"Do you mean—" he began, rising suddenly meanwhile; and then he paused abruptly.

"I mean," continued Herr Schmalz, in the same injured, childlike tone, "that the woman was hypnotized, and did not know what she did. Have you not eyes with which to look?"

"Hypnotized?" Brewster repeated. "Hypnotized? By whom?"

"By whom?" the words seemed to electrify Schmalz. He stopped crying suddenly, and peered up at Brewster—he was still seated on the floor—with a sudden intentness. "Is there present here to-night," he asked, "a tall man, very dark, with great black eyes, prominent nose, full lips and thick black hair and beard?"

Before he had half finished the description, Brewster was leaning over him intently.

"Yes!" he whispered. "De Lyle, whom I met abroad, and who came over on the same steamer with me, answers that description."

Herr Schmalz's answer came back like a flash.

"It is De Lyle who has hypnotized the young lady!" he exclaimed.

With a cry, Brewster sprang to the rifled desk and snatched a pistol from one of its drawers.

"Then, by Heaven, I'll kill him!"

Undoubtedly he meant what he said, for, as he spoke, he sprang for the door. A strangled squeal from Herr Schmalz arrested him.

"Stop him—stop him!" he shrieked to me. "He is crazy! Stop him!"

As he cried out he tried to rise and assist me. Because of his great bulk, such a feat was an utter impossibility. All he could manage to do was to thrash about upon the floor, and roll over and over like some great billow detached from its fellows.

Even in his passion of anger, the man's absurd plight caused Brewster to pause. Herr Schmalz was quick to take advantage of this.

"Help me up!" he demanded querulously. "*Donnerwetter*, will no one help me up?"

We managed to raise him, though it was all the two of us could do. Once on his feet, he regained his composure.

"Now," he said, turning to Brewster, "give me the pistol."

"But—" began Brewster.

A heavy frown silenced his protest.

"There is no but about it," Herr Schmalz returned sharply. "If you make a row, you will ruin the girl and yourself, and the whole story will become public. Give me the pistol."

In silence, Brewster did as he was bid. Schmalz took it and placed it in the breast-pocket of his coat with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Now," he announced, linking his arm in Brewster's, "you will take me into the drawing-room and introduce me as a famous hypnotist."

Brewster looked at him aghast.

"What are you going to do?" he cried.

Herr Schmalz smiled complacently.

"I am going to hypnotize De Lyle and make him disgorge those papers!" was his amazing rejoinder.

III

I WENT through the rest of that strange adventure in a daze; and I find it almost impossible to describe it in detail. Indeed, I remember nothing at all until suddenly I found myself in the midst of a press of people watching Herr Schmalz. Wearing his most entrancing grin, the supposed hypnotist was standing in a cleared space beside a vacant chair, and explaining his difficulty in securing good subjects.

"They are almost impossible to find," he remarked heavily; "but fortunately I see a gentleman before me, from whom I am positive that we might obtain satisfactory results." He lifted his finger suddenly, and pointed directly at a dark-visaged man, black and bearded, who stood in the center of the crowd. "You, sir!" he cried sharply. "Will you step forward and sit here?"

As the man realized that it was he who was addressed, he started quickly; and I thought that he turned pale. Evidently, too, his first thought was to re-

fuse the request; but on hearing the chorus of pleas begging him not to do so, he apparently changed his mind, and, with a shrug of his shoulders, made his way toward Herr Schmalz. As he did so, the latter enlightened the company with an explanation of his methods, grinning meanwhile seraphically. He was never so happy as when occupying the center of the stage.

"Some," he announced, "are put to sleep by passes of the hand—so." He illustrated with a gigantic and clumsy gesture. "With some we whisper a formula in the ear—it depends on the subject. Now, this one,"—he indicated De Lyle, who, by this time, had reached his side and seated himself in the chair—"this one, I think, will do better for the passes."

A dozen times he waved his hand about the man's head, in a huge, clumsy fashion that was almost irresistibly ludicrous. Then, pausing suddenly, he said with the utmost complacency:

"Sleep!"

De Lyle was far from obeying the order. Indeed, as he heard it, he raised his head, and laughed contemptuously in Herr Schmalz's face. A titter ran about the room.

Herr Schmalz did not seem to be in the least surprised or disconcerted. On the contrary, his unaffected delight in himself was apparently increasing.

"Ah," he announced, "I was wrong! We will now try the formula."

He leaned down and whispered some rapid words into De Lyle's ear. As the latter heard them, he started suddenly up, his face a ghastly white. Herr Schmalz caught him by the arm, and gently forced him back into his chair. Once more he repeated:

"Sleep!"

This time his command was effective. Slowly, very slowly, the man's eyes closed, and his head fell forward on his breast. Herr Schmalz turned a delighted face to his audience, spreading out his hands like an acrobat after accomplishing a difficult feat.

"So!" he said.

He was rewarded by a burst of applause which he made no effort to subdue. As long as it continued, he stood bobbing his head; at its conclusion, he

held up a small crystal charm which was always affixed to his watch-chain.

"Mr. Geary Brewster has hidden some papers in a place known only to himself," he stated. "I now propose to make the subject see them in this crystal." He turned and held the glass up before the man in the chair. "Open your eyes," he commanded, "and tell me what you see!"

Slowly the man obeyed him. My amazement knew no bounds. Never had Schmalz confided to me an inkling of this strange power of his.

"I see a conservatory filled with greens. Two feet from the door, to the left, beneath a potted palm, I see some papers." It was De Lyle who was speaking. The very tone, subdued and somber, in which he spoke, increased the weirdness of the scene. "They have been hidden there."

"Describe the papers."

"They are in a bulky envelope—I cannot see beneath it—oh, it is all dark now."

"Good! You may awake."

With a start, De Lyle opened his eyes. As he did so, young Brewster and another man entered the room. As the supposed hypnotic subject described the location of the envelope, they had left together; and they now returned with the envelope that I had seen Evelyn Heathcote unconsciously steal. The seal was still unbroken.

IV

It was in our cab, coming home, that Schmalz explained his methods.

"A study of crime convinces one that it is always a result. The pigs of detectives wait until it has been committed, until an injury has been done, before taking action. Then, by methods of induction, they attempt to learn what prompted the crime, and who was the criminal. The clever man uses those methods *before* the crime has been committed. They are as effectual then as afterward. In this way he knows whether it is possible to commit a crime, and, when it is so, who will have the motive and the opportunity for committing it. It is like your great novelist. He takes a certain character, and tells you infallibly what that character will

do under any given circumstances—simplicity.

"In the case in point, I knew—never mind how—the errand on which Brewster went to Europe. That it would be successful was a foregone conclusion, for no country is powerful enough to refuse the United States of America a just demand. On the other hand, that the consent would be grudgingly given was easily to be seen, since otherwise it would not have been necessary to send a special secret ambassador to obtain the signed agreement. Naturally, therefore, it followed that if there was a possible way of recalling the agreement, it would be done. The only possible way was to steal it. There you have the object for the crime, and the crime itself.

"Now, for the method. One glance at Brewster showed me that his character would have but one weakness—that would be for the woman he loved. Only to her would he confide the whereabouts of the treaty. If the foreigners wished to steal it, therefore, they would have to get the woman he loved to steal it for them. That was why I described Miss Heathcote when he asked me for the identity of the thief. I knew they were engaged, and I had seen her often.

"As you know, the method of inducing her to steal surprised me; but, when I saw that she was hypnotized, the rest was easy. She is of so positive a type that any one familiar with hypnotism would know that only an equally positive type could have conquered her will. If you will study hypnotism, you will find that only certain temperaments can influence certain other temperaments in that way. It was easy enough by this method to describe the personality of the real culprit—De Lyle. The rest—the rest you know."

"But," I protested, "how could he have managed to hypnotize her?"

"My friend," replied Schmalz, "your European diplomat has many strange accomplishments."

"One thing more," I persisted. "How could you hypnotize him?"

"I didn't hypnotize him," he answered.

"What?" I gasped.

"I just whispered what I wanted him to do, and let him see the pistol in my breast-pocket!"

LORD STRATHCONA, THE GRAND OLD CANADIAN

BY THOMPSON ROBERTSON

THE Right Hon. Donald Alexander Smith, first Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, and high commissioner for Canada in London, is still a busy man, in spite of the fact that he has already seventy years of hard and successful work to his credit. Born in 1820, entering the service of the Hudson Bay Company as a youth in the junior commissioned rank of clerk, and to-day to be found at his desk in the Canadian Office on Victoria Street—surely his is a life to be taken as a guide and inspiration by every worker in the world!

It is not a task of great difficulty to secure a meeting with Lord Strathcona. The first thing that one notices about him is the absolute simplicity of his manner. And there is an atmosphere of quiet about him—the quiet that is learned in wide, unpeopled places, combined with the quiet of voice and manner that belongs to those who bear vast responsibilities. There is no hint of pomposity about it, and not so much as a shadow of the suspicious and supercilious reserve of the little "big man."

When I called at the veteran statesman's office, the other day, he asked me some questions about my native town and province; I spoke of having once been on his salmon pools on the Tobique River, in New Brunswick, and presently we talked of fishing. He admitted that though he is the owner of some splendid waters in widely separated parts of the globe, he has done very little fishing since the days when to be unsuccessful in making a catch meant hunger for himself, his men, and his dogs. It was quietly said in no more than a dozen words; but here was a picture in my mind's eye as clear cut as the shadows of spruce-trees on frozen snow at the time of the full moon. This gray-haired nobleman, in

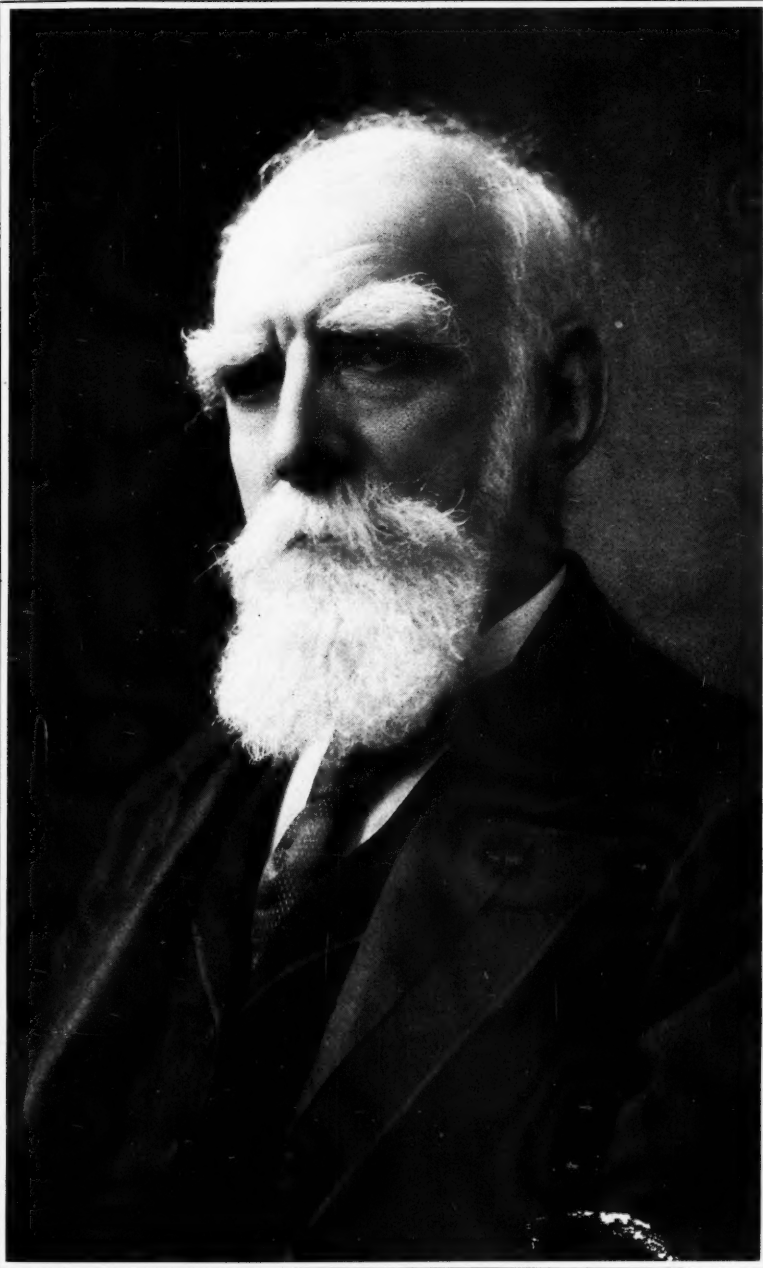
the days of his adventurous youth, had played his part as a pioneer in the northern wilds, against the hundred menaces of forest and flood, as sanely and masterfully as he had played it later in the world of men.

It was a rare thing for Lord Strathcona to say even that much about himself. He has done big work—and by that alone he is content to be known to the world at large. He dislikes publicity, as a private gentleman. He is a public man for the simple reason that his works are too large to allow him the privilege of privacy—the privilege of smaller people. He worked for the sake of the work and his country—not for the sake of looming conspicuously above his fellows. And he is still working—and, I do honestly believe, is trying to hide his own identity behind his official position. It is a great post, this of high commissioner in England for the big Dominion; but it is many times smaller than the man who fills it.

FROM SCOTLAND TO CANADA

From the day in 1838 that Donald Alexander Smith, the eighteen-year-old son of Alexander Smith, of Archieston, Morayshire, Scotland, entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company, to the present moment, his life has been a part of the life and growth of the Dominion of Canada. His opportunities were no greater than those of other youths entering the company at that time. That he was a gentleman gave him no advantage over his fellows, for they, too, were youths of good family connections. This ancient and honorable fur-trading company drew its officers, at that time, from the same class that used to buy commissions in the army for its younger sons.

For thirteen years Donald Alexander



THE RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA
IN LONDON—LORD STRATHCONA IS A VETERAN OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY SERVICE,
AND AT EIGHTY-NINE HE IS ONE OF THE GREAT MEN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

From his photograph by Lafayette, London

Smith served the company on the coast of Labrador. Records among the business papers of the H. B. C. may deal scantily with those thirteen years of service; and if so, you may be sure that they read with no more romantic a swing than a page from a banker's ledger or the daily report of a regimental orderly officer. And, yet, had some story-writer, or explorer, the knowledge of those thirteen years at his command, what a clatter he might make in the world of print! But there it is—the epic of hardship and daring—locked away in the memory of a man who quietly, but firmly, refuses to talk about himself.

From Labrador Smith traveled toward the setting sun, still in the company's service, to what was then known—or, to be more correct, unknown—as the Great Northwest. Here was a land which, no matter how vast, how engirdled by nature's barriers, how shaken by brawling rivers and cloaked by wild mystery, was fated to grow beyond the fur-trade. So rich were these vastnesses that, driven onward by the natural and inevitable law of progress, the timber-jack, the rancher, the wheat-grower, and the railroader trod close behind the pioneering fur-traders.

The coast of Labrador is a region that is never likely to outgrow the traffic in peltries; and there Donald Alexander Smith's growth had been within the limits of the great company. But in the Northwest he began to expand with the country—his growth became national. In the service of the company he ascended, step by step, to the position of a chief factor. Next, he became the resident governor—the last resident governor of the Hudson Bay Company as a governing and self-governing body. To this day he holds the position of chief commissioner of the company in Canada.

HIS FIRST PUBLIC SERVICE

In December, 1869, he stepped beyond the affairs of the H. B. C. as a special commissioner appointed by the Dominion government to inquire into the causes of the first Riel Rebellion in the Red River Settlements. For his services on this commission he received the thanks of the governor-general in council; and from this date onward we find him dealing with the affairs of the young nation as success-

fully as with the business of the ancient company. In 1870 he became a member of the first executive council of the Northwest Territories; and in the following year, upon the creation of Manitoba as a province, he represented Winnipeg and St. John in the Legislature. And so his political career went on; but there can be little doubt that his greatest services to Canada have been given in connection with railroading.

At a banquet of the St. George's Society, in London, in 1897, Sir Charles Tupper said:

The Canadian Pacific Railway would have no existence to-day, notwithstanding all that the government did to support it, had it not been for the indomitable pluck, energy, and determination, financially and in every other respect, of Sir Donald Smith.

Four years previous to this, Mr. J. J. Hill had said, in a speech delivered at St. Paul, Minnesota:

The one person to whose efforts, and to whose confidence in the growth of our country, our success in early railway development is due is Sir Donald Smith.

It was not for his service in the Hudson Bay Company, nor for his fine and honest political work, that Donald Alexander Smith was honored by the late Queen Victoria. It was for his splendid achievements in the national business of railroading. In 1896 he was made a K. C. M. G.—a knight commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George—and ten years later he was advanced to be a G. C. M. G., or knight grand cross in the same order. Yet again, upon the completion of the sixtieth year of her reign, her majesty raised Sir Donald Alexander Smith to the peerage as Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, of Glencoe in the County of Argyll, and of Montreal in the Province of Quebec and the Dominion of Canada.

SOME OF LORD STRATHCONA'S GIFTS

Lord Strathcona is a generous giver, and though it is safe to say that he gives away as much privately as publicly, yet the list of his recorded gifts alone would fill pages. In 1887, in conjunction with Lord Mount Stephen, he gave a million dollars for the building of the Royal Vic-

toria Hospital in Montreal, and in 1896 he supplemented this with a further donation of eight hundred thousand dollars. His many gifts to McGill University amount in all to about half a million. In 1896 he erected and endowed the Royal Victoria College in Montreal, an institution devoted to the higher education of women; and he has founded Canadian scholarships at the Royal College of Music in London. His latest donation was a gift of a quarter of a million dollars to the Dominion government to promote the physical and military training of Canadian schoolboys.

Lord Strathcona's private collection of pictures is the finest in Canada. In it are to be found examples of the works of Titian, Turner, Raphael, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Millais, Constable, Rosa Bonheur, Alma-Tadema,

Jules Bréton, and many other masters of various periods and schools. The sum he gave for Bréton's "The First Communion" is said to have been the highest price ever paid at a public auction for a modern painting.

Donald Alexander Smith left his home in Scotland at the age of eighteen, and spent the first thirteen years of his working life in the desolate wilderness of the Labrador coast; and now Sir Donald Alexander Smith, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, has completed his thirteenth year of service as high commissioner for the Dominion of Canada. He is eighty-nine years of age—and he is still at work.

He has no son to inherit his title, but it will descend by special patent to his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, wife of Dr. Robert Bliss Howard.

THE VOICE OF THE CITY

THE city lies upon the ground
That slopes toward the bay;
Have you not heard its distant sound
Like the far baying of a hound
Close on the hunter's prey?

So many leagues the city calls,
So many thousands hear,
There is a constant host that crawls
Toward the busy, barren walls
That it shall help to rear.

The city needs each eager hand
Of all that eager throng;
A hundred build that one may stand—
The city needs each eager band,
But does not need it long.

The people shift as in a sieve
That shakes without a pause;
There is not any time to live;
No one has any thought to give
But to his little cause.

There are strange glimpses of delights
That poverty debars;
There are the brilliant, crowded nights—
The city has so many lights
One cannot see the stars.

So comes the host from far and wide
To strive and strive again;
A few shall swell the city's pride,
But, ah, the great defeated tide
Of women and of men!

Mary L. Bray

THE WHITE SISTER*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "FAIR MARGARET,"
"THE PRIMA DONNA," ETC.

XXIII

IT was raining when Giovanni and Monsignor Saracinesca rang at the door of the convent. The mother superior had ordered two rush-bottomed chairs to be brought out of the hall and placed under the shelter of the cloister, just on one side of the glass door; for Sister Giovanna was to receive a visit, as she explained, from an officer who had known her father and had business with her.

Such things had happened before in the community, and the lay sister was not surprised. She carried the chairs out and set them in what she considered a proper position, about two yards apart and both facing the garden. The rain fell softly and steadily, the sky was of an even dove-gray, and the smell of the damp earth and the early spring flowers filled the cloister.

Giovanni was a soldier, and would impose his military punctuality upon the prelate, who, like most churchmen, had a clearer idea of eternity than of definite time. As the convent clock was striking, therefore, the mother superior and Sister Giovanna came down the narrow stairs, for they had been together a quarter of an hour, though they had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words. They walked slowly round under the vaulted cloister, the mother on the right, the nun on the left, according to the rigid custom, and they had just turned the last corner and were in sight of the two rush-bottomed chairs when the glass door opened.

Monsignor Saracinesca's voice was heard:

"Remember what I have said. I

trust you, and you know that the cloister is open to every one."

"Yes," Giovanni answered, as both appeared on the threshold.

They saw the two nuns already near, and made a few steps to meet them. Monsignor Saracinesca greeted the mother, who bent her head as she answered him; Giovanni stood still, his eyes fixed on Angela's face. But she looked steadily down at the flagstones, and her hands were hidden under the broad scapular of white cloth that hung straight down from under her gorget to her feet.

There are no awkward silences when churchmen or nuns meet; still less, if the meeting takes place by appointment; for each knows exactly what he or she is expected to say, and says it, deliberately and without hesitation. In less than a minute after they had met, the mother and Monsignor Saracinesca entered the hall together and shut the glass door after them. The soldier and the nun were face to face at last.

As soon as Giovanni heard the door shut he made one step forward and stretched out both his hands, thinking to take hers. She made no movement, but raised her eyes; and when he saw them, they were still and dull. Then she slowly held out her right hand, and it was cold and inert when he took it. She drew back at once and sat down; and he took the other chair, bringing it a little nearer, turning it so that he could see her.

He was cruelly disappointed, but he was the first to speak.

"I thought you were glad to know that I am alive," he said coldly, "but I see that you were only frightened the

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other day. I am sorry to have startled you."

She steadied herself before answering: "Yes, I was startled. Your letter did not reach me till afterward."

The garden was whirling before her, as if she were being put under ether; and the little twisted columns that upheld the arches of the cloister chased one another furiously, till she thought she was going to fall from her chair. She could not hear what he said next, for a surging roar filled her ears as when the surf breaks at an angle on a long beach and sounds one deep, uninterrupted note. He was explaining why the mail steamer had not reached Italy several days before him, but she did not understand; she only knew when he ceased speaking.

"It is the inevitable—always the inevitable," she said, making a desperate effort, and yet not saying anything she wished to say.

But her tone told him how deeply she was moved, and his fiery energy broke out.

"Nothing is inevitable!" he cried. "There is nothing that cannot be undone, if I can live to undo it."

That was not what she expected, if she expected anything; but it brought back her controlling self, which had been dazed and wandering, and had left her almost helpless. She started and turned her face full to his, but drawing back in her chair.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Angela!"

The appeal of love was in his voice as he bent far forward, but she raised her hand in warning.

"No, 'Sister Giovanna,' please," she said, checking him, though gently.

He felt the slight rebuke, and remembered that the place was public to the community.

"It was not by chance that you took my name with the veil," he said, almost in a whisper. "Did you love me then?"

"I believed that you had been dead two years," answered the nun slowly.

"But did you love me still, when I was dead?"

"Yes."

She did not lower her voice, for she was not ashamed; but she looked down.

He forgot her rebuke, and called her by her old name again, that had meant 'life and hope and everything to him through years of captivity.

"Angela!" He did not heed her gesture now, nor the quick word she spoke. "Yes, I will call you Angela—you love me now—"

She checked him again, with more energy.

"Hush! If you cannot be reasonable, I shall go away."

"Reasonable!"

There was contempt in his tone, but he sat upright again and said no more.

"Listen to me," said Sister Giovanna, finding some strength in the small advantage she had just gained. "I have not let you come here in order to torment you or cheat you, and I mean to tell you the truth. You have a right to know it; and I still have the right to tell it, because there is nothing in it of which I am ashamed. Will you hear me quietly, whatever I say?"

"Yes, I will. But I cannot promise not to answer when you have done."

"There is no answer to what I am going to say. It is to be final."

"We shall see," said Giovanni gravely, though with no conviction.

But the nun was satisfied, for he was clearly willing to listen. The meeting had disturbed her peace even more than she had expected; but she had done her best during several days to prepare herself for it, and had found strength to decide what she must say, and to repeat it over and over again till she knew it by heart.

"You were reported to be dead," she began—"killed with the rest of them. You had your share in the great military funeral; and I, and all the world, believed that you were buried with your comrades. Your name is engraved with theirs upon their tomb, in the roll of honor, as that of a man who perished in his country's service. I went there with Mme. Bernard before I began my novitiate; and I went again, for the last time, before I took the veil. I had loved you living, and I loved you dead."

Giovanni moved as if he were going to speak, but she would not let him.

"No, hear me!" she cried anxiously. "I offered God my life and my strength

for your sake; and if I have done any good here in five years, as novice and nun, it has been in the hope that it might be accepted for you, if your soul needed it. Though you may not believe in such things, do you at least understand me?"

"Indeed I do, and I am grateful—most grateful."

She was a little disappointed by his tone, for he spoke with an evident effort.

"It was gladly given," she said. "But now you have come back to life—"

She hesitated. With all her courage and strength, she could not quite control her memory, and the words she had prepared so carefully were suddenly confused. Giovanni completed the sentence for her in his own way.

"I have come to life to find you dead for me, as I have been dead for you. Is that what you were going to say?"

She was still hesitating.

"Was it that?" he insisted.

"No," she answered at last. "Not dead for you—alive for you."

He would have caught at a straw, and the joy came into his face as he quickly held out his hand to her; but she would not take it—hers were both hidden under her white cloth scapular, and she shrank from him. The light went out of his eyes.

"I might have known," he said deeply disappointed. "You do not mean it. I suppose you will explain that you are alive to pray for me."

"You promised to listen quietly, whatever I might say."

"Yes." He controlled himself. "I will," he added, after a moment. "Go on."

"I am not changed," said Sister Giovanna, "but my life is. That is what I meant by the inevitable. No person can undo what I have done." Giovanni moved impatiently. "No power can loose me from my vows."

In spite of himself, the man's temper broke out.

"You are mad," he answered roughly, "or else you do not know that you can be free."

"Hush!" cried the nun, trying once more to check him. "Your promise—remember it."

"I break it! I will not listen meekly to such folly. Before you took the vow,

you had given me your word—as I gave you mine—that we would be man and wife; and, since I am not dead, no promise or oath made after that is binding. I know that you love me still, as you did then; and if you will not try to free yourself, then by all you believe, and by all I honor, I will set you free."

It was a challenge, if it was not a threat, and Sister Giovanna defended herself as she could. But she was painfully conscious that something in her responded with a thrill to the cry of the pursuer. Nevertheless, she answered with a firm refusal.

"You cannot make me do what I will not," she said.

"I can and I will," he retorted vehemently. "It is monstrous that you should be bound by a promise, made in ignorance, under a wretched mistake, on a false report that I was dead."

"We were not even formally betrothed—"

"We loved each other," interrupted Giovanni, "and we had told each other so. That is enough. We belong to each other just as truly as if we were man and wife—"

"Even if we were," said the nun, interrupting him in her turn, "if I had taken my vows in the belief that my husband had been dead for years, I would not ask to be released."

He stared at her, his temper suddenly chilled in amazement.

"But if it were a mistake," he objected, "if the Pope offered you a dispensation, would you refuse it?"

Sister Giovanna was prepared, for she had thought of that.

"If you had given a man your word of honor to pay a debt you owed him, would you break your promise if you suddenly found that you could use the money in another way, which would give you the keenest pleasure?"

"That is quite different. How can you ask such an absurd question?"

"It is not absurd, and the case is not so different as you think. I have given my word to God in heaven, and I must pay my debt."

Giovanni was indignant again, and rebelled.

"You used to tell me that your God was just!"

"And I have heard you say that your only god was honor!" retorted the nun.

"Yes!" he answered hotly. "It is! Honor teaches that the first promise given must be fulfilled before all others!"

"I have been taught that vows made to God must not be broken."

She rose, as if the speech were final. Though they had been talking only a few minutes, she already felt that she could not bear much more.

"Surely you are not going already!" he cried, starting to his feet.

Sister Giovanna turned so that she was face to face with him.

"What is there left to say?" she asked with a great effort.

"Everything! I told you that I would answer when you had finished, and now that you have nothing left to say, you must hear me! You said you would—"

"I said that there could be no answer." Nevertheless she waited, motionless.

"But there is! The answer is that I will free you from the slavery to which you have sold your soul! The answer is, I love you, and it is yourself I love, the woman you are now, not the memory of your shadow from long ago, but you, you, your very self!"

Half out of his mind, he tried to seize her by the arm, to draw her to him; but he only caught her sleeve, and dropped it as she sprang back with a lightness and maiden grace that almost drove him mad. She drew herself up, offended and hurt.

"Remember what I am, and where you are!"

Giovanni's manner changed so suddenly that she would have been suspicious, if she had not been too much disturbed to reason. She fancied that she still controlled him.

"You are right," he said; "I beg your pardon. Only tell me when I may see you again."

"Not for a long time—not till you can give me your word that you will control yourself. Till then, we must say good-by."

He was so quiet, all at once, that it was easier to say the word than she had expected.

"No," he answered, "not good-by, for even if you will not see me, I shall be near you."

"Near? Where?"

"I am living in my brother's rooms at the powder-magazine. I am in charge till he gets well. On the day I arrived I asked the minister himself for permission to take Ugo's place."

"You have taken his place!" She could not keep her anxiety out of her voice.

"Yes, and I hope to get a shot at the fellow who wounded Ugo. But the post suits me, for the upper part of this house is in sight of my windows. If you look out toward the river, you can see where I live."

He spoke so gently that she lingered instead of leaving him at once, as she had meant to do.

"And besides," he went on in the same tone, "I shall come here every day until my brother can go home. I may meet you at any moment, in going to his room. You will not refuse to speak to me, will you?"

He smiled. He seemed quite changed within a few moments. But she shook her head.

"You will not see me here again," she answered, "for my week's turn as supervising nurse will be over this evening, and I am going to nurse a private case."

"To-night?" Giovanni asked with a little surprise.

"Yes, to-night."

"Do you mean to say that you do not even have a day's rest after being on duty a whole week? What a life! But they must at least give you a few hours, surely! What time do you go off duty, and at what time do you go to your new patient? I suppose they send for you?"

"Yes, at about eight o'clock. That is the usual time, but I never know long beforehand. Arrangements of that sort are all made by the mother superior."

It did not seem unnatural that he should ask questions about her occupation, now that he was calmer, nor could she think it wrong to answer them. Any one might have listened to what they were saying.

"I dare say you do not even know

where you are going this evening?" Giovanni said.

She thought that he was talking only to keep her with him a little longer. Overstrained as she had been, it was a relief to exchange a few words quietly before parting from him.

"It is true," she answered after a moment's thought. "I dare say the mother superior mentioned the name of the family, but if she did I have forgotten it. I shall get my instructions before I leave the house, as usual. I only know that it is a new case."

"Yes," Giovanni said as if it did not interest him further. "All the same, it is a shame that you should be made to work so hard! Before I go, tell me that you have forgiven me for losing my head just now. I think you have, but I want to hear you say so. Will you?"

It seemed little enough to forgive. Sister Giovanna felt so much relieved by his change of manner that she was even able to smile faintly. If he would always be as gentle, she could ask leave to see him again perhaps in six months. Now that the storm was over, it was a pure and innocent happiness to be with him.

"You will not do it again, I am quite sure," she said simply. "Of course I forgive you."

"Thank you. It is all I can expect, since you have told me that I was asking the impossible. You see Mme. Bernard sometimes, do you not?"

"Yes. Almost every week."

"She will give me news of you. I suppose I must not send you a message by her. That would be against the rules!"

"The message might be!" Sister Giovanna actually smiled again. "But if it is not, there is no reason why she should not bring me a greeting from you."

"But not a letter?"

"No. I would not take it from her. It would have to be given to the mother superior. If she were willing to receive it at all, it would be her duty to read it, and she would judge whether it should be given to me or not."

"Is that the rule?" Giovanni asked, more indifferently than she had expected.

"Yes. It is the rule in our order. If

it were not, who could prevent any one from writing to a nun?"

"I was not finding fault with it. I must not keep you standing here any longer. If you will not sit down and talk a little more, I had better be going."

"Yes. You have been here long enough, I think."

He did not press her. He was so submissive that if he had begged permission to stay a few minutes more she would have consented, and she wished he would, when she saw him holding out his hand to say good-by; but she was too well pleased at having dominated his wild temper to make a suggestion which might betray weakness in herself.

She took his hand, and was a little surprised to find it as cold as hers had been when he came; but his face was not pale—she forgot that five years of Africa had bronzed it too much for paleness—and he was very quiet and collected. She went to the door of the hall with him, and opened it before he could do so for himself.

They parted almost like mere acquaintances, he bowing on the step, she bending her head. The mother superior and Monsignor Saracinesca had been sitting by the table, talking, but both had risen and come forward as soon as the pair appeared outside the glass door. It all passed off very satisfactorily, and the mother superior gave a little sigh of relief when the churchman and the soldier went away together, leaving her and Sister Giovanna standing in the hall. She felt that Monsignor Saracinesca had been right, after all, in approving the meeting, and that she had been mistaken in thinking that it must endanger the nun's peace.

She said nothing, but she was quietly pleased, and a rare, sweet smile softened her marble features. She asked no questions about what had passed, being quite sure that all was well, and that if there had ever been anything to fear, it was gone.

XXIV

THE prelate and Giovanni walked along the quiet street in silence for some distance; then Severi stopped suddenly, as many Italians do when they are going to say something important.

"You will help me, I am sure," he said, speaking impetuously from the first. "Though I never knew you well in old times, I always felt that you were friendly. You will not allow her to ruin both our lives, will you?"

"What sort of help do you want from me?" asked the tall churchman, bending his eyes to the energetic young face.

"The simplest thing in the world!" Giovanni answered. "We were engaged to be married when I left with that ill-fated expedition. She thought me dead. She must be released from her vows at once! That is all."

"It is out of the question," answered Monsignor Saracinesca with supernal calm.

"Out of the question?" Giovanni frowned angrily. "Do you mean that it cannot be done? But it is only common justice! She is as much my wife as if you had married us and I had left her at the altar to go to Africa! You cannot be in earnest!"

"I am. In the first place, there is no ground for granting a dispensation."

"No ground?" cried Severi indignantly. "We loved each other, we meant to marry! Is that no reason?"

"No. You were not even formally betrothed, either before your parish priest or the mayor. Without a solemn promise in the proper form and before witnesses, there is no binding engagement to marry. That is not only canonical law, but Italian common law, too."

"We had told each other," Giovanni objected. "That was enough."

"You are wrong," answered Monsignor Saracinesca gently. "The church will do nothing that the law would not do, and the law would not release Sister Giovanna, or any one else, from a legal obligation taken under the same circumstances as the religious one she has assumed."

"What do you mean?"

"This. If, instead of becoming a nun, Angela had married another man after you were lost, Italian law would not annul the marriage in order that she might become your wife."

"Of course not!"

"Then why should the church annul an obligation which is quite as solemn as marriage?"

Giovanni thought he had caught the churchman in a fallacy.

"I beg your pardon," he replied. "I was taught as a boy that marriage is a sacrament, but I never heard that taking the veil was one!"

"Quite right, in principle. In reality, it is considered, for women, the equivalent of ordination, and, therefore, as being of the nature of a sacrament."

"I am not a theologian, to discuss equivalents," retorted Giovanni roughly.

"Very true, but a man who knows nothing of mathematics may safely accept the statement of a mathematician about a simple problem. That is not the point, however. If you remember, I said that 'under the same circumstances' the church would not do what the law would not. The church considers a nun's final vows to be as binding under its regulations as the law considers that any civil contract is. The 'circumstances' are therefore exactly similar."

Giovanni was no match for his cool antagonist in an argument. He cut the discussion short by a direct question.

"Is it in the Pope's power to release Sister Giovanna from her vows, or not?"

"Yes. It is—in principle."

"Then put your principles into practice and make him do it?" cried the soldier rudely.

Monsignor Saracinesca was unmoved by this attack, which he answered with calm dignity.

"My dear captain," he said, "in the first place, no one can 'make' the Pope do things. That is not a respectful way of speaking."

Giovanni was naturally courteous, and he felt that he had gone too far.

"I beg your pardon," he answered. "I mean no disrespect to the Pope, though I tell you frankly that I do not believe in much, and not at all in his authority. What I ask is common justice and your help as a friend. I ask you to go to him and lay the case before him fairly, as before a just man, which I heartily believe him to be. You will see that he will do what you admit is in his power and give Sister Giovanna her dispensation."

"If you and she had been married before your disappearance," argued the churchman, "his holiness would assur-

edly not refuse. If you had been solemnly betrothed before your parish priest as well as legally promised in marriage at the Capitol, he might make an exception, though a civil betrothal is valid only for six months, under Italian law. But there was no marriage and no such engagement."

Giovanni found himself led into argument again.

"We had intended to bind ourselves formally," he objected. "I have heard it said by priests that everything depends on the intention, and that without it the most solemn sacrament is an empty show. Will you doubt our intention if I give you my word that it was mine, and if Sister Giovanna assures you that it was hers?"

"Certainly not! The Pope would not doubt you either, I am sure."

"Then, in the name of all that is just and right, what is the obstacle? If you admit that the intention is the one important point, and that it existed, what ground have you left?"

"That is begging the question, captain. It is true that without the intention a sacrament is an empty show, but the intention without the sacrament is of no more value than intention without performance would be in law. Less, perhaps. There is another point, however, which you have quite overlooked. If a request for a dispensation were even to be considered, it would have to come from Sister Giovanna herself."

"And you will never allow her to ask for her freedom?" cried Giovanni angrily. "That settles it, I suppose! Oh, the tyranny of the church!"

Monsignor Saracinesca's calm was not in the least disturbed by this outbreak, and he answered with unruffled dignity.

"That is easily said, captain. You have just been speaking with Sister Giovanna, and I dare say you talked of this. What was her answer?"

"She is under the influence of her surroundings, of course. What could I expect?"

But the churchman had a right to a more direct reply.

"Did she refuse to listen to your suggestion that she should leave her order?" he asked.

Giovanni did not like to admit the

fact, and paused a moment before answering; but he was too truthful to quibble.

"Yes, she did."

"What reason did she give for refusing?"

"None."

"Did she merely say, 'No, I will not'?"

"You are cross-examining me?" Giovanni fancied that he had a right to be offended.

"No," protested Monsignor Saracinesca; "or at least not with the intention of catching you in your own words. You made an unfair assertion; I have a right to ask a fair question. If I were not a priest, but simply Ippolito Saracinesca, and if you accused me or my family of unjust dealings, you would be glad to give me an opportunity of defending my position, as man to man. But because I am a priest, you deny me that right. Are you just?"

"I did not accuse you personally," argued the younger man. "I meant that the church would never allow Sister Giovanna to ask for her freedom."

"The greater includes the less," replied the other. "The church is my family, it includes myself, and I claim the right to defend it against an unjust accusation. Sister Giovanna is as free to ask for a dispensation as you were to resign from the army when you were ordered to join an expedition in which you nearly lost your life."

"You say so?" Severi was incredulous.

"It is the truth. Sister Giovanna has devoted herself to a cause in which she, too, may risk her life."

"The risk a nurse runs nowadays is not great."

"You are mistaken. If she carries out her intention, she will be exposed to a great danger."

"What intention?" asked Giovanni, instantly filled with anxiety.

"She has asked permission to join two other sisters of the order who are going out to Rangoon to nurse the lepers there."

"To nurse lepers!" Severi's features were convulsed with horror. "She, nurse lepers! It is not possible. It is certain death!"

"No, it is not certain death, by any means, but you will admit the risk."

Giovanni was beside himself in an instant.

"She shall not go!" he cried furiously. "You shall not make her kill herself, make her commit suicide, for your glorification—that what you call your church may add another martyr to its death-roll! You shall not, I say! Do you hear me?" He grasped the prelate's arm roughly. "If you must have martyrs, go yourselves. Risk your own lives for your own glory, instead of sacrificing women on your altars—women who should live to be wives and mothers, an honor to mankind."

"You are utterly unjust—"

"No, I am human, and I will not tolerate your human sacrifice. I am a man, and I will not let the woman I love be sent to a horrible death, to delight your Moloch of a God!"

"Captain Severi, you are raving."

Giovanni's fiery rage leapt from invective to sarcasm.

"Raving! That is your answer, that is the sum of your churchman's argument. A man who will not let you make a martyr of the woman he adores is raving. Do you find that in St. Thomas Aquinas, or in St. Augustine, or in St. Jerome?" He dropped his voice and suddenly spoke with cold deliberation: "She shall not go. I swear that I will make it impossible."

Monsignor Saracinesca shook his head.

"If that is an oath," he said, "it is a foolish one. If it is a threat, it is unworthy of you."

"Take it how you will. It is my last word."

"May you never regret it," answered the prelate, lifting his three-cornered hat; for Giovanni was saluting, with the evident intention of leaving him at once.

So they parted.

XXV

THE carriage came early for Sister Giovanna that evening, and the footman sent in a message by the portress. The patient was worse, he said, and the doctor hoped that the nurse would come as soon as she conveniently could.

She came down in less than five minutes, in her wide black cloak, carrying

her little black bag in her hand. It was raining heavily, and she drew the hood up over her head before she left the threshold, though the servant was holding up a large umbrella.

The portress had asked the usual questions of him as soon as he presented himself, but Sister Giovanna repeated them. Was the carriage from the Villino Barini? It was. To take the nurse who was wanted for Baroness Barini? Yes; the *signora baronessa* was worse, and that was why the carriage had come half an hour earlier.

The door of the brougham was shut with a sharp snap, the footman sprang to the box with more than an average flunky's agility, and the nun was driven rapidly away. Knowing that the house she was going to was one of those little modern villas on the slope of the Janiculum which have no arched entrance, and often have no particular shelter at the front door, she did not take the trouble to push her hood back, as she would need it again so soon.

In about ten minutes the carriage stopped, the footman jumped down with his open umbrella in his hand, and let her into the house. Before she could ask whether she had better leave her cloak in the hall, the man was leading the way up-stairs. It was rather dark, but she felt that the carpet under her feet was thick and soft.

She followed lightly, and a moment later she was admitted to a well-lighted room that looked like a man's library. The footman disappeared and shut the door, and the latch made a noise as if the key were being turned. As she supposed such a thing to be out of the question, however, she was ashamed to go and try the lock.

She thought she was in the study of the master of the house, and that some one would come for her at once, and she stood still in the middle of the room. Setting down her bag on a chair, she pushed the hood back from her head carefully, as nuns do, in order not to discompose the rather complicated arrangement of the veil and head-band.

She had scarcely done this when, as she expected, a door at the end of the room was opened. But it was not a stranger that entered; to her unspeakable

amazement, it was Giovanni Severi. In a flash she understood that by some trick she had been brought to his brother's dwelling. She was alone with him, and the door was locked on the outside.

She laid one hand on the back of the nearest chair, to steady herself, wondering whether she were not really lying ill in her bed and dreaming in the delirium of a fever. But it was no dream; he was standing before her, looking into her face, and his own was stern and dark as an Arab's. When he spoke at last his voice was low and determined:

"Yes. You are in my power."

Her tongue was loosed, with a cry of indignation.

"If you are not a madman, let me go!"

"I am not mad."

His eyes terrified her, and she backed away from him toward the locked door. She almost shrieked for fear.

"If you have a spark of human feeling, let me out."

"I am human," he answered grimly, but he did not move to follow her.

"By whatever you hold sacred, let me go!" She was wrenching at the lock in despair with both hands, but sideways, while she kept her eyes on his.

"I hold you sacred—nothing else."

"Sacred!" Her anger began to out-brave her terror now. "Sacred, and you have trapped me by a vile trick!"

"Yes," he answered. "I admit that."

He had not moved again, and there was a window near her. She sprang to it and thrust the curtains aside, hoping to open the frame before he could stop her. But though she moved the fastenings easily, she could do no more, with all her strength, and Giovanni still stood motionless, watching her.

"You cannot open that window," he said quietly. "If you scream, no one will hear you. Do you think I would have brought you to a place where you could get help merely by crying out for it? The risk was too great. I have made sure of being alone with you as long as I choose."

The nun drew herself up against the red curtains.

"I did not know that you were a coward," she said.

"I am what you have made me—

brave, cowardly, desperate—anything you choose to call it. But such as I am, you must hear me to the end this time, for you have no choice."

Sister Giovanna understood that there was no escape, and she stood quite still; but he saw that her lips moved a little.

"God is not here," he said, in a hard voice, for he knew that she was praying.

"God is here," she answered, crossing her hands on her breast.

He came a step nearer and leaned on the back of a chair. He was evidently controlling himself, for his movements were studiously deliberate, though his voice was beginning to shake ominously.

"If God is with you, Angela, then He shall hear that I love you and that you are mine, not His! He shall listen while I tell you that I will not give you up to be murdered by priests for His glory! Do what He will, He shall not have you. I defy Him!"

The nun shrank against the curtain, not from the man, but at the words.

"At least, do not blaspheme!"

"I must, if it is blasphemy to love you!"

"Yours is not love. Would to Heaven it were, as I thought it was to-day. Love is gentle, generous, tender—"

"Then be all three to me; for you love me, in spite of everything!"

"You have taught me to forget that I ever did," she answered.

"Learn to remember that you did, to realize that you do, and forget only that I have used a trick to bring you here—a harmless trick, one carriage for another, my brother's orderly for a servant. I found out from Mme. Bernard where you were going, and I sent for you before the hour. You are as safe here as if you were praying in your chapel; in a few minutes the carriage will take you back, you will say you got into the wrong one by mistake, which is quite true, and the right one will take you where you are to go; you will be scarcely half an hour late, and no one will ever know anything more about it."

Sister Giovanna had listened patiently to his explanation, and believed what he said. He had always been impulsive to rashness, but now that her first surprise had subsided she was less afraid. He had evidently yielded to a strong tempta-

tion with the idea of forcing her to listen to him. She could not believe that he would hurt her or bring any disgrace upon her.

"If you are in earnest," she said, when he had finished, "then let me go at once."

"Presently," he answered. "This afternoon you made me promise to hear quietly what you had to say, and I did my best. I could not help your being frightened just now, I suppose—after all, I have carried you off from the door of your convent, and I meant you to understand that you were helpless, and must listen. I ought to have put it differently, but I am not clever at such things. All I ask is that you will hear me. After all, that is what you asked of me to-day."

He had begun to walk up and down before her, while he was speaking; but he did not come near her, for the chair stood between her and the line along which he was pacing backward and forward. Something in his way of speaking reassured her, as he jerked out the rather disconnected sentences.

Women often make the mistake of thinking that when we men begin to stumble away from the straight chalk-line of that logic in which we are supposed by them to take such pride, our purpose is wavering, whereas the opposite is often the case. Men capable of sudden, direct, and strong action are often poor talkers, particularly when they are just going to spring or strike. A little hesitation is more often the sign of a near outbreak than of any inward weakening. But Sister Giovanna was deceived.

"I shall be forced to listen, if you insist," she said, moving half a step forward from the curtain; "but how can I trust you, while I am your prisoner?"

"You can trust me, if you will be generous," Giovanni answered.

"I do not know what you mean by the word," replied the nun cautiously. "If I am not generous, as you mean it, what then?"

Severi stopped in his walk; his face began to darken again, and his voice was rough and hard.

"What then? Why, then, remember what I am and where you are!"

Sister Giovanna drew back again.

"I would rather trust in God than

trust you when you speak in that tone," she said.

He had used the very words she had spoken in the cloister when he had tried to take her by the arm, but they had a very different meaning now; his dangerous temper was rising again, and he was threatening her. Yet her answer produced an effect she was far from expecting. He turned to the writing-table near him, opened one of the drawers, and took out an army revolver.

Sister Giovanna watched him. If he was only going to kill her she was not afraid.

"I will force you to trust me," he said, quickly examining the charge as he came toward her.

"By threatening me with that thing?" she asked with contempt. "You are mistaken!"

He was close to her, but he offered her the butt-end of the weapon.

"No," he said, "I am not mistaken. It is I who fear death, as long as you are alive, and here it is, in your hand." But she would not take the revolver from him. "You will not take it? Well, there it is." He laid it on the chair, which he placed beside her. "If I come too near you, or try to touch even your sleeve, you can use it. The law will acquit you, and even praise you for defending yourself in need."

"There must be no need," she answered, looking at him fixedly. "Say quickly what you have to say."

"Will you not sit down, then?"

"No, thank you. I would rather not."

It would have seemed like consenting to be where she was; and, besides, the revolver lay on the nearest available chair, and she would not touch it, much less hold it in her hand if she sat down to listen. Giovanni leaned back against the heavy table at some distance from her, resting his hands on the edge, one on each side of him.

"After I left you to-day," he began, "I had a long talk with Monsignor Sarcinesca in the street. I asked him questions about obtaining a dispensation for you! He made it look impossible, of course—that was to be expected! But I got one point from him, which is important. He made it quite clear to me that the request to be released from your

vows must come from you, if it is to be considered at all. You understand that, do you not?"

"Is it possible that you yourself do not yet understand?" Sister Giovanna asked, as quietly as she could. "Did I not tell you to-day that no power could loose me from my vows?"

"You were mistaken. There is a power that can; and that rests with the Pope, and he shall exercise it."

"I will not ask for a dispensation. I have told you that it is an impossibility—"

"There is no such thing as impossibility for men and women who love," Giovanni answered. "Have you forgotten the last words you said to me before I sailed for Africa?" He spoke gently now, and Sister Giovanna turned her face from him. "You said, 'I will wait for you forever.' Do you remember?"

"Yes. I remember."

"Did you 'wait forever,' Angela?"

She looked at him again; and then came forward a little, drawn by an impulse she could not resist.

"Did I love another man, that you reproach me?" she asked. "Such as my life has been, have I lived it as a woman lives who has forgotten? I know I have not. Yes, Giovanni, I have waited, but as one waits who hopes to meet in heaven the dear one who is dead on earth. Do you still find fault with me? Would you rather have had me go back to the world and to society after mourning you as long as a girl of nineteen could mourn for a man to whom she had not been openly engaged? Was I wrong? If you had really been dead, and could have seen me, would you have wished that I were living differently?"

For a moment he was moved. He held out one hand toward her, hoping that she would come nearer.

"No," he answered; "no, dear—"

"But that was the only question," she said earnestly, "and you have answered it."

She would not take his hand, and Giovanni dropped his own with a gesture of disappointment.

"No," he replied in a colder tone, "it is not the question, for you have not told me all the truth. If I had not been

gone five years, if I had come back the day before you took the last vows, would you have taken them?"

"No, indeed."

"If I had come the very next day after, would you not have done your best to be set free?"

There was an instant's pause before she spoke; then the answer came, clear and distinct:

"No."

Severi turned from her with an impatient movement of his compact head, and tapped the carpeted floor with his heel. His answer broke from his lips harshly:

"You never loved me!"

She would have done wisely if she had been silent then; but she could not, for his words denied the truth that had ruled her life.

"Better than I knew," she said.

"Better than I knew, even then."

"Even then?" The words had hope in them. "And now?" He was suddenly breathless.

"Yes, even now!" The tide of truth lifted her from her feet and swept her onward, helpless. "Giovanni! Giovanni! Do you think it costs me nothing to keep my word with God?"

But he had been disappointed too often now, and he could not believe at once.

"It costs you less than it would to keep your faith with me," he answered.

"It is not true! Indeed, it is not true!"

"Then let the truth win, dear. All the rest is fable."

He was at her side now. She had tried to resist; but not long, and her hand was in his, though her face was turned away.

"No—no—" she faltered, but he would not let her speak.

"All a fable of sorrow and a dream of parting, sweetheart. And now we have waked to meet again, your hand in my hand, my heart to your heart—your lips to mine—"

She almost shrieked aloud in terror, then; and threw herself back bodily, as from the edge of a precipice. She might have fallen if he had not still held her hand, and as she recovered herself she tried to withdraw it. In her distress,

words came that she regretted to her dying day.

"Do you think that only you are human of us two?" she cried in passionate protest against passion itself—against him, against life—but still twisting her wrist in his grip and trying to wrench it away. "For the love of Heaven, Giovanni—"

"No—for love of me—"

She broke from him, for when he felt that he was hurting her his fingers relaxed. But she could not stay her own words.

"Yes, I love you," she cried, almost fiercely, as she stepped backward. "Right or wrong, I cannot unmake myself; and as for lying to you, I will not. God is my witness that I mean to love you living as I have loved you dead, without one thought of earth or one regret for what might have been. But, oh, may God forgive me, too, if I wish that we were side by side in one grave, at peace forever!"

"Dead! Why? With life before us—"

"No!" She interrupted him with rising energy. "No, Giovanni, no! I was weak for a moment, but I am strong again. I can wait for you, and you will find strength to wait for me. You are so brave, Giovanni; you can be so generous when you will. You will wait, too."

"For what?"

"For the end that will be the beginning, for God's great To-morrow, when you will come to be with me forever and ever, beyond the world, and all parting and all pain!"

There was a deep appeal to higher things in her words, and in her voice, too; but it did not touch him. He only knew that at the very moment when she had seemed to be so near to yielding, the terrible conviction of her soul had come once more between himself and her.

"There is no beyond," he answered, chilled and sullen again. "You live in a lying beyond; your life is a fable, and your sacrifice is a crime."

The cruel words struck her tormented heart as icy hailstones bruise the half-clad body of a starving child out in the storm.

"You hurt me very much," she said in a low voice.

"Forgive me!" he cried quickly. "I did not mean to. I forget that you believe your dreams, for I cannot live in visions as you do. I only see a blind force, striking in the dark, a great injustice done to us both—a wrong I will undo, come what may."

"You know my answer to that. You can undo nothing."

"I am not answered yet. You say you love me—prove it!"

"Only my life can," said the nun. "Only our two lives can prove our love, for we can live for each other still, perhaps we shall be allowed to die for each other, and in each other shall find strength to resist—"

"Not to resist love itself, Angela."

"No, not to resist all that is good and true in love."

"I cannot see what you see," he answered. "Nothing human is beyond my comprehension, good or bad, but you cannot make a monk of me, still less a saint—a St. Louis of Gonzaga, who was too modest to look his own mother in the face."

He laughed roughly, but checked himself at once, fearing to hurt her again.

She turned to him with a look of gentle authority.

"In spite of what you have done to-night," she said, "you are such a manly man, that you can be the man you will. Listen! If another woman tried to get your love, could you resist her? Would you, for love of me?"

"She would have small chance. You know that well enough."

"There is another woman in me, Giovanni. Resist her."

"I do not understand."

"You must try. There is another woman in me, or what is left of her, and she is quite different from my real self. Resist her for my sake, as I am fighting her with all my strength. It was she who tempted you to bring me here by a trick of which you are ashamed already; it was she that made me weak, just now; but she is not the woman you love, she is not Angela, she is not worthy of you; and as for me, I hate her, with all my soul!"

Severi had said truly that he could not

understand, and instead of responding to her appeal, he turned impatient again.

"You choose your words well enough," he answered, "but women's fine speeches persuade women, not men. No man was ever really moved to change his mind by a woman's eloquence, though we will risk our lives for a look of yours, for a touch—for a kiss!"

XXVI

SISTER GIOVANNA sighed and turned from him. The razor-edge of extremest peril was passed, for the words that left him cold and unbelieving had brought back conviction to her soul. She could live for him, pray for him, die for him, but she would not sin for him nor lift a hand to loose the vows that bound her to the religious life.

Yet she did not see that she was slowly driving him to a state of temper in which he might break all barriers. Very good women rarely understand men well until it is too late, because men very rarely make any appeal to what is good in woman, whereas they lie in wait for all her weaknesses. It is almost a proverbial truth that men of the most lawless nature—not actually of the worst character—are often loved by saintly women, perhaps because the true saint sees some good in every one and believes that those who have least of it are the ones who need help most.

Sister Giovanna was not a saint yet, but she was winning her way as she gained ground in the struggle that had been forced upon her that night so cruelly against her will; and having got the better of a temptation, her charity made her think that Giovanni Severi was farther from it than he was. Outward danger was near at hand, just when inward peril was passed.

As if he were weary of the contest of words, he left the writing-table, sat down in a big chair farther away, and stared at the pattern in the carpet.

"You are forcing me to extremities," he said, after a long pause, and rather slowly. "Unless you consent to appeal to the Pope for your freedom, I will not let you leave this house. You are in my power here, and here you shall stay."

She was more surprised and offended than indignant at what she took for an

empty threat, and she was not at all frightened. Women never are, when one expects them to be. She drew her long cloak round her with simple dignity, crossed the room without haste, and stopped before the locked door, turning her head to speak to him.

"It is time for me to go," she said gravely. "Open the door at once, please."

She could not believe that he would refuse to obey her, but he did not move; he did not even look up, as he answered:

"If I keep you a prisoner, there will be a search for you. You may stay here a day, a week, or a month, but in the end you will be found here, in my rooms."

"And set free," the nun answered, from the door, with some contempt.

"Not as you think. You will be expelled from your order for scandalous behavior in having spent a night, or a week, or a month in an officer's lodging. What will you do then?"

"If such a thing were possible, I would tell the truth, and I should be believed." But her anger was already awake.

"The thing is very possible," Giovanni answered, "and no one will believe you. It will be out of the question for you to go back to your convent, even for an hour. Even if the mother superior were willing, it could not be done. In the Middle Ages you would have been sent to a prison for penitents for the rest of your life; nowadays you will simply be turned out of your order with public disgrace, the papers will be full of your story, your aunt will make Rome ring with it—"

"What do you mean by all this?" cried the sister, breaking out at last. "Are you trying to frighten me?"

"No. I wish you to know that I will let nothing stand between you and me—nothing, absolutely nothing." He repeated the word with cold energy. "When it is known that you have been here for twenty-four hours, you will be forced to marry me. Nothing else can save you from infamy. Even Mme. Bernard will not dare to give you shelter, for she will lose every pupil she has if it is found out that she is harboring a nun who has broken her vows, a vulgar bad character who has been caught in an officer's lodgings! That is what they will call you!"

At first she had not believed that he was in earnest, but she could not long mistake the tone of a man determined to risk much more than life and limb for his desperate purpose. Her just anger leaped up like a flame.

"Are you an utter scoundrel, after all? Have you no honor left? Is there nothing in you to which a woman can appeal? You talk of being human! You prate of your man's nature! And in the same breath you threaten an innocent girl with public infamy if she will not disgrace herself of her own free will! Is that your love? Did I give you mine for that? Shame on you! And shame on me for being so deceived!"

Her voice rang like steel and the thrusts of her deadly reproach pierced deep. He was on his feet, in the impulse of self-defense, before she had half done, trying to silence her—he was at her side, calling her by her name, but she would not hear him.

"No; I believed in you!" she went on. "I trusted you! I loved you—but I have loved a villain and believed a liar, and I am a prisoner under a coward's roof!" Beseeching, he tried to lay his hand upon her sleeve; she mistook his meaning. "Take care!" she cried, and suddenly the revolver was in her hand. "Take care, I say! A nun is only a woman, after all!"

He threw himself in front of her in an instant, his arms wide out, and as the muzzle came close against his chest, he gave the familiar word of command in a loud, clear tone:

"Fire!"

Their eyes met, and they were both mad.

"If you despise me for loving you beyond honor and disgrace, then, fire; for I would rather die by your hand than live without you! I am ready! Let the end be here, this instant!"

He believed that she would do it, and for one awful moment she had felt that she was going to kill him. Then she lowered the weapon and laid it on the chair beside her with slow deliberation, though her hand shook so much that she almost dropped it. As if no longer seeing him, she turned to the door, folded her hands on the panel, and leaned her forehead against them.

He heard her voice, low and trembling:

"Forgive us our sins, as we forgive them that trespass against us!"

His own hand was on the revolver to do what she had refused to do. As when the cyclone whirls on itself, just beyond the still storm-center, and strikes all aback the vessel it has driven before it for hours, so the man's passion had turned to destroy him. But the holy words stayed his hand.

"Angela! Forgive me!" he cried in agony.

The nun heard him, raised her head, and turned. His suffering was visible and appalling to see; but she found speech to soothe it.

"You did not know what you were saying."

"I knew what I said."

He could hardly speak.

"You did not mean to say it, when you brought me here." She was prompting him gently.

"No." He almost whispered the one word, and then he regretted it. "I hardly know what I meant to say," he went on more firmly; "but I know what I meant to accomplish. That is the truth, such as it is. I saw this afternoon that I should never persuade you to ask for your freedom unless I could talk to you alone where you must hear me. The chance came unexpectedly, and I took it, for it would never have come again. I had no other place; I had not thought of what I should say; but I was ready to risk everything, all for all—as I have done—"

"You have, indeed," the nun said slowly, while he hesitated.

"And I have failed. Forgive me if you can. It was for love of you and for your sake."

"For my sake, you should be true and brave and kind," answered the sister. "But you ask forgiveness, and I forgive you, and I will try to forget, too. If I cannot do that, I can at least believe that you were mad, for no man in his senses would think of doing what you threatened! If you wish to live so that I may tell God in my prayers that I would have been your wife if I could, and that I hope to meet you in heaven—then, for my sake, be a man, and not a weakling

willing to stoop to the most contemptible villainy to cheat a woman. Your brother was nearly killed in doing his duty here, and you have taken his place. Make it your true calling, as I have made it mine to nurse the sick. At any moment either of us may be called to face danger till we die; we can feel that we are living the same life, for the same hope. Is that nothing?"

"The same life? A nun and a soldier?"

"Why not, if we risk it that others may be safe?"

"And in the same hope? Ah, no, Angela! That is where it all breaks down!"

"No. You will live to believe it is there that all begins. Now let me go."

Severi shook his head sadly; she was so unapproachably good, he thought—what chance had a mere man like himself of really understanding her splendid, saintly delusion?

Pica had locked the door on the outside and had taken out the key, obeying his orders; but Giovanni had another like it in his pocket, and now unlocked and opened the door. The nun went out, drawing her black hood quite over her head so that it concealed her face, and Giovanni followed her down-stairs, and held an umbrella over her while she got into the carriage, for it was still raining.

"Good night," he said as Pica shut the door.

He did not hear her answer, and the brougham drove away. When he could no longer see the lights, he went upstairs again; and, after he had shut the door, he stood a long time just where she had stood last.

The revolver was still on the chair under the bright electric light. He fancied that the peculiar faint odor of her heavy cloth cloak, just damped by the few drops of rain that had reached it,

still hung in the air. With the slightest effort of memory, her voice came back to his ears—now gentle, now gravely reproachful—but at last ringing like steel on steel in her generous anger. She had been present in that room, in his power, during more than twenty minutes, and now she was gone and would never come again.

He had done the most rash, incontinent, and uselessly bad deed that had ever suggested itself to his imagination; and, now that all was over, he wondered how he could have been at once so foolish, so brutal, and so daring. Perhaps five years of slavery in Africa had unsettled his mind. He had heard of several similar cases, and his own might be another. He had read of officers who had lost all sense of responsibility after months of fighting in the tropics, perhaps from having borne too much responsibility; who had come back after doing brave and honorable work, to find themselves morally crippled for civilized life, and no longer able to distinguish right from wrong or truth from falsehood.

It had all happened quickly, but illogically, as events follow one another in dreams, from the moment when he had gone to the convent hospital with Monsignor Saracinesca till the brougham drove away in the dark, taking Angela back. He understood for the first time how men whom every one supposed to be of average uprightness could commit atrocious crimes; he shuddered to think what must have happened if a mere chance had not changed his mood, making him ask Angela's forgiveness and prompting him to let her go. She had touched him, that was all. If her voice had sounded only a little differently at the great moment, if her eyes had not looked at him with just that expression, if her attitude had been a shade less resolute, what might not have happened?

(To be continued)

MOODS

VARIED the moods are of the mighty sea,
And of that ancient wayfarer, the wind,
Yet few compared with that infinity
Of moods—the human mind!

Archibald Crombie